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THE CITY OF CHICAGO

A STUDY OF THE GREAT IMMORALITIES

BY

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ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS AND VIEWS

It is certain that there is an immense amount of remediable misery among us. Unless this is effectually dealt with, the hordes of vice and pauperism will destroy modern civilization as effectually as uncivilized tribes of another kind destroyed the great social organizations which preceded ours.— Huxley.

DURING the past year three great American cities, Chicago, San Francisco, and Pittsburg, have been swept by "waves of crime," so-called,— sudden and unexplained outbursts of criminal violence. Women have been beaten down, men murdered, even street-cars robbed by highwaymen on the thoroughfares, with all the nonchalance of the wild and vacant frontier. This thing is not new; in some cities it is constantly recurring,— so constantly that it is questionable whether these "waves of crime" are not ordinary conditions, emphasized by chance and the special attention of the daily press. Why do these conditions exist? What forces are there, hidden in American cities, which are dragging them, according to the record of their own press, into a state of semi-barbarism?

Chicago, in the mind of the country, stands preëminently notorious for violent crime. It is the second city on the continent; it is, all things considered, perhaps the most typically American of our cities; it is intimately known by millions; and its press is especially active and alert in the discussion of local affairs. The reputation of Chicago for crime has consequently fastened itself upon the imagination of the United States as that of no other city has done. It is the current conventional belief that the criminal is loose upon its streets, that the thug and hold-up man go patroling them by night.

Take Chicago, then, not because it is worse than or different from other cities of America, but, on the contrary, because it is so typical, and because it is so well known. Why have the primary basic guarantees of civilization broken down in Chicago? Why has that city, year after year, such a flood of violent and adventurous crime? The answer can be simple and straightforward: Because of the tremendous and elaborate organization — financial and political — for creating and attracting and protecting the criminal in Chicago.

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The Great Business of Dissipation

The criminal is a savage, nothing more nor less. Civilization builds up painfully our definite, orderly rules of life,— work, marriage, the constant restraint of the gross and violent impulses of appetite. The criminal simply discards these laws and slides back again along the way we came up — into license, idleness, thieving, and violence. He merely lapses back into savagery. To understand the matter of crime in great cities, the first step is to measure the positive forces working continually to produce savagery there. These forces are to-day, as they always have been, greater than can easily be imagined.

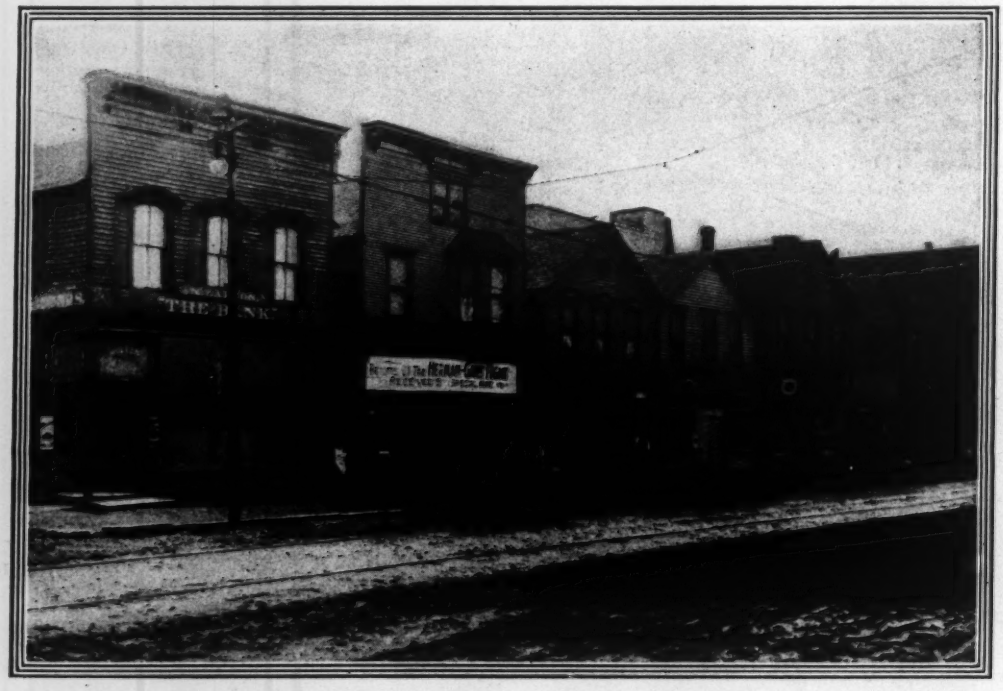
The City — from scarlet Babylon to smoky Chicago — has always been the great market-place of dissipation. In the jungle you would call this thing savagery. In the city there is a new side to it. The dweller of the city, — true to the instincts of city life,— has made it a financial transaction. He has found it a great source of gain, of easy money. There has grown up, therefore, a double motive in promoting it,— the demand for the thing itself, and the stimulus of the great profit in providing it. You may call the sale of dissipation in the city, savagery by retail. Ethically considered, this thing is hideous beyond belief; socially considered, it is suicidal. But to be understood and followed through intelligently, it must first be considered neither ethically nor socially. Its methods and motives are the methods and motives of pure business and must be considered as such. There is no other way. That is what I must recognise in describing conditions in Chicago. I must talk cold business, as the saying goes. No emotion, no squeamishness, not even sympathy; simply a statement of fact.

$100,000,000 a Year for Alcoholic Liquor

The sale of dissipation is not only a great business; it is among the few greatest businesses in Chicago. The leading branch of it — as you would naturally expect of the savage European stock from which we sprang — is the sale of alcoholic liquor. In the year 1906 the receipts in the retail liquor trade in Chicago were over $100,000,000; they were probably about $115,000,000. There was one retail interest greater than this. The sellers of food,—grocers and meat men,—had gross receipts of, perhaps, double these figures.

THE RAGGED LINE OF WHISKY ROW

A few of the forty-eight saloons that huddle around the rear entrance of the stock-yards on Ashland Avenue



ALDERMAN "HINKY-DINK'S" GREAT TRAMPS' SALOON

The cheap lodging-house district and its forest of signs; a characteristic delivery of beer to the "Workingman's Exchange"

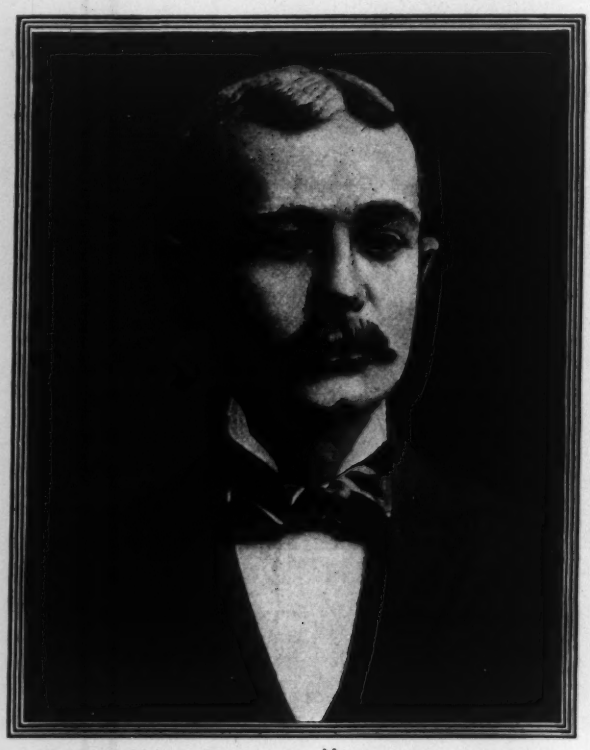
At the same time, the liquor interests are vastly more extended in Chicago than any other. There are 7,300 licensed liquor sellers in Chicago, and in addition about a thousand places where liquor is sold illegally. The only business which approaches this in number of establishments, according to the Chicago directory, is the grocery trade, which has about 5,200. The city spends at least half as much for what it drinks as for what it eats — not counting the cost of the cooking and serving of food.

The great central power in the liquor business in America is the brewery. In the past thirty-five years, the per capita consumption of spirituous liquor in the United States has increased not at all. The per capita consumption of malt liquor has trebled. This increase has come, partly because of the demand for a milder drink, but largely also because of another fact: — because the breweries own or control the great majority of the saloons of American cities. They have a distinct policy: — If there are not as many saloons as there can be, supply them. This is what has been done in Chicago. Fully ninety per cent of the Chicago saloons are under some obligation to the brewery; with at least eighty per cent, this obligation is a serious one.

The business of the brewery is to sell beer. There are excellent men in the brewing trade, but that fact has never interfered with the carrying out of the development of the industry to its utmost limit. It could not be allowed to do so. The brewery, under present conditions in Chicago, must sell beer at all cost, or promptly die. This is because the brewing business has been over-capitalized and overbuilt there for at least ten years. There has been furious competition — "beer-wars," which have left financial scars that are not yet and probably never will be entirely obliterated. And at the present time a full third of the capital invested in the forty companies and fifty plants is not earning dividends. Under these circumstances, the breweries of Chicago can have but one aim — to fill Chicago with beer to the point of saturation.

The Saturation of a Liquor Market

Each brewer disposes of his product by contracting with special saloon-keepers to sell his beer and no other. The more saloons he has, the better. Up to a year ago, there was absolutely no legal hindrance to the multiplication of saloons. The brewers employ special agents to watch continually every nook and cranny in Chicago where it may be possible to pour in a little more beer. If a rival brewery's saloon-keeper is doing well, his best bartender is ravished from him and set up in business alongside. If a new colony of foreigners appears, some compatriot is set at once to selling them liquor. Italians, Greeks, Lithuanians, Poles, — all the rough and hairy tribes which have been drawn into Chicago, — have their trade exploited to the utmost. Up to last year, no man with two hundred dollars, who was not subject to arrest on sight, need go without a saloon in Chicago; nor, for that matter, need he now. The machinery is constantly waiting for him. With that two hundred dollars as a margin, the brewery sorts him out a set from its stock of saloon fixtures, pays his rent, pays his license, and supplies him with beer. He pays for everything in an extra price on each barrel of beer. The other supplies of his saloon, — liquor and cigars, — are bought out of his two hundred dollars cash capital.



"HINKY-DINK" KENNA

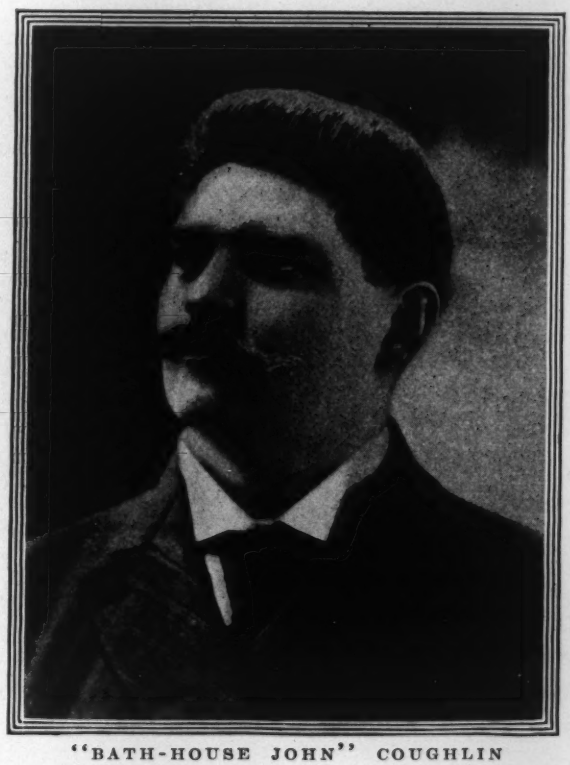
The wise and silent head of the First Ward organization

Under this system of forcing, Chicago has four times as many saloons as it should have, from any standpoint whatever, except, of course, the brewers' and the wholesalers'. A new license law, passed last year, now limits the number to one in every five hundred people; but it will be years before that law will have any appreciable effect. There is now one retail liquor dealer to every two hundred and eighty-five people, disregarding, of course, the one thousand unlicensed dealers. In the laboring wards the licensed saloons run as many as one to every one hundred and fifty. Take the stock-yards. Around that long and dismal stockade, at every hole from which a human being can emerge, a shop or group of shops sits waiting. At the main entrance they lie massed in batteries. At the rear, — on Ashland Avenue, — "Whisky Row!" To the north, the vileness of Bubbly Creek; to the east, the bare, gaunt, high-shouldered buildings of the yard; to the west and south, scattering, shabby dwellings. Just forty-eight saloons — and two that have recently died — housed in opposing rows of staggering wooden buildings, down a distance across which a strong man could throw a stone; located nowhere in particular in space, except due east of that ugly little hole in the stockade from which the men run out to drink in their brief half-hour's nooning.

The Chicago market is thoroughly saturated with beer, and incidentally with other liquor. Reckoning it out by population, every man, woman, and child in Chicago drank, in 1906, two and one-quarter barrels of beer, — that is, seventy gallons, — three and one-half times the average consumption

in the United States. Each also drank about four gallons of spirituous liquor,— two and two-thirds times the average. The main object of the brewing business is well-fulfilled; the consumers of Chicago expended not less than $55,000,000 for beer in 1906.

Now, if the competition is red-handed among the breweries, it is simply ravenous among the saloon-keepers. There is a popular fallacy that there is great profit in the retail saloon business. The saloon-keepers themselves believe this when they go into it. The hope of easy money and easy life is the motive which brings men into this trade. Now, this is in reality the kind of business it is:—In the lean years between 1897 and 1901, one-third of the license-holders in Chicago gave up their licenses every year and were replaced by other licensees. In other words, one-third of the saloons of Chicago failed every year. In the Seventeenth Ward — a territory of working folk — a special study of the liquor business was made a year ago. In one block and a half, it was shown, eighteen saloons had been started and had died in the course of eighteen months. Of the saloon-keepers of Chicago, less than ten per cent have resources enough to entitle them to any rating by a commercial agency. The pressure of the brewery to sell beer almost crushes the retailer out of existence.



"BATH-HOUSE JOHN" COUGHLIN

Former Turkish-bath rubber; now alderman, poet, financier, and active manager of Ward One

All this means one thing — a premium on the irregular and criminal saloon-keeper. The patronage of a saloon is a very fickle and elusive thing. A place is popular, or it is nothing. Consequently, the need of drawing and holding a good trade is imperative. There are two general business methods of attracting it: By giving unusually large measures and big bonuses of free lunch; or by carrying illegitimate and illegal side lines. The first, generally speaking, does not leave large margins of profit; the second does. A year ago the license fee was raised in Chicago from five hundred to one thousand dollars. It was hoped that this would wipe out the criminal saloon. It did, of course, nothing of the sort. The poor, miserable little dives in the working-man's ward, each snatching a starvation living from the lips of the dwellers of the dozen smoke-befouled frame tenements about it, staggered down — a few hundred of them — and died. The man with the side-line of prostitution and gambling naturally survived and had the benefit of the others' failure.

So much for the great legalized branch of the sale of dissipation in Chicago. The net results of that free and undisciplined struggle have been two: The thorough saturation of Chicago — especially of the tenement districts — with alcoholic liquor; and a high and successful premium on the criminal saloon.

The effect of the latter can be told when the sale of other forms of dissipation is considered. The effect of the former is felt immediately and directly. A great part of the crime in Chicago is committed by men under the influence of drink. This is true

ANDY CRAIG

Ex-convict and now precinct captain of Ward One

in any city. But conditions in Chicago are peculiarly favorable to this class of crime. A population of hundreds of thousands of rough and unrestrained male laborers, plied, with all possible energy and ingenuity, with alcoholic liquor, can be counted on, with the certainty of a chemical experiment, for one reaction — violent and fatal crime. There would be crime of this kind from such a population under any circumstances. But the facilities of Chicago double and treble it. The European peasant, suddenly freed from the restraints of poverty and of rigid police authority, and the vicious negro from the countryside of the South, — especially the latter, — furnish an alarming volume of savage crime, first confined to their own races, and later, — as they appreciate the lack of adequate protection, — extended to society at large. None of these folk, perhaps, have progressed far along the way of civilization; but under the exploitation in Chicago they slip back into a form of city savagery compared to which their previous history shows a peaceful and well-ordered existence. Their children are as quickly and surely rotted as themselves by the influence of the saloon upon the neighborhood of their homes.

$20,000,000 a Year for Prostitution

And now a short sketch of the second great business of dissipation, — prostitution. The

"LOST NERVES" IN A CHEAP LODGING-HOUSE OFFICE

These men furnish the greater part of the big purchased majorities of Wards One and Eighteen

gross revenues from this business in Chicago, in 1906, were $20,000,000 — and probably more. There are at least ten thousand professional prostitutes. Average annual receipts of two thousand dollars each are brought in by these women. They do not themselves, however, have the benefit of this revenue. Much of it is never received by them. They are, in fact, exploited by large business interests.

There are four large interests which are concerned in the exploitation of prostitution. The first of these is the criminal hotels, the second is the houses of ill-fame, the third the cheap dance-halls and saloons, and the fourth the men — largely Russian Jews — who deal in women for the trade. There are large indirect interests,— such as, for instance, the leasing or subletting of tenements to the business, an operation which yields enormous percentages of profit,— but these are the four principal direct interests in the trade.

The hotels constitute probably the largest of these. There are two hundred and ninety-two of these houses known and recorded in Chicago,—with a capacity of ten thousand rooms. Twenty-one of them contain each one hundred rooms or over; the largest has two hundred and fifty. The gross receipts of these enterprises cannot be less than four million dollars a year; they are probably five million. The total amount expended there cannot be less than eight million dollars; it is probably ten million. These places have been extremely profitable, because their expenses are low, and their patronage is large. At present they are not so good an investment as formerly, because the city authorities — urged to action by a desperate woman's throwing herself out of an upper story window — have passed a hotel license ordinance, which is intended to do away with this business. The largest of the hotels, some of which have for some time pooled their legal and political interests in the hands of a manager, are now fighting this ordinance as unconstitutional.

Under ordinary conditions, — that is, when there is no particular agitation against them — there are at least three hundred and fifty good-sized houses of prostitution in Chicago. There are in all more than four thousand women in these. The annual gross receipts are not less than eight million dollars; they are more likely over ten million. These houses are disposed throughout the city according to the demand, which is affected to some extent by public opinion.

The profits of these houses are, of course, very large and quick. Much of the money made here is dissipated, yet there are at least half a dozen persons now interested in this business who are credited with fortunes running into the hundreds of thousands. Their profits are not only from their shares in the women's wages, but from excessive prices for liquor. They also secure large returns from furnishing clothing and other necessities of life to their employees, at prices ranging from one hundred to two hundred per cent higher than the usual retail price. By this system the wages of the women are largely secured by the proprietors of the establishments. The plan is not different in principle from the familiar "company store" system of the manufacturing and mining district. It is a first rule of the business, as generally conducted, to keep the employees continuously in debt, so that they are unable to leave the establishments unless the proprietors desire it.

The business of the small places, the flats, cannot be estimated, but it is very large and is growing constantly, especially since the official attacks which have frightened away custom from the criminal hotels. There are certainly not less than two thousand women in these flats, and annual expenditures are certainly not less than four million dollars. In some sections of the city there are scores of these small places. One building of over seventy apartments is said to contain nothing else.

The Dealers in Women

These places and the hotels cater to the demand for ruining young girls — especially the low-paid employees of department stores and factories, which furnish the majority of the English-speaking women in the profession in Chicago. The dance-halls and irregular saloons also take a part of the profit from this source. The direct business of supplying women to the trade, while not so large as these others, is also profitable. Some of the more enterprising of the keepers of the regular houses of ill-fame have private arrangements with men, who ruin young girls for their use. Most of the young women who come into the business in this way do so before reaching the age of nineteen.

The largest regular business in furnishing women, however, is done by a company of men, largely composed of Russian Jews, who

supply women of that nationality to the trade. These men have a sort of loosely organized association extending through the large cities of the country, their chief centers being New York, Boston, Chicago, and New Orleans. In Chicago they now furnish the great majority of the prostitutes in the cheaper district of the West Side Levee, their women having driven out the English-speaking women in the last ten years. From the best returns available, there are some ten or a dozen women offered for sale at the houses of prostitution in the Eighteenth Ward every week. The price paid is about fifty dollars a head. In some exceptional cases seventy-five dollars has been given. This money, paid over to the agent, is charged up to the debt of the woman to the house. She pays, that is, for her own sale. In addition, she gives over a large share of her earnings to the man who places her.

Cocaine: A Highly Profitable Drug

There is a minor business, financially speaking, which is closely connected with prostitution: this is the selling of cocaine. The average life of a woman in the business of prostitution ranges from five to ten years. She is, of course, continually drinking alcoholic stimulants. Later, however, these do not satisfy the women, and toward the end of their career they acquire some drug habit. Formerly they depended largely on morphine. During the past ten years, however, cocaine has come into general use. This drug is very attractive to persons who are unfortunate or despondent. It produces an extravagant feeling of buoyancy and well-being. Although taken by many persons throughout the country, especially by negroes, it is now recognized generally to be the special drug of the prostitute. The chief markets for it in Chicago follow very closely the markets of prostitution. In its effect this is much quicker than any other drug habit, through its action upon the brain cells. After a time the taker is subject to various acute hallucinations — the most characteristic of which is the belief that worms are crawling just underneath the skin. The cocaine-taker in this condition often slashes his skin with a knife in the attempt to get them out. Death is likely to come within two or three years from the unrestricted use of the drug, although some individuals survive for a long time. It is largely a question of temperament.

The profit on the retail sale of cocaine is very large, running as high as three or four hundred per cent, as the drug is usually heavily adulterated with acetanilid. There have always been, consequently, a number of drug stores and some saloons at which it could be obtained by its users. Various estimates of the number of the takers of this drug in Chicago have been made, — many of them extravagant. The number of confirmed users in the city probably does not exceed seven thousand. It is more likely about five thousand. A great proportion of these are prostitutes. At the same time, the drug is exceedingly convenient to take, the crushed crystal or flake — according to the common custom — being merely snuffed up from the back of the hand; and on this account its use spreads easily. Boys, especially messengers and newsboys, are apt to experiment with it, and many young men in the early twenties acquire the habit. Deprived of their drug, these men often resort to petty crime and sometimes to violent crime to secure means to get it. The drug fiends are usually ghastly in appearance; a grim sight is afforded by the procession of haggard women who appear in the gray light of the early morning to secure the drug from the big dealers on the West Side Levee.

The chastity of woman is at the foundation of Anglo-Saxon society. Our laws are based upon it, and the finest and most binding of our social relations. Nothing could be more menacing to a civilization than the sale of this as a commodity. To the average individual woman concerned, it means the expectation of death under ten years; to practically all the longer survivors a villainous and hideous after-life. There is a great profit in this business, however. Chicago has it organized — from the supplying of young girls to the drugging of the older and less salable women out of existence — with all the nicety of modern industry. As in the stock-yards, not one shred of flesh is wasted.

$15,000,000 a Year for Gambling

The third large business of dissipation in Chicago is gambling. In an average year — 1906, for example, — its gross receipts cannot be less than fifteen million dollars. Policy shops, the race-track, and open pool-rooms and gambling-houses have been quite generally closed out in Chicago during the past

few years. The largest gambling interest is now the making of "handbooks" on the horse races. The gross receipts from this must be above twelve million dollars a year. During the latter part of 1906, when the business was running with comparative freedom, there were at least five hundred agents of "handbook" systems in Chicago. These systems are in the hands of a few favored gamblers or groups of gamblers, who have their arrangements so nicely made that they can divide the territory of the city between them; and no newcomer can enter the field without their consent. If he does, he is raided by the police. Besides these "handbook men" there is a floating pool-room — the steamer, "City of Traverse," owned by a large number of professional gamblers — which is supposed to leave South Chicago and run out of the city limits into Lake Michigan, although, as a matter of fact, it does not always do so.

In addition to the receipts from this betting on the horse races, there was in 1906 at least two million dollars net revenue from general gambling in Chicago. General open gambling is not in evidence, but there are large games, in a few specially favored places, and many smaller ones, open to those who have inside information, throughout the city. Altogether, the gambling interests in 1906 took at least seven million dollars in gross profits out of the Chicago public; doubtless the amount was considerably larger.

Dissipation and Food Supplies

The dealers in dissipation in Chicago, then, have a total revenue of at least one hundred and thirty-five million dollars a year,— that is, receipts at least two-thirds as large as those of the retail grocers and meat men. There are more than forty thousand persons directly employed by them. This is one of the few greatest businesses of the city, but beyond that it bears a relation to society and government which nothing else can bear. Every cent of that great sum of money is taken in, and every action of that great company of proprietors and employees takes place either under the strict regulation of law, or in direct defiance of it.

The business can be divided into two general classes. In the first, the dealers — including the brewers, the wholesale liquor dealers, and the great majority of the saloon-keepers — have no direct interest in breaking the law, although they all may profit indirectly, and some of them do profit to a great extent, because of the breaking of the law by others. But the first interest of this class is to resist the constant attacks of its enemies looking toward the further restriction of its trade. It must, therefore, be continually in politics. Its political alliances are naturally with the other interests of dissipation. The members of the second class,— the dealers in prostitution and gambling, and the criminal saloonkeepers, — must violate the law to exist. They consequently have made careful business arrangements to break the law. To do this, they also must go into politics.

The gross receipts of this illegal class of business are some forty-five million dollars a year. About four-fifths of this — thirty-five million dollars — is concentrated in the chief markets of dissipation near the center of the city — for the sale of dissipation, in any city, merely follows the natural laws of trade and locates where the demand is, near the large centers of population. In two downtown wards of Chicago,— the First and the Eighteenth — are situated five-sixths of the criminal saloons and of the dealers in prostitution, and at least two-thirds of the gambling interests. The owners of these enterprises turn over the organization of their political business to the natural agent — the ward boss.

The business of the political boss has not always been clearly understood. The boss is simply a middle-man. He buys votes and sells privileges. He pays for his votes either in cash or in privileges; he sells his privileges either for cash or its equivalent, or for votes. The difference between his income and outgo of money is, of course, his personal profit. The direction of the political business of concerns with a gross annual income of thirty-five million dollars and the peculiar necessities of the sellers of vice, naturally offers unusual financial opportunities to the Ward Boss. It is not surprising, therefore, that the bosses of Wards One and Eighteen in Chicago are remarkable figures and wealthy men.

"Hinky-Dink" and "Bath-House John"

Considering both worlds,— the upper and the under,— the bosses of the First Ward in Chicago are the most widely known men in political life, which that city has ever produced. "Hinky-Dink" (Michael Kenna), the older, ex-bootblack and newsboy, is the keeper of the greatest tramps' saloon on the continent. He is a wise, silent, dapper little

man of about fifty; straight as a die in his personal relations; a virtuoso in the English language. When he speaks in anger, his words leave scars. "Bath-house John" (John J. Coughlin)—a large, pompous, poetic temperament—rose from the work of a rubber in a Turkish bath-house to his present occupation as insurance broker and active ward boss. He dresses like a bartender's dream of Beau Brummel, a bottle-green dress suit being his highest sartorial achievement; he also hires a man to write poetry for him, to appear under his name. The rulers of the Eighteenth Ward have been less successful. John J. Brennan, the older,— a gruff, husky, generous old saloon-keeper, adored by his ward,— has, in fact, served a term in the House of Correction for the clumsy buying of votes. His health has failed since that experience. He has now the appearance of a broken-down prize-fighter. The junior boss, M. C. Conlon, was formerly a keeper of an unsavory saloon near the Union Station and is now interested as a silent partner in various enterprises for the sale of dissipation.

These four men have the absolute power of political dictators in Wards One and Eighteen; they are aldermen and ward heads of the Democratic party; they select the political machinery of the ward for their party and control it in the other. As political agents of the business interests of dissipation, they have unlimited funds. They operate throughout the year a finely organized business for the handling of votes. The main aims of this business are two: first, the control of the ward; second, and vastly more important, the production of a Democratic majority so large that they can secure from the city administration the right for the business interests they represent to break the law in their wards.

The Business of Ward Politics

The business organization for getting votes is the same in principle in both wards. But it is more clean-cut in the First. The organization of this is, in fact, so admirable of its kind that it is worth describing as a fine illustration of the organization of the wards of dissipation, not only in Chicago, but throughout the country. There are thirty-four captains of voting precincts in this ward. Half of these are proprietors of questionable saloons, at least six are dealers in prostitution; the majority of the remainder are "job-holders" under the city administration. In addition, there are, of course, specialists to handle special votes. One or two captains are connected with tramps' lodging-houses. Two negro gamblers, who do not appear on the official list of precinct captains, take care of the negro vote. Italian saloon-keepers, one of them an ex-convict, handle the Italians. Two of the most important of the precinct captains are former professional criminals, who are known to professional thieves and burglars all over the country.

These are the official working representatives of the Democratic party in the ward. Most of these are engaged in the business of dissipation. But every one in this business is vitally concerned in the politics of the ward,— every one down to the last man. For instance. There was a candidate running not long ago in one of these two downtown wards. One afternoon he was sent for by the proprietor of a well-known saloon. A delegation of sleek-looking foreigners met him in a rear room of this man's place. "How do you stand to our business?" asked the spokesman. "We are eighty-five in this ward, and we control five votes apiece,— four hundred and twenty-five votes." "What is your business?" said the young candidate. They were the professional dealers in women for prostitution.

The buying of voters begins, of course, with registration. But before that, lodging-houses must send in to the election board their lists of guests, to show who is eligible to vote. The lodging-houses, being practically all in the political machine, send in the fullest lists possible. The largest numbers are given by the tramps' hotels. Others are listed from empty buildings, saloons, and houses of prostitution. One precinct — the Fifteenth in Ward One, said to be the largest in voters and the smallest in area in the United States,— has listed as high as fifteen hundred. Last fall a precinct captain listed seventy-six voters from his large house of prostitution. Only one voter was finally found to live there.

From the standpoint of the buyers of votes there are two classes of voters in Wards One and Eighteen:— the common "town bum" and the "hobo," the members of the great body of the "lost nerves,"— the poor, docile individuals, softened by dissipation, who are good for one or two votes apiece; and the aggressive and courageous repeater, who is willing to take what

the under world knows as a "stir chance" (penitentiary chance). These latter are generally professional criminals of some kind. The handling of each of these two classes is along entirely distinct lines.

Rounding Up the "Lost Nerves"

The vagrant vote is secured by paying its board for some days before election and by giving it the market price for registering and voting. The greatest share of the purchased vote is now secured from this source, because there is very little danger in this kind of a transaction. Even if a precinct captain is seen paying over money, it is practically impossible to prove what that money is paid for. The one risk comes in your man being a spy or a traitor. Every precaution is taken to insure against this. As election comes on, the "lost nerves" begin to stir in the low saloons and to talk practical politics. In other words, they begin to determine whether the most important contest is to take place in the First or the Eighteenth Ward. When they decide this, they take up their residence in the ward where the most money is to be expended and get in touch with the political machine. They are then, for as long a time as they can arrange, placed in the tramps' lodging-houses at the expense of the ward management. Besides lodging, they receive an allowance of perhaps a quarter of a dollar a day for food. A numbered check, often, is pasted to the great bar of iron hitched to the room key of the lodging-house to insure its return to the hotel desk. This check is good for credit in cheap eating-houses. The prospective voter now becomes temporarily a part of the political organization and helps to protect its interests. The chief concern is to guard against the suspicious outsider. For this purpose "The Secret Order of Hoboes," an unofficial but roughly effective organization, takes form. There are secret hand-grips and, more important than these, the secret signs to the lodging-house clerk or the fellow-members,— a forefinger against the chin, a hand on the lapel of the coat. In the office of the tramps' lodging-house, where the dirty bundles that were men slump down in their chairs along the wall, wise eyes are watching continually the unknown man.

The Criminal and the Political Machine

The handling of this plain vagrant vote is comparatively simple. But the handling of the repeater is more delicate and silent work. About election time there is a general drift toward Chicago in the professional criminal world. This naturally varies. Sometimes the visitors are few; sometimes, as in one memorable election in the First Ward a decade ago, they drift around town in "mobs." But generally speaking, it is known that this is an easy time for criminals in Chicago. Old friends gather in; the many criminal craftsmen Chicago has sent out into the world make it a time of home-coming. There are two particular saloons where they especially congregate, — places kept by two precinct captains, down on lower State Street in Ward One. The keeper of the one further south is himself an ex-safe-blower and a man of national reputation in his craft. The other precinct captain, Andy Craig, served his term in Joliet for stealing jewelry. For a decade, giving up that occupation, he has flourished, perennially young, as the keeper of a large department store in vice, on lower State Street, where he sells liquor, prostitution, and gambling under the special favor of those on high. A "capper" —a pale, lemon-blond young man, with rakish hat and cigar, — stands outside, after the fashion of the caller for the cheap museum, and confidentially tolls in the bands of roving males.

The value of the stout-hearted repeater is evident from pure mathematics. Twenty-five men going down twenty precincts means five hundred votes. All men of nerve can have their special uses. Pickpockets and confidence men, who present an especially good appearance, make excellent repeaters. "Strong-arm men" and husky tramps do well to hold back the voting line or pick a row to discourage soft-handed voters. The high-class burglar — the aristocrat of crime — naturally does not take chances with this work, but nearly all the ordinary run of criminals is available. Throughout the year, in their summer wanderings out into the country, many of these men keep in continued touch with the machine at home. When they get "in a jam" (arrested) they write to the political agent, or address their other friends in his care. The connection which the criminal forms in this manner with the machinery of government is invaluable to him.

The consummation of the year's work comes in the city elections in the spring. Election day is business in Ward One, and

there is great pride in this fact. The precinct workers are lodged the night before in some hotel, at the organization's expense. They get up clear-headed and early. At dawn men go about the streets with giant fire-crackers, waking the sleepers in the lodging-houses. They are given a free morning drink — "a scrub of the brush." Then they go out into the gray morning, ready for their work — the early voting is what counts. These men are thrown into the polling-places at six o'clock; by the time the city is half awake, a good share of the voting has been done. The price of a vote is determined upon. This does not take long, for the market price is generally arrived at through the simple working of demand and supply. Then the voter is handed his name on a slip of paper, or sometimes a marked ballot for deposit. He goes into the booth, returns to the precinct worker, and is paid — formerly, in the less careful days, in cash; now often with slips of paper, to be cashed in later at some place agreed upon.

The exact cost of an election in the First and Eighteenth Wards would be difficult to estimate, even to those who have access to the most intimate bookkeeping of the organization. There are so many irregular items, like the boarding of individual voters for days and even for weeks. Perhaps twenty-five thousand dollars might be an average estimate for Ward One. Opinions vary widely. So many persons are concerned, not only in taking, but in handling the money. The demand at different elections varies so. Recently prices paid for votes have been getting very low. At the registration of last fall, ten cents was all that was offered in the early day. Later a quarter was paid. There was much dissatisfaction expressed at these rates. For votes, cash prices paid lately are quoted from fifty cents up to as high as three dollars a head.

The Machinery of Protection

By this careful organization and large expenditure of money, the traders in dissipation have been able to make, through the ward boss, excellent terms with the city administrations. You might think this would be difficult to do with decent mayors — such as Chicago has had continuously for the past ten years. You are wrong. The First and Eighteenth Wards have had, so far as the administration was concerned, about all the privilege that was necessary for the carrying on of their business during that time. I do not mean there is any distinct agreement by an administration to protect this business. Rarely, if ever, has there been this in recent years. All that is needed is a tacit acquiescence in local political custom. The thing is indeed a very simple matter of routine politics. The leaders of these wards have in their hands the absolute power of giving or withholding a majority of seventy-five hundred votes for the Democratic party. The city is naturally very nicely balanced politically between the two parties. Wards One and Eighteen are therefore the leaders in the Democratic organization. The ward rights sentiment is very strong in Chicago; in its government, in fact, it is really more a confederacy of wards than a city. Immediately after election each ward makes demand for its special patronage from the administration. Now, the First and Eighteenth Wards demand and get much. They have always insisted upon one thing — the choice of their police court judges and of their police officials. This they have always had.

Until the present time the local criminal courts in Chicago have been in charge of the police magistrate, one of the relics of the old town government, of which Chicago has been full. Sixty justices of the peace were nominated by the circuit-court judges in Cook County; were appointed by the governor, and confirmed by the senate of the State. It was this transaction, undoubtedly, which excited in the mind of George E. Cole, the abrupt and active Chicago reformer, the pessimism which led him to exclaim: "I wouldn't trust the judges to appoint a committee to lead my dog to the pound!" From these sixty justices of the peace, the mayor chose and assigned to the different districts in the city, sixteen police magistrates. The First and Eighteenth Wards secured exactly the police magistrates they desired. The relation between these officials and the leaders of the wards were so close and informal, that the leaders, in many instances, did not trouble to arrange in person for the justice to be meted out to their various unfortunate constituents. It was a common occurrence, in at least one court, for a ward leader's assistants to telephone before the morning session the disposition he desired to have made of the various cases which had been called to his attention.

The arrangement with the police force is an easy matter. The administration can be relied upon in one way or another to respect

the wishes of the ward in regard to this service. And the police department furnishes a large supply of exactly the officials desired by the interests of these wards.

Two Cities of Savages

Under this system of protection from the law, there has been established in Chicago a condition unique in this country. The center of Chicago, all things considered, is the cheapest market of dissipation in Caucasian civilization. The prices in European cities, no doubt, are absolutely lower, but relative to the ease of obtaining means to spend, either by begging or stealing or casual labor, they are not to be compared with the great, rough, bountiful American city. A full quart of beer is sold in the saloon for five cents; prostitution is as low as ten cents. As for the expense of living, a lodging for the night costs five and ten cents, and meals, if you buy them, can be had as low as a nickel. With ten cents — five cents for a bed and five cents for a glass of beer, and access to the free lunch — a man may cover the space of twenty-four hours and pay his way. A "town bum" in Chicago said recently: "I have not had my legs under a table for six years."

Chicago is the great inland center of the country; trains by hundreds drop in there every day. Around it is the best territory in the world for tramping and for casual labor; about it, in an unholy ring, stand penitentiaries by the dozen. And when the service and the tramping and the casual labor are done, the criminals and the half-criminals and the quarter-criminals come drifting back into Chicago. They come there by choice, of course: for one chief reason. There they can enjoy, with the least disturbance, at the lowest cost, cheap dissipation — the kind of life they wish to live. Nights, the ten-cent lodging-house. Days, and the long evenings, the "barrel house"— that curious dive so strangely like the thieves' den of the Middle Ages. "Town bums" are there, jerky, pompous cocaine fiends, "gay-cats," and "hoboes," blown in from the four corners of the earth; and in the evening, those great husky, hideous beggars who hitch and crawl about the Chicago streets by day; and now and then the real tramp-burglar — the "yeggman," with his bag of "soup" across the soft muscles of his belly, — nitroglycerine enough to blow the whole unlikely company back to limbo.

In the center of Chicago are now two small cities of savages — self-regulating and self-protecting. In one of these there are thirty-five thousand people; in the other, thirty thousand. It is a region of adults — one child in every eight or nine people, while there is one in three in the general population of the city. The inhabitants neither labor regularly nor marry. Half of the men are beggars, criminals, or floating laborers; a quarter are engaged in the sale of dissipation; and a third of the women are prostitutes. A great share of the men spend most of their waking hours thoroughly drugged with cheap alcohol. Society here has lapsed back into a condition more primitive than the jungle.

The Price of Protection

It would be difficult to estimate the cash payment which must be made every year by the interests of dissipation, for the privilege of breaking the law. So many people receive the money,, so many give it out. There is such a variation from time to time. However, there cannot be less than five hundred thousand dollars a year paid out now. There is probably much more. Prostitution pays at least two hundred and fifty thousand; the remainder is largely paid by gambling.

The best and most businesslike collection for protection takes place, naturally, in the greatest and best organized center of dissipation,— Ward One. In the first place, there are the transactions with which every one is familiar. The Junior Alderman, "Bath-house John," as an insurance agent, sells his policies, not only to the saloon-keepers and houses of prostitution in the ward, but to the great business houses in the district. He also sells, through his business partner, a large quantity of whisky.

Once a year, in the early winter, comes the annual Ward One Democratic Club Ball. The proceeds of this go into the hands of the two aldermen who themselves constitute this club, supposedly for use in their reëlection. This enterprise is conducted with the excellent, orderly sense of business which marks all the operations of this ward. A manager is appointed to take charge of all details. Last December this was Sol Friedman, the partner of Coughlin. A certain number of fifty-cent tickets are then apportioned to those who must take them. Saloons are allotted from fifteen to twenty-five dollars' worth apiece; houses of ill-fame

from one hundred to two hundred dollars' worth, and large gamblers five hundred dollars' worth or more. It is not desirable for the takers, having bought, to stay away. What is wished is to get all the tickets possible in the hands of "spenders." Then comes the ball — a short evening and a long early morning; outrageous carnival that swells and burgeons under the huge, hollow vault of the coliseum, to cyclopean outbursts of animal joy; a general blur of blue tobacco-smoke and red slippers and cosmetics; two thousand women of the town, dancing or filling the stalls at the edges of the floor. But underneath it all, the man with the pad and pencil watches, and the man with the cash register at the endless bar, checking up the required amount of dissipation,— the wine which every tributary concern must buy. The receipts from the last ball were thirty-three thousand five hundred dollars — twenty-five thousand dollars for the tickets and eight thousand five hundred for drink. The expenses are not large, and net profits of the night of December 10th must have been at least twenty-seven thousand five hundred dollars.

All this, of course, though open and significant, is a small matter. There remains the weekly or monthly routine collection from the enterprises in the ward. The big general Levee district, nearly all in the boundaries of Ward One, is visited by regular collectors. Their rates vary from time to time. In December they ranged from twenty-five to fifty dollars a month for the protection of houses of prostitution, according to the size of the business. This price was very low compared with the prices of previous years. The money was handed to the collecting-agent,— in bills, of course, and, of course, there were no receipts given. The payment settled both the claims of the ward authorities and the police. In return for this, the contributor was entitled to an advance notice from the police of any new regulations which were to be temporarily imposed on the district, and a further notice afterward as to when it was all right to return to former methods of business. To enter this business, it was necessary to get in touch with the ward officials and the police.

The "System" in the Police Department

The purchase of the police in Chicago is made simple by the fact that the upper half of the force, — that is, the half that furnishes the officials, — came into the service when the police force was freely and frankly for sale to the interests of dissipation. Of course, not all of the officials of the Chicago police force are for sale. It is clear, however, that the dealer in dissipation could not receive adequate protection unless there were a thorough organization in the police department, to see that this was given. Otherwise, there might be, at any time, some individual officer or official, who would blunder in and attempt to enforce the law. There is, as a matter of fact, just such an organization. It is not a formal thing; naturally, it does not elect officers or pass by-laws; but, in a large sense, it is just as efficient. It is spoken of as the System.

The System comes about very simply. The influence of the ward bosses in the districts of dissipation secures from the administration the police officials they desire. These officials see that the men under them carry out the business agreements which they themselves make with the leaders of the ward. If a new policeman does not enter into relations with the System or acquiesce in its working, he is "jobbed." That is, by various technical charges against him by his superior officer, he is kept under continual suspicion and finally either shipped off to some outlying district of the city or even discharged from the department on trumped-up charges. The Chicago department is now under civil service and has been for ten years, but this effective and simple method makes it possible to beat the civil service rules and to organize the force so that the required protection can be guaranteed to the interests of dissipation

Inside the department there is either an astonishing fear of this System or a loyalty to it that is simply amazing. Occasionally, however, a revolt discloses its methods of operation. An interesting example of this came in the case of the discharge of Lieutenant Roger Mulcahy, last year. Mulcahy did two things which two police officers could not stomach. A labor leader met in a saloon a negro, took offense at something he said, and wantonly shot him in the leg; the man's leg was afterwards amputated. About the same time a well-known negro was arrested and shown to have had a wholesale career in a vile crime which was terrifying the whole vicinity. Both men had strong political influence. Mulcahy, the police-lieutenant, because of this influence, brought them up on

minor charges before the court and arranged the machinery for their discharge. The two policemen went into rebellion. "There are some things I won't stand for," said one, with a great oath. They themselves took the matter to the Grand Jury, and both of the criminals were severely punished. In the meanwhile, Mulcahy had started out after the two rebels in the usual fashion of the System. In the two months before the Grand Jury acted, Mulcahy had one man up five times on minor charges before the police trial board. In May he recommended the discharge of the other man from the department for drunkenness. He was going through, in fact, the usual forms of "jobbing." This time, however, the process had disastrous results. The men were retained with honor, and developments at their trial brought about the discharge of the lieutenant himself.

The Price of the Police

There must be, at a conservative estimate, two hundred thousand dollars a year paid over to the police, for protection to the business of dissipation. Just where that money goes into the department is, of course, almost impossible to tell. It is a matter of fact, for instance, that the gambling squad — eight or ten men under the personal command of the Chief of Police — sit and watch the operations of "handbook" makers and even bet themselves. It is also a fact that when personal information has been given to the Chief of Police concerning a betting-place, that place has been perfunctorily raided and has been in operation again a half hour after this was done. But it would be impossible to demonstrate from this evidence that the present Chief of Police was paid to protect gambling in Chicago. It is true that criminal saloons and houses of prostitution have an understanding with the police that they may violate the law until some one protests, and that then they will be notified by the police and kept in touch with the situation until it is advisable for them to resume the practices which are objected to. But who gets the pay for this and what the pay is, has not yet been determined with legal exactitude. It is worth while, perhaps, as showing the possibilities in the case, to recall that one ex-chief of police said, in a burst of confidence, that he had put away one hundred and eighty-seven thousand dollars during his few years of office.

The Break-Down of the Police Force

The result of all this is not difficult to imagine. The City Council of Chicago, in the paroxysm of excitement over the reign of crime of a year ago, voted for one thousand new policemen, most of whom have now been added to the force. It was asserted then that there were not men enough to protect that great and wide-lying city. This was certainly true, but it was an understatement of the case. The exact condition was stated by Captain Alexander R. Piper, an expert who, with Roundsman William F. Maher of New York, made a special investigation of the Chicago police in 1904. He said in summing up: "It is not necessary for me to tell you that you have practically no protection on your streets. You all know it, and you know how seldom you see an officer at night. Your patrolmen pull the box on the hour or half-hour and then lounge in their holes or some saloon." These conditions exist to-day.

The reason for all this is clear. The business of dissipation, working through ward politics, has bought the protection of the Chicago police force. This fact necessarily deprives the police force of its usefulness to the public. The officials who are actually receiving pay for granting protection are in a combination to break the law. This combination extends below them to a certain extent into the department; and it encourages, of course, every patrolman who is at all dishonest to break or help to break the laws. Various members of the force have, in the past, formed alliances with criminals; and the relation was so close with them that patrolmen have actually arranged burglaries through professional craftsmen. The force itself contains also quite a number of criminals: men who have been convicted from time to time of crimes ranging from shoplifting to burglary. Indeed, it is a fact that criminals, attracted by the possible chances of profits, are continually trying to get into the department. In a recent call for four hundred and fifty men, thirty-five applicants were found to have criminal records. Of course, there can be no discipline under these conditions. There is, as Roundsman Maher said, practically no patroling. There is continual loafing on the beat, with petty grafting down at the bottom of the department. The condition of the department is summed up in the statement, that in

two years, 1904 and 1905, over half the force was before the police trial board for one cause or another.

Organization for Exploiting Savagery

The addition of the police force completes the great organization for the exploitation of savagery in the City of Chicago. The dealer in dissipation, the ward boss, and the police official are its chief members. I have tried to show clearly the simple and inevitable process by which this organization was built up. A business interest absolutely against the law must make positive arrangements to break the law in order to exist. It buys the right to do this out of its huge income — first, politically, through its business agent, the ward boss; and, second, by the purchase of the authorities which society employs to protect itself,—particularly the police. In doing this it consolidates every influence hostile to well-organized society, from the robber and prostitute to the corrupt police official, in a great body whose continual influence is to impair or break down civilization.

The one clue to the workings of this organization is the money of dissipation which finances it. Every dollar of this, it might be said, is subtracted from the sum total of the assets of the civilization of Chicago. The making of savages is not likely to be interfered with greatly so long as it merely costs some hundreds or thousands of individual lives a year. Society does not busy itself sufficiently with the affairs of its members for this. But, unfortunately, the savages, once created and located in a city, begin to reach out and prey upon the civilized and orderly population about them. They must find their own living according to their own methods. There is continual tribute levied; and, now and then, when the season is ripe, or some other particular conditions exist, there break out those "waves of crime" which terrify and anger the population which is preyed upon.

Hold-Ups — The Raids of Criminals

The great specialty of Chicago crime is, of course, the hold-up: that is, the robbery on the open street. This is either the work of the savages who congregate in the First and Eighteenth Wards, or of the young foreigners who are taught by the example of these men and stimulated by their early education in dissipation and their personal knowledge of the opportunities offered by the absence of proper police regulation. They are looking for easy money, and they know of no simpler method to secure it than this. Nothing more absolutely fish-blooded and inhuman has been produced by modern civilization than the type of the "car-barn bandits," who shot down human beings with exactly the same dispassionate accuracy that they employed against the rocking images in the State Street shooting galleries of Ward One, where they created, night after night, their astonishing skill with fire-arms. The most disturbing thing about all these hold-ups is, naturally, the cold certainty of their producing just so many murders and just so many violent assaults year after year.

It is this one particular thing — the murderous street robbery — which more than all others has given Chicago its reputation for crime. This is not the only point, however, at which the savages overrun the city. Burglaries are much too frequent,— not high-class jobs, but mostly the cheap and violent work which must be expected from the irruption of the low-class criminal from the territory of cheap dissipation. Morning after morning the vigorous beggars move out over the boundaries of savagery and limp and crawl and wriggle down the Chicago streets. When the weather is right to gather them in, and they feel the courage of numbers and the sharp necessities of the season,— as they have during the past winter,— the beggar and the "hobo" easily become the hold-up man.

The Murders of Dissipation

The murders of Chicago are generally personal matters between the savages. The great exception, of course, is when the savage, in his attacks on members outside his class, finds it necessary or advisable to kill his prey. There is a strong belief that murder in America is increasing because of our failure to enforce the death penalty. This, no doubt, has its influence. But the murders in Chicago are principally murders of dissipation and passion, committed by individuals who never calculated in their life the chances of the death penalty, and certainly never could consider it, in their mental condition at the time the murder was committed. The only authority which could possibly touch their imagination would be the visible symbol of an honest and efficient police force— which they do not have. Of one hundred

and eighty-seven homicides in Chicago, from December 1, 1904, to December 1, 1905, one hundred and seventy-five were by shooting, stabbing, or blows; and only three by poison. Of the one hundred and seventy-six in the year closing last December 1st, one hundred and sixty-seven were by shooting or other violent means, and only eight by poisoning. These murders were hasty, savage acts of a crude population, and not in the least the calculating crimes of a calmer and more intellectual civilization. But the loss of life among the savages themselves is alarming. The death-rate from murder in Chicago is six or eight times greater than in the cities of Great Britain, and twenty or twenty-five times greater than in the cities of Germany. In Europe it is only approached and surpassed in the black murder belt of Lower Italy.

The Real Organizer of Vicious Politics

There are two chief exploiters of the cities of America, — the public service corporation and the business of dissipation. Attention has been directed during the past few years almost entirely to the former. It has become the orthodox belief that the public service corporation was the original corrupter of American cities. This is not true, especially in large cities. Long before the public service corporation existed, the corrupt ward politics of cities was organized by the business of dissipation. When the corporation arrived for the first time in that murky region, it found the herd already there,— feeding, feeding, feeding on the rich filth of the sale of savagery. The corporation merely dumped its contribution in and left it in the general pile. The leaders of the herd may find their provender in the largess of the corporation, but the herd itself, the organization of the ward, has always been and will continue to be nourished by the vastly greater interests of dissipation. As a matter of fact, it does not receive mere gifts from these interests as it does from the corporation. The members of the political organization take the profits themselves. They are not in ward politics; they are ward politics. And this business divides millions of dollars, while the corporation divides hundreds of thousands, in American city politics.

The City of Chicago is just completing a splendid victory over corrupt public service corporations. It is now turning its attention to this second great business interest which is debauching it. This will be far more difficult to fight than the other one. The difference can be stated by mere statistics. The gross receipts of the surface street railways, which the City of Chicago has at last brought into reasonable subjection, are sixteen million dollars a year — that is, only four-fifths of the receipts for prostitution. If you add to that sum the receipts of the elevated roads, you have twenty-three million dollars as the entire receipts of the traction interests in Chicago. This amount is less than two-thirds of the annual receipts for prostitution and gambling in the City of Chicago. But this is only a partial statement. The profits and the political necessities of the business of dissipation are incomparably greater than those of the public service corporation.

The time is coming very soon when the American city is to make a scientific study of the sale of dissipation. A start, indeed, has already been made. A reasonable regulation of the saloons, for example, as against the present hideous struggle for business, must be undertaken. But these matters will require long and patient consideration. In the meanwhile, there is one obvious thing which must be done. The money of dissipation must be taken out of city politics. American civilization is making progress, although slow, in excluding the money of corporations from its political life. It must take up this other problem at once.

A Stultified Civilization

There is only one way to do this — to change the machinery of government where it has been found lacking. Chicago has already made a start in this direction. It has just replaced the corrupt and archaic police magistrates' courts by a more modern institution. It has raised the cost of liquor licenses and taken a step in the right direction by restricting the number of saloons. It has increased the police force. It is securing new laws against the sale of cocaine. It is attempting to enforce more careful election laws. And now it is trying to get a new charter. It is to be hoped that provisions in this will improve conditions in Chicago, but from the present outlook this issue seems doubtful.

There are two main causes for the excessive crime in Chicago. The first is the saturation of the poorer classes with alcoholic liquor, by the agents of a business under a terrible economic pressure to produce

revenue. The time is coming in America and Europe when the important and delicate function of the distribution of intoxicants to city populations will be taken from these purely selfish interests which now hold it; when the reasonable safeguarding of the public, and not the necessities of private enterprises, operated under the stress of a wolfish competition, will be the main compelling motive in the conduct of this trade.

The second great cause of crime is the purchase of the right to break the law by the dealers in illegal dissipation,— that is, by the sellers of savagery. This is the chief reason for waves of crime in great cities. It is more immediately alarming than the unregulated sale of liquor: not only because every act committed under it impairs or breaks down our civilization; but because, indirectly, the purchase of authority — particularly of the police — rots society at its foundations and atrophies the power of dealing with crime of all descriptions.

It is the custom to call the tribute of illegal establishments to the police of great cities blackmail. This term is neither comprehensive nor accurate. The operation is merely one phase in the working out of the business of a great financial and political organization. Inroads have been made and will be made upon the influence of this organization by attacks on particular powers — as has been done in Chicago. Such attacks will probably not achieve final results.

The fact is, that under present conditions the financial interests of dissipation have more direct representation in the administration of the city government than the will of the people. In Chicago the dealer in vice reaches directly through the ward and county organizations into the police department. The citizen at large must act through a mayor politically indebted to the ward organization, who hands over bodily the function of enforcing the law — concerning which he himself is and must be to a large extent ignorant — to a political appointee at the head of the police department. With the simplification of the processes of city government; with the abolishing of the ward and the ward boss and the ward delegate in the nominating conventions; with the substitution of nominations and elections by the people,— not of the mayor, nor of the present machinery for the representation of special interests in city government, but of men to act as department heads, nominated directly, elected directly, and held directly responsible to the people,— the organization for the sale of dissipation in cities will lose its present control in city administration, and the people will gain it. At that time the will of the people — whatever it may be — will express itself in city government. There will be an end to the present grotesque and alarming spectacle of a civilization which is stultifying itself; of a society which enacts and desires to administer laws, but is unable to do so because of the control of its machinery by the huge financial interests which owe their very existence to the sale of savagery.

SISTER ANN'S LIONS

BY

FLOY SULZER BINGHAM

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

SISTER ANN aroused the animals in the menagerie to an exhibition spirit by prodding me sharply with a long pole. I threw myself against the bars of the bull-pen and seized the corn-husk meat she threw within, but not with the ferocity pleasing to Ann.

"The trouble is, Patty, you've never been to a real circus," she said regretfully.

That supreme joy had fallen to Sister Ann a short time before our coming to visit Uncle Henry on his mountain ranch. It colored her dreams and shaped her days.

Before the advent of the circus, Ann's choice of occupations had long wavered between the delights offered a lady Indian fighter, and the thrills enjoyed by an aeronaut. Then the show flaunted its spangled banners, and now, at twelve, Sister Ann would be a circus queen. I was ten and had no ambitions.

"You can do it best, Sister Ann," I suggested.

Ann tried to squeeze through the small space between the upright poles with which Uncle Henry had divided the barn for a vicious bull; but failing, we were obliged to change places by running round through the doors.

Then I was shown the real thing. Ann plunged and growled and tore her feathery meat to fragments. She threw herself against the bars and showed all her sharp little white teeth with such terrifying intent that I stood appalled.

"O Sister Ann," I entreated, "let's play something else."

Sister Ann's features relaxed into their normal form. "Well, so long as it ain't dolls," she agreed. So we turned our attention elsewhere.

In the end of the log barn was a square window, fitted with a sliding door, which was called the "bear-window." At some early day it had been used to entrap a pig-stealing bear. We now raised the window and, to keep it up, inserted a peg with string attached, as Uncle Henry had shown us. Then I crawled through, and Ann pulled the string and sprang the trap. Soon I was in the midst of a severe course of bear-training. Suddenly Ann dropped my halter and, seizing what she called her snake-stick, made off, with flying curls.

Following her with my eyes, I saw on the mountain side, near the yard fence, an angry, fang-jawed head and an uplifted, buzzing

tail. Then Ann made a jab with her forked stick. I had learned my part; and following on with the ax, I shudderingly severed the loathsome head. The job must be neatly done, for Sister Ann wanted the rattlesnake skins for personal adornment.

"O Sister Ann," I wailed, "I wish you wouldn't."

"Wouldn't what?" said Ann; and I said no more.

Aunt Emma came to the door as Ann dragged her headless captive into the yard.

"Now, Ann," she said, "I don't think your mother would like to have you hunt rattlesnakes."

"It's great fun," Ann answered evasively.

"But they will bite you," Aunt Emma insisted.

Ann looked contemptuously down at her still wiggling victim. "They always act as if they'd like to," she admitted, "but it's a pure waste of time, Aunt Emma." And I had faith it was so.

At dinner Aunt Emma looked grave. She had received word that one of her sister's children was dangerously ill. "I have been wondering," she began, "whether my two little guests could keep house for Uncle Henry if I should be gone a week?"

Ann was a wonderful cook, but her reputation had not preceded her.

"Meat, rare or well done?" said she. "And what is his favorite cake?"

Ann's finality of manner left no room for further discussion. Aunt Emma looked at Uncle Henry with a queer little twinkle in her eye.

"I think, Henry, I shall start right after dinner," she said.

Except for the meals, Aunt Emma's departure left but little for us children to do. Uncle Henry lived on his mountain ranch only a short time during the summer. He had already sent his cows to the valley, and there were now on the place only a few hens and a small flock of high-grade sheep — said to be the finest in Colorado — which he was herding on shares.

Left to Ann's generalship, every meal was a banquet, limited only by the resources of the pantry. She had promised Aunt Emma to leave all snakes in peace during her absence, so we spent our spare time playing circus and training our pet lambs,— at least, Ann trained hers; mine seemed too stupid.

Two days after Aunt Emma's departure a man rode up to the house to tell Uncle Henry that the Box-S outfit was rounding up steers. That ranch had none too good a reputation for respecting other people's brands, so the neighboring ranchers made a point of being present when the Box-S gathered cattle.

"from the attic window we saw a dark object crouched in the center of the corral"

Uncle Henry corralled the sheep early in the day and left us with the understanding that he would be back before night, or else send some one to stay with us and herd the sheep.

That night we sat up late, but no one came. We were farm-bred children and fortunately had no fear of the dark or of ghosts,— at least, Ann hadn't. The next morning we were still alone.

Sister Ann said she could herd sheep "as good as anybody"; and as we had an intelligent dog, there was no difficulty in taking the sheep out and corralling them again at night.

Before locking the doors that night, I called Shep, the dog, into the house for company. It must have been near morning when we were awakened by the dog's growling. We both sat up in bed and listened. Presently we heard the sheep stamping and then rushing wildly about the corral.

"I guess it's a coyote," I whispered to Sister Ann.

We crept out of bed and went to the window, but could see nothing, for around the corral was a tight board-fence, six feet high. Just then the sheep began to bleat.

"We can see from up-stairs," Ann suggested.

She lighted the lamp, and we went into the kitchen and climbed the ladder to the attic.

The moon shone brightly, and from the attic window we saw a dark object crouched in the center of the corral. As the flock rushed wildly around, crowding against the fence, the creature sprang into the midst of them, biting and striking right and left. When the sheep scattered, he had a lamb in his mouth and stood out plain in the moonlight, among those he had killed at a blow.

"O Sister Ann!" I gasped, chattering with fright, "it's a tiger, and he'll eat our lambs!"

"No, he won't," said Ann.

She threw up the window and violently shook her nightgown at the animal. "Get out of there!" she called. "Get out this instant, before I come down there with my Uncle Henry's gun!"

Whether it was from the noise she made and the light behind us, or whether the beast was satisfied, I do not know; but, with the lamb in his mouth, he crouched where he was and in one bound cleared the fence. That was the last we saw of him that night.

"At breakfast Sister Ann was thoughtful"

Ann went back to bed, loudly declaring it wasn't a tiger at all, "just nothing but an old mountain lion." But I do not believe either of us slept any more that night.

In the morning we let Shep remain out for a while before venturing forth ourselves. In the corral we found twelve sheep dead and dying. Even the black goat, Billy Butts, the leader of the flock, had a long gash down his flank, an injury which, however, he seemed not to mind.

At breakfast Sister Ann was thoughtful. We both knew in reason that Uncle Henry must think there was some one with us, and so we might be alone for a number of days. The nearest neighbor was eight miles away. We knew neither road nor direction.

The loss of the sheep would be a serious one to Uncle Henry, as he had contracted to return the original number. Inexperienced as I was, I thought the lion would return, and Ann was sure of it.

"It's just as easy as fallin' off a log," Sister Ann finally announced. "We'll put the flock in the barn."

After breakfast we dragged the dead sheep to the river and threw them in, Sister Ann saying she didn't want any lion-bait about her; besides, she reasoned, the ranchmen below might see the bodies and come and lend a hand. I never at any time heard Sister Ann admit that she needed protection.

We took the sheep out to graze, but we kept well within sight of the house and went only along the low, open ground beside the river.

Sister Ann brought out Uncle Henry's rifle and carried it about on her shoulder. When I timidly questioned her ability to shoot, she looked unutterable scorn. She said all you had to do was to "just pull the trigger" and hinted at renown gained with the rifle long before I was born. At that time I was glad to believe it, but I have since reflected that Ann must have been hitting bull's-eyes at the tender age of two years.

We drove the sheep home early. There was some difficulty in getting them into the barn. They could not all crowd in on one side; and, as there was no opening in the pole partition, we had to drive part of the flock around to the other door; but we finally accomplished it.

Then Sister Ann knocked some boards from the corral fence and nailed one across each door. She said that lion had all of Uncle Henry's sheep he was going to get, and she would nail up the house windows, too.

There was a ladder leading up to the barn loft, but it was too heavy for us to move. So we brought out a table and put a chair on top. I handed up the nails and kept looking at the side of the mountain back of the corral, where the lion had disappeared, while Sister Ann stood on the chair and nailed up the boards. She nailed up the attic windows on the inside, leaving plenty of room to see out.

The sun was still above the mountains when we took Shep into the house and locked the doors, but the boards on the

windows made the rooms so dark that we had to light a lamp.

After supper we dressed up in Aunt Emma's clothes,— that is, Sister Ann did. I just sat still and tried to hear what was going on outside, while Ann played piano on the kitchen table and sang very loud.

When it came bedtime, Sister Ann said it was really more healthful to sleep in the second story. So we dragged our bedding up the ladder into the attic, shut down the trap-door, and put two trunks on it.

It seemed as though I had just fallen asleep, when I was awakened by Ann nudging me. "He's out there," she whispered. "Let's go to the window and watch him."

Down-stairs Shep was growling.

We slipped out of bed, and I held tight hold of Sister Ann while we peeped from the window. Pretty soon we saw the lion padding softly round the barn. He was sniffing at the chinks and trying to put his paw through. When he came out into the moonlight, he stopped and looked around. We could see the tip of his tail curl and bend. Then he gave a terrible scream. We rushed and jumped into bed and covered up our heads.

"O Sister Ann," I sobbed, "why didn't you shoot him?"

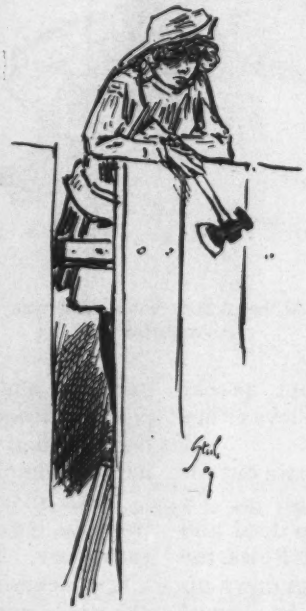
"I will," she said, "if he fools 'round here much more."

We heard nothing more that night.

The next morning we let Shep remain out about an hour before we pried the boards from the barn doors.

"I wish that lion was a bear," I said.

"Why?" asked Sister Ann, straining vigorously at her pry.



"Sister Ann knocked some boards from the corral fence"

"Because we might catch him with the bear-window in the barn."

Sister Ann turned and looked at me. "I guess other things could get in that bear-window besides bears," she said.

Then she dropped her tools and stood looking at the bear-window for a long time, but she said nothing more.

We drove the sheep out to graze, Sister Ann taking Uncle Henry's rifle as before. She let me carry it for a time, but it hurt my shoulder, so I gave it back. Moreover, I had a warm sense of security in seeing Sister Ann struggle along under its weight. We kept even nearer the house than on the day before, and drove home earlier, Sister Ann saying she had a plan.

We put the flock into the corral and made Shep stay at the opening where Ann had knocked the boards off.

"I'm going to catch that lion," Sister Ann announced, as we walked toward the house.

"Oh, how can you!" I gasped. But in my innermost consciousness I had a vision of Sister Ann leading that lion about, tame as a kitten.

"Just you do what I tell you, and you'll see," Ann said airily.

We went into the parlor, which was a good-sized room, and stripped it bare of furniture and carpet. Then, to my amazement, Ann took the sheep from the corral and tried to drive them into the parlor. To do this, we had to take them across Aunt Emma's little garden in front of the house. In five minutes it was as bare as a floor. I never saw anything snip and chew so fast as those sheep; but we couldn't get them in the door. Finally Sister Ann coaxed Billy Butts in with sugar, and the rest followed. When the room was full of sheep, I closed the door, and Ann enticed Billy Butts on out through the kitchen, and had him lead the rest of the flock into the bull-pen in the barn.

Then Sister Ann nailed up both barn doors tighter than before.

When she stretched the clothes-line from the bear-window toward the attic window, which overlooked the barn, I began to understand her plan. The line was too short, however, and we pieced it out with the reins from an old harness. To keep it from dragging on the ground, we raised it over the branches of a small pine that stood near the barn. But even then the weight of the line kept pulling out the peg that held up the bear-window. Finally Ann tied the line with a stout string

to a branch of the tree. Then we went up into the attic to try how it would work.

Sister Ann was always dramatic, and managed to extract a triumph from every situation. She held up a warning finger while she peeped cautiously from the attic window.

"Now he's in!" she suddenly exclaimed, giving the line a violent jerk. The limb of the pine bent toward us, the peg flew out, and the window slipped down with a bang.

Sister Ann rolled her eyes at me in fine triumph. "See now?" she inquired tersely.

We went down and reset the trap. To a hungry lion looking through the bear-window, the sheep in the bull-pen were certainly a tempting sight.

"O Sister Ann," I cried, misgivings suddenly overcoming me, "let's don't do it! He'll break those poles and eat all the sheep, and then he'll get out and be so mad he'll eat us."

Sister Ann tossed her curls. "So you think that lion could eat *me* — you really do!"

Her smile of pitying indulgence had its effect. For a time, at least, I believed the lion wouldn't dare try it.

Before the sun went down, we again took Shep into the house and locked the doors. Sister Ann said every one knew that night air was not healthful, but she did not explain why she locked the doors so early. When I wanted to know how we should find out when the lion came, she said Shep would tell us.

Then Ann went to cooking. She used up all the condensed milk and all the eggs there were in the house. She kept me busy helping while she made the kind of cookies I liked best and the kind she liked best, and two kinds of cake besides. She said we were not to have any supper at all, but a banquet after we caught the lion; and she was sure he would be around early. She decided she would start a show of her own if we caught the lion and declared that as soon as possible she was going to a country where one could meet elephants and rhinoceroses and tigers, greatly deprecating the paucity of a land where little girls could meet nothing but "a few old mountain lions."

So instilled was I with Sister Ann's views, that I ventured to the window and peeped out through the cracks in the boards. But all was still, and the moon had not yet risen, so I went back to her side.

"I handed up the nails"

I think I must have been asleep with my head resting on the table, when I was awakened by Shep's growling. Sister Ann was standing very erect listening. I made a dive for her and seized her skirts. She turned the light low, and, while I still clung to her, we made our way up the ladder to the attic and looked out of the window.

The moon was just rising, and the barn was in shadow; but as my eyes became accustomed to the night, I saw the lion moving softly around the barn, nosing the cracks. As we looked, he seemed for the first time to see the bear-window. He crouched, regarding it fixedly; then he walked up to the window, rose on his hind legs, and looked in, smelling about the frame.

I could feel Sister Ann shaking violently, whether from fear or excitement I did not know. But the lion moved away and again went round the barn. When he came back, without a moment's hesitation he sprang upon the sill, poised a moment, then disappeared within.

Sister Ann seized the rope and pulled with all her might. We saw the window slide down, but for some reason it did not go evenly. One side remained a few inches above the sill. The moon now shone full upon the barn, and Sister Ann gave a kind of gasp as we saw the lion's paw thrust out through the opening. The window was pushed up a little; then the paw

was withdrawn, and the window slipped snugly into place.

"Well," said Sister Ann, "that was done better than I could have done it myself. Nothing like catching lions that have good sense."

She led the way down-stairs, turned up the light, stirred the fire, and proceeded to set the table. She did not seem to notice that I

Sister Ann and Shep

kept fast hold of her skirts and followed her every move.

From the barn came terrifying noises, but Sister Ann was not disturbed. Her conversation, however, proved only a monologue.

I did not pretend to eat of the feast, but just sat and looked at Sister Ann; and I think she did little more than crumble up her cookies.

"Just listen at him trying to get out," she said calmly. "Well, if he'd ask me, I could tell him he couldn't. Why, you just ought to see the way they keep 'em in circuses—behind little tiny bars no bigger than that!"

I didn't see what her comparison was, but I gathered from her tone that the bars were about the size of hat-pins.

I was just moving closer to Ann, when there came a scream that seemed to freeze my very blood. Ann sat still and listened. Then she went to the window and for a long time peered through the cracks of the boards.

"Well, I declare!" she said at last. "It's just too lovely for anything; there's another one!"

"O Sister Ann!" was all I could gasp.

"Of course, all lions have mates," said she approvingly. "Everybody knows that. If I could catch that one, too," she continued reflectively, "I believe I would be a lion-tamer. It's just as easy! All you have to do is to wear pink tights with spangles on, and have a whip; and you stand in the cage with your foot on their heads and bow when the people clap."

Ideas of lion-taming led to further reflections on the joys of a circus life, and, getting out her precious whip, Ann switched her skirts smartly and went prancing around the room, giving loud and cheery directions to her imaginary steed as he cleared, with a bound, banners and hoops. And I, to be near Ann, went capering after, though half the time tears were running down my cheeks. We kept this up until, when we crawled into bed, I dropped to sleep from sheer exhaustion.

In the morning all was quiet about the barn; but when we let Shep out, he barked so savagely we knew the lion was still there. After breakfast Sister Ann went near enough to look through a crack. She came hopping back on one foot and said he was beautiful. Then we sat for about an hour on the back steps, watching the barn. I knew Sister Ann was thinking hard, because she didn't talk much.

"Well, I guess I'll catch that other lion," she said presently, with the air she might have used in deciding to indulge in another waltz. "The sheep are not safe while he is free, and he'll just keep coming while the other one is here."

I did not ask a single question. I just followed into the house and helped take outdoors all the furniture that we had piled in the bedrooms, stripping the rooms bare. From a stack we fetched hay, heaping it round the empty rooms and throwing as much into the parlor as we thought the sheep would eat. After Ann had taken another peep into the barn, to see where the lion was, we went round and opened the door of the bull-pen.

The sheep were lying down as far from the partition as possible, quietly chewing their cud. In the farthest corner two lay dead, smothered, probably, by the flock piling up in the corner when the lion entered the barn.

We let the sheep out, and Sister Ann closed the door and nailed it up again. Billy Butts wanted to go out to graze; but by coaxing him with sugar, we got the sheep

into the bedrooms by way of the kitchen. Although they were pretty well crowded, they began to eat hay and seemed not to mind.

Then Sister Ann said she was going to go up in the barn loft and arrange to catch the other lion; and I could go along or stay in the house, just as I pleased. I decided I would rather be near her.

The loft was floored with good strong boards and was used by Aunt Emma as a store-room.

When we had climbed up, I took one frightened peep through the floor cracks. The lion was crouched in a corner, watching us with his wicked green eyes. He had torn off great splinters from the pole partition and from the logs; and his mouth and chest were flecked with bloody foam. It was a terrible sight, and I stood carefully in the center of a board.

Sister Ann showed no such timidity. She stamped tauntingly on the floor and, with her mouth to a crack, hurled forth her most scathing vocabulary. She invited her captive to reflect on the sin of stealing sheep, and to behold the fate of lions that "run up against her"; and she gave the soothing information that she was by no means through with him.

Notwithstanding all that, I stepped cautiously across the cracks when Ann went to open a place in the pole partition, so that she could get the lion into the bull-pen.

The poles protruded into the loft from one to two feet. To hold them at equal distance apart, inch boards had been nailed across the beams, between the poles. Sister Ann knelt on the floor and pried up six of these boards, letting the poles fall back to each side. She was pushing the last one back, when there came a crash against the pole and a ripping and tearing of Ann's dress from its belt. The lion had sprung and seized her skirt, which had hung through a crack.

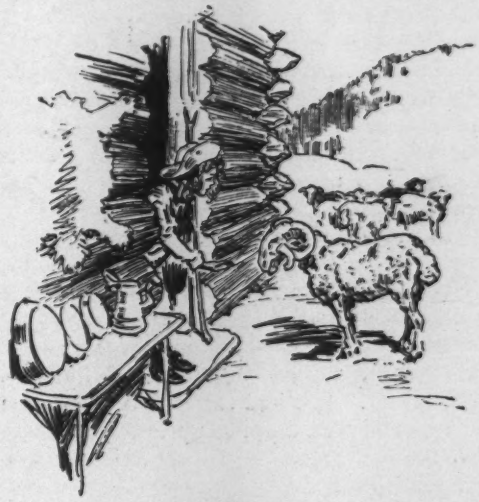
I gave one shriek and sank down, gazing at Sister Ann in speechless horror.

She still held the pole, but her eyes were wide and fixed. For once, I am now inclined to think, I saw my sister paralyzed with terror. It was not for long, however.

"See here, Patty Brownlow," she cried, "you're gettin' me all mixed up by them squawks of yours. Haven't I told you this barn is a thousand million times stronger than circus cages? And just see what you've done!" Sister Ann was gazing below. "You've gone and scared him to death, when I meant to train him myself to jump through hoops."

Sinking on the floor, Ann sobbed hysterically.

I looked down through a crack with mingled feelings of remorse and astonishment. The lion was sprawled limp and motionless on the floor of the bull-pen. Whether he struck his head in springing for Ann's dress



"Sister Ann coaxed Billy Butts in with sugar"

and the V-shaped opening she had made in the partition, or whether he injured himself before, we never knew. However, he lay, to all appearances, dead.

Sister Ann soon dried her tears and, with my help, nailed the boards back between the poles, closing the opening that she had made.

I was begging her not to go down and poke the body with a stick, as she declared she was going to do, when the lion stirred, slowly got upon his feet, walked over into a corner, and lay down. Sister Ann expressed such unbounded delight that I tried not to think how sorry I was to have him alive.

When we had securely fastened the loft door and crawled down the ladder, it was dinner time.

The sheep made lots of noise on the bare parlor and bedroom floors, and Sister Ann said she guessed they would have to be watered.

After dinner we went out and set the bear-window first. The lion was lying quietly in the corner of the bull-pen, where we had left him. Sister Ann said it made her ashamed to own such a lion as that.

We then put tubs in the rooms where the sheep were, and Ann said we would play Indian while we watered the sheep. I stood on a table at the corner of the house, where I could see up and down the valley and the mountain side, while she carried water from the river and poured it into the tubs. If I saw a suspicious movement of any kind, we were to run for the house.

"She invited her captive to reflect on the sin of stealing sheep, and to behold the fate of lions that 'run up against her'"

Every time Ann came up with a bucket of water, she would make faces at me until I nearly fell off the table from hysterical laughter. She had carried ever so many buckets and was dipping up another, when Shep began to growl. Ann dropped her bucket and ran toward me. I jumped from the table; and, with Shep at our heels, we rushed into the house, locked the door, hurried up into the attic, and looked out of the window.

It was not more than five o'clock, and the sun was shining brightly. At first we could see nothing. Then came a piercing scream from the mountain side. Following the direction of the sound with our eyes, we saw above the bushes a tawny head glaring down upon the ranch. Instantly there came an answering scream from the barn. The lion came bounding down the hill. He did not even pause at the sheep corral. As frightened as I was, I noticed the beautiful ease with which he took the six-foot fence, and then, crouching, cleared the other side in a flashing yellow curve. He made straight for the bull-pen side of the barn, which was out of our sight; but we could hear the lion on the inside biting and clawing the logs.

"That's the lady lion," said Ann breathlessly, a conviction which proved to be true. "*He* wouldn't be brave enough to come right in daylight."

Presently the lioness came creeping and crouching round the barn, her sinewy body twitching with fury. The open bear-window was before her. Without an instant's hesitation she sprang into the barn.

Sister Ann seized the line and jerked with all her might. The old rein must have been more rotten than we thought. The window had settled upon it, and it broke, the outer part dropping to the ground.

We looked in consternation at the bear-window. The lioness was crouched on the sill. If the window had fallen, it would have struck her on her back. We watched the creature come out, suspiciously regard the rope, and then go round the barn.

"Now, Patty Brownlow," Ann said severely, "when she goes in again, I'm going out and pull that rope. I can do it just as easy as anything. All you've got to do is to keep the door open and shut it tight the minute I get back."

I was long past remonstrating with Ann. We crept silently down-stairs. She made Shep lie down and threw a quilt over him to keep him quiet. Then she unlocked the door, softly opened it a tiny crack, and peeped out. Suddenly she threw the door back and dashed into the yard; and I knew the lioness had again entered the barn. As she stooped to grasp the rope, Ann tripped and plunged headlong. Numb with horror, I stood where I was, expecting to see her torn to pieces. But she fell on the rope where it rose from the ground to the tree branch. The weight of her body pulled the branch down,

and the peg was jerked out. I heard the impact of the lion's body against the window as it struck the sill.

Sister Ann was pale, but she walked into the house with a little swing of the body that gave a flaunt to her skirts, a sure sign of triumph. She even disdained to close the door immediately; and, ignoring the pandemonium that reigned in the barn, calmly got supper, chatting and singing by turns.

I know now that if she had shown the slightest symptoms of fright, I should have utterly collapsed. As it was, I could not eat a mouthful. When we went to bed, I dropped into the sleep of absolute exhaustion.

The following morning was the fourth of Uncle Henry's absence. With two lions on her hands, besides the sheep, Sister Ann decided to make an effort to get help. She nailed some empty condensed milk cans to broad pieces of boards, and in them set adrift on the creek this somewhat formal appeal:

DEAR SIR: — Two ladies are annoyed by lions at Mr. Henry Brownlow's ranch. You are cordially invited to be present.

Your obedient servants,
ANN AND PATRICIA BROWNLOW.

P. S. Please hurry.

This was as near an appeal for aid as Sister Ann's proud spirit could endure.

She was sending the last of these messages on their turbulent way, when I saw Aunt Emma on horseback, coming down the trail. I rushed to meet her, but could only sob and tremble in her arms. Ann came up on a hop, skip, and jump.

"Why, children, what *is* the matter?" Aunt Emma asked in alarm.

"Oh, we've just got some lions in the barn is all," Sister Ann explained composedly.

When Aunt Emma finally understood the situation, she took me on her lap, Ann climbed up behind her on the horse, and we started for the nearest neighbor. Over the first hill we met Uncle Henry. We all returned with him to the house, where we found the man he had sent to us. By some misunderstanding, the man had gone to Uncle Henry's valley ranch.

When the house was cleaned and arranged, Aunt Emma put me to bed, where I stayed for two days, while Sister Ann capered on her circus horse and audibly sighed to meet a real, true Bengal tiger.

Uncle Henry tried to sell the lions alive, but there was no buyer, though the whole country came to see them and incidentally to look at Ann. Finally an Englishman, who was hunting in the mountains, made arrangements to ship the lions to a London dealer in wild animals. The morning he was to do so, the lion died. He decided, however, to send the lioness, and a stout wooden cage was placed on a wagon and backed up to the bear-window. For a time all efforts to cage the beast were unavailing. She became wild with anger, chewing prods into splinters and striking savagely at their wielders.

Sister Ann wanted to be on the immediate scene of action, but we were limited to looking from the house windows. Even then I stayed close beside Aunt Emma, shivering at the terrifying sounds; but Ann leaned at perilous angles from the attic window, an advising spectator.

"Good land!" she called. "If she wants to fight so bad, why don't you put something

"the open bear-window was before her"

in the cage for her to fight? She'll go right in."

In response to this advice, an old coat was dragged through the bear-window, and the day was won. Burlap sacks were then tacked over the cracks of the cage, and preparations were made to start for the railroad right after dinner.

I was sitting on the back step, watching a man hitch the horses to the wagon, when Sister Ann brushed by me and tripped up to the dead lion, where he had been dragged from the barn. She had on a short, spreading white skirt, and tights made from material that had originally been flour sacks. Faint

blue letters on her legs proclaimed that they were made by "roller-process" and were "best for biscuits." Ann had basted the flour-sack material on her legs and cut off the surplus, so her tights were somewhat wrinkled. Her arms were bare, her neck was adorned with Aunt Emma's watch-chain, her lips and cheeks were stained with choke-cherry juice, and two cock feathers waved above her flowing curls. She carried her precious whip and a bouquet of wild flowers. Lashing the dead lion smartly, Ann raised her foot to his head and struck a proud and graceful pose.

At that moment Uncle Henry and the Englishman came round the barn. They paused in astonishment.

"This is the little girl that trapped the lions," said Uncle Henry, looking hard above my sister's head.

"Fawncy now," said the Englishman, gazing at Ann.

A languishing smile parted Ann's cherry-stained lips. She pressed the bouquet to her heart and blew a kiss from her finger tips. Then she turned and started for the wagon on that skittish little lope seen only in the circus ring. The driver, who stood beside his team, was evidently acquainted with circus etiquette; for when Ann raised her foot, he gallantly extended his hand, and she vaulted lightly to the back of a horse.

"Why, Henry!" expostulated Aunt Emma from the door, with disapproving eyes on Ann.

"Oh, just to the top of the hill," Uncle Henry said indulgently. And with Ann's feathers waving, the "procession" started.

The wagon had almost reached the summit of the mountain, and was at the only really dangerous place in the road, when a sudden gust of wind flapped sharply forward a loose end of the sack covering of the cage. It must also have carried a strong scent of the lion, for the steady-going team snorted, swerved suddenly, and crowded up the steep side of the mountain. Ann seized the points of the hames and held her seat, but the wagon was turned on its side, and the heavy cage went crashing down the steep mountain side. The boards were shattered, and I saw the lioness, apparently unhurt, flash away amongst the undergrowth,— the last seen of her.

Sister Ann came flying down the road, her circus manners forgotten.

"Did you see?" she panted. "Well, I'm just glad that lion is free — she is such a splendid fighter!"

THE DICE

BY

PERCEVAL GIBBON

AUTHOR OF "THE MAN WHO KNEW," "THE SECOND-CLASS PASSENGER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED FROM A DRAWING BY W. T. BENDA

THROUGHOUT the brief afternoon, from the time that the troops opened fire on the people till the cold night of Russian winter smothered the fighting, Pavel had nurtured a fanatic enthusiasm. He was of the fair breed that is by instinct law-abiding, a youth of the slow Gothic stem, long-suffering and thorough, and it needed the barricades in the streets, the doors torn out, the sledges overturned, the songs and the shouting, to fire him to the point of fighting against the livery of authority. The taint of rebellion that ran like a quick flame through the universities of Russia had furnished him only with a creed and a bundle of phrases; it needed action to inform him with faith.

He stood, panting and blinking, at the mouth of an alley, into which he had been forced when a sally of Cossacks drove a lane through the mob. He was realizing the day's work, driving his dazed brain back to its normal processes. His right hand was tingling, and he peered at it in the shadow of the alley: the crutch of it was black and burned with the back-spit of his cheap revolver. Half the buttons were gone from his student's uniform, and his cap was missing, too. He laughed, suddenly, at the contrast of his small troubles with those of the men and women whose bodies lay at that moment huddled about the streets. There were some not a dozen feet from him — the Cossacks had passed that way, and the dragoons, slashing feverishly at a mob which, for once, fought back. There had been some saddles emptied, Pavel remembered, with a return of exultation; he had seen one officer's fair head very clearly over the sights of his revolver, and it had been a good, thrilling, clean shot.

It was at this moment that he heard the voice, whining with a querulous note, very like the whimper of a chained dog. It came from among those still citizens who lay in the road, stark black against the snow. Pavel reconnoitred. From a far quarter beyond the houses there was yet the noise of war, the distant clatter of shod hoofs on cobbles, shots and screams, but this road was clear. He adjusted his revolver in his side pocket, to be handy if he needed it, and moved over towards the voice. He stepped gingerly over a dead woman, who sprawled with hands that clutched at the snow, and found his man. It was very dark, for the street lamps were all broken, and at first he could only see that the man, throttling his groans to a whine, was struggling to rise on his elbow. Dead bodies were all around.

"Have courage, brother," said Pavel, kneeling beside him.

The wounded man gasped an oath and fell back on the snow.

It was some quality in the voice, perhaps, or possibly a mere precaution, that drove the student to lean closer and look well. He made out a white, aquiline face, no older than his own, but it was not this that held him. The shoulder-straps on the long coat were of heavy gold; a broad scabbard was slung from the belt. It was a soldier, this groaner; more, it was an officer. Pavel started back sharply, divided between instinctive terror and honest hatred. He could never have told which was the stronger. He was staring dumbly at the man on the ground, and then he realized, with another start and a strange shrinking, that the man was smiling.

"I cannot hurt you," he heard, in a voice which still ran chill with easy contempt. "Just now I am harmless. So have courage yourself."

It tailed off into a groan. Pavel could see well enough now and he watched the handsome face knit in a spasm of agony.

"Where are you hit?" he asked, as he began to recover himself.

"Neck," snapped the other. It was odd to note the sharp irritation that armed the weak voice — like the threshing of a boxed snake.

"Get a doctor," he continued, "or go and tell my sergeant. I shall die if I lie here."

Pavel was squatting back on his heels, and he shook his head decisively.

"No," he said calmly. "I will help you if I can do it at no danger to myself, but I will not show myself to-night either to a doctor or your sergeant. Do you not see I am — I am ——"

"Ah, you are one of them!" The young officer turned his head with an effort and looked up at him. "Perhaps it was you that shot me, eh?"

Pavel nodded. "Perhaps," he answered.

"Well," said the other, "if you leave me here as I am, you will have killed me — and not in open fight. Does that appeal to you at all? It will be a murder. But possibly you do not draw the line at murder? You gentlemen of the barricades are not troubled with scruples, I believe."

"Now, look here," said Pavel. "When you call us murderers, you lie. If you think that men who see the light ——"

The other interrupted acidly.

"Oh, look round you, man," he cried, feebly, but with spirit enough. Pavel stared, but there was compulsion in the mere tone, and he looked about uncomprehendingly. There was nought but the naked snow on the empty street, the dark houses, and the unresentful bodies of the dead.

"Well?" demanded the wounded man, "is this a theatre for your speechifying? Can you do nothing but babble on such a night as this? By the Lord, I don't wonder some of you are hard to convince. Such a stupidity! Oh, my neck!"

He groaned frankly, withholding none of the torment that racked him, and his extremity stirred Pavel to aid. His head was clear enough; he would not invite scorn with talk. He could do something to serve the moment's need.

"Listen!" he said. "You can have no doctor, or I should hang to-morrow. Don't trouble to offer your word; I shouldn't take it. But I can take you to a room and a bed, if you wish. What comes after must arrange itself. The alternative is to lie here — and freeze. Which will you have?"

"How will you take me?" asked the officer.

Pavel rose to his feet and bent over him. "Like this," he replied, and lifted him easily. The wounded man bit on a cry of pain, and suddenly his slender body became limp in the student's arms. He had fainted.

It was not far to the room. None accosted them on the way; the dead and the maimed were commonplaces of the street in those days, and, for certain reasons of which Pavel was aware, the door of the house was unwatched by a dvornik. He laid his burden on the bed and dragged off his boots; as he got ready the brandy to restore him, he took a good look at his captive.

The wounded man was very young; Pavel saw his boyishness with a wise pity, not reflecting that he himself lacked a month or two of twenty-one. He wore the uniform of an officer of dragoons, beautifully laced, and his spurs were obvious silver. There was a foppishness in the tunic's cut that somehow was not ridiculous. The clear-cut young face, obtruding caste and high breeding in every line, was such that luxury seemed appropriate to its setting. As the brandy stung his throat, the eyes opened; he came from his swoon to all his faculties at one step. He surveyed the poor little room, with its coarse furnishings lonely amid its bareness, with a kind of complacent amusement.

"Whose room is this?" he asked presently.

Pavel put the brandy on the table and sat down on the edge of the bed.

"It was the room of one Stepan Duraf," he replied. "He was cut down by your dragoons this afternoon, so none will know that you lie in his bed."

"But the dvornik?" asked the officer. For a dvornik watches every door in Russia; he is the policeman on each threshold.

"The dvornik also died," explained Pavel. "Stepan shot him at two o'clock. So you see, I am safe."

The wounded man smiled. "I suppose you won't tell me your name?" he suggested.

"Naturally not," answered the student. "I am taking risks enough as it is. What is yours?"

"If you will get my cigarette case out, there are cards in it." Pavel complied.

THE DICE

"Thanks," continued the other. "Here you are, then."

Pavel carried the pasteboard over to the lamp. "Prince Constantine Obrievitch," he read aloud. He looked over to the officer. "I never met a Prince before," he said simply.

The Prince laughed. "The introduction is not complete," he said. "It is one-sided. It is like being presented to a royalty. You hear your own name but never that of the High Mightiness. You might be the Tsar. And, do you know, I think my wound is thawed. It's bleeding."

Pavel came over to him quickly. "If I were the Tsar, I suppose you'd simply have to bleed," he said. "As it is, I can probably do something."

He worked with bandages over the hideous wound in the neck, while the Prince groaned and strove to still his shuddering.

"Nasty place to be hit — the neck," he said faintly, when the thing was done. "There are all kinds of arteries in it, and such things, and the bullet's still there, somewhere. I say," he continued, in a tone of anxiety and remonstrance, "couldn't you manage to get a doctor here, somehow?"

Pavel shook his head. "You ask too much," he said. "You don't understand the matter. You re a Prince, and walk where you please. I'm not."

He was fumbling in a little cupboard as he spoke, and now he turned with some black bread in his hand.

"This should have been Stepan's supper," he remarked. "It will serve for us. Stepan would never have grudged it; he was a good sort. Will you have some?"

The Prince refused. "Well," said Pavel, "I will, at any rate. This and the brandy and a dice-box — there was nothing else in the cupboard."

He sat down on the bed again and commenced to eat.

"Dice?" queried the Prince.

"Yes," said Pavel. "Stepan was fond of the dice. Last night he threw three casts, his left hand against his right, for the dvornik's life. The right hand won. Thus he shifted his responsibility."

He went on eating. The Prince watched him, and a sparkle, as of hope or fun or malice, lit his eyes.

"You think the responsibility was really shifted?" he asked at length.

"Why not?" said Pavel. "Here was a life at stake, and God looking on. Do sparrows fall by chance? Why, then, should the dice or the dvornik fall fortuitously?"

"Well," said the Prince deliberately, "I will play you for my life. Your responsibility is not less than your friend's. Do you also shift it."

Pavel ceased eating. "I don't understand you," he said.

"Look at it sensibly," urged the Prince. His voice was already stronger. "I am shot in an ugly place, and I think I am going to die of it. At this moment, I am all athrill with a fever. The bullet is lodged inside, in a nest of vital parts; it needs a doctor to pull me through; it needs a doctor *now*. It may be that I ought to die — that I belong where you and your fellows have tried to send me. And then, it is as likely that you are wrong. Who is to judge? Will you take such an authority?"

Pavel heard him in a grave silence, and, as he stopped, nodded. "I see," he said. "What is to be the arrangement?"

"This," answered the Prince, with a slow flush of excitement reddening his face. "Three throws apiece, aces to count as seven each. If I win, you go out at once and bring me either a doctor or my sergeant. If I lose, you do as you please — stay here and let things take care of themselves. Fetch the dice and throw first."

Pavel sat for some seconds in thought. "It is fair," he said, and brought the dice-box. He placed it on the pillow while he wheeled the table to the bedside, and then propped the Prince's shoulders with a folded coat so that he might see the results.

He took the box, rattled it, and, with an expert turn of the wrist, strewed the three bone cubes forth. Five, five, six — sixteen in all. He pushed the six aside and collected the two fives into the box. Again he threw, and the Prince craned in his bandages, "What is it? What is it?" he was crying.

Pavel pushed the cubes nearer to him with his forefinger. A six again and a four. The student picked up the four for the final cast and threw at once. A six again — eighteen in all.

"That will be hard to beat," said the Prince, in a voice of dead calm. "You must throw for me, my friend. This leaning forward hurts me."

Pavel threw, and two sixes and a deuce were the result.

"Leave the sixes," said the Prince, and Pavel threw again with one dice. It was scarcely better — a trey.

"What shall I pick up for the last throw?" he asked. He was quite calm; this was a thing he understood.

"Pick them all up," commanded the Prince. "Throw them all; let the luck speak at the top of its voice or not at all. Throw me three aces."

Pavel swept up the cubes, rattled them well, and spilled them out on the table. The Prince was lying back looking at the ceiling, and Pavel stood without speaking.

"What is it?" asked the wounded man at last.

"Three aces," said Pavel quietly, "and I hang."

He turned to the door at once, and the Prince lay watching him as he went, with a face of calm, unemotional interest. His heavy feet descended the stairs, and once they hesitated; the Prince, listening, smiled. But they went on.

Pavel walked steadily through the still streets, tracking the troops by ear. He found the dragoons bivouacked about their fires in the square before the Governor's palace, asked for the sergeant, delivered his message, and was then arrested. He was held for an hour or two among the soldiers, who offered him vodka and stared not unkindly at this live enemy. Then, when the guard was changed, he was marched off and regularly lodged in the gaol. He had company enough there, for the net had been filled to bursting, and the great stone corridors were crowded with men from whom the fever of rebellion had leaked forth, giving place to the anguish of fear and repentance.

"Where did they catch you?" he was asked as he was thrust in among them.

"In the company of Prince Constantine Obrievitch," he answered.

"The gambler?" queried some one; "the young man who lost a million roubles in two nights?"

"I believe so," said Pavel. "In fact, I feel sure of it. But his luck has changed."

He abode in the gaol for twelve weeks. He learned what only a Russian gaol in time of trouble can teach — and that is not to be written in a story. From time to time, batches of the prisoners were taken away; they had been tried in their absence, sentenced behind their backs, and had now to face the music. None came back. Pavel had little curiosity about his own fate; he knew he should achieve it soon enough. There were dice in the prison, and he played day and night till he lost his boots and had nothing further to stake. Then one day a warder thrust in a head and called him by name.

"Only one," wondered the others. "What is the idea? Are they going to burn men alive that they call them one at a time?"

Pavel was led across the courtyard, and as he went he looked hard at the sky. But there was no platoon awaiting him, no gallows black against the snow-clouds. He was conducted into the Governor's room, and there, sitting limp in a chair, but smart and imperturbable yet, was Prince Constantine.

The Prince nodded to him. "They dug it out, you see," he said. "You were not a minute too soon. I don't know why, seeing it was fair play, but I have been feeling sorry for you."

"I have been wondering how you were," said Pavel.

The Prince smiled. "More," he went on, "I have done what I could for you. You know your sentence is to the mines?"

"I didn't know," said Pavel. He paled at the thought of it.

"Yes," continued the other. "The mines, but I didn't like the idea. I have not much influence in these matters, but I have so arranged it that you will not go to the mines. You will be shot. It's not so bad, is it? And you certainly paid up like a gentleman."

Pavel bowed to him. "Thank you," he answered heartily. "Thank you. You certainly win like a gentleman."

The Prince rose carefully from his chair and held out his hand.

"We are well matched for a game," he said. "Good-bye, and better luck next time."

Pavel grinned. He saw the joke, and took the hand cordially.

The home of Mrs. Sarah G. Crosby, at Albion, Maine, where Mrs. Patterson visited in 1864. It was while Mrs. Patterson was here that she acted as medium for the spirit of her dead brother, Albert Baker

MARY BAKER G. EDDY

THE STORY OF HER LIFE AND THE HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

BY

GEORGINE MILMINE

IV

SIX YEARS OF WANDERING

ALTHOUGH after Mrs. Eddy's second visit to Quimby in the early part of 1864 she always desired to teach his doctrines and could think and talk of little else, it was not until 1870 that she was able regularly to establish herself as a teacher of metaphysical healing. The six years intervening are important chiefly as the period of Mrs. Eddy's novitiate. During that time she drifted from one to another of half a dozen little towns about Boston; but amid all vicissitudes one thing remained fixed and constant,— her conviction that she was the person destined to teach and popularize Quimbyism.

Mrs. Patterson's long visit at the home of Mrs. Sarah Crosby, at Albion, Maine, has already been referred to in the second article

of this series. She went to Mrs. Crosby's house in May, 1864, remaining there most of the summer and leaving in the early autumn. She then rejoined her husband, Dr. Patterson, at Lynn, Massachusetts, where the Doctor had begun to practise and had taken an office at 76 Union Street. In the Lynn *Weekly Reporter*, of June 11, 1864, the following advertisement appears for the first time:

DENTAL NOTICE

DR. D. PATTERSON

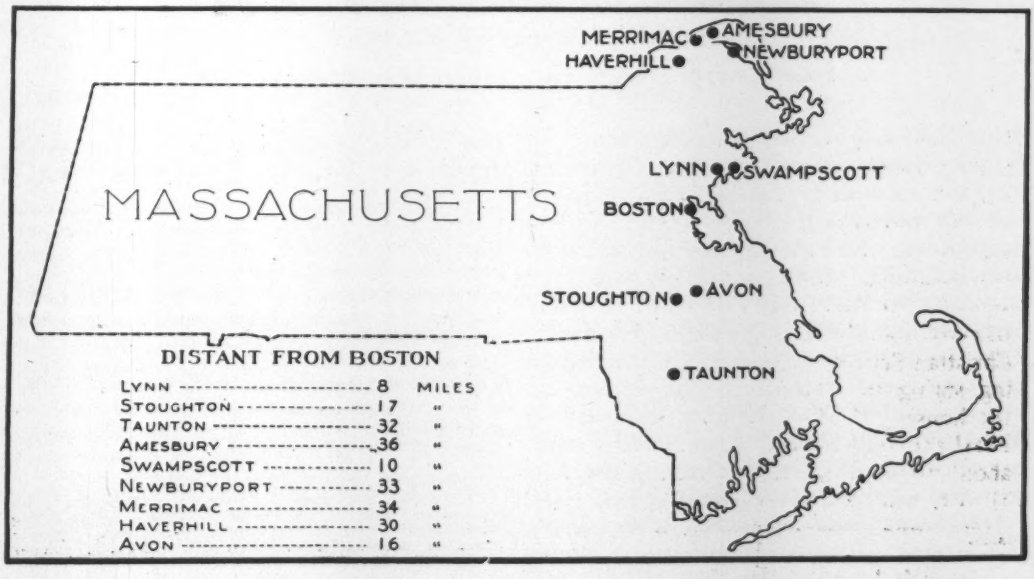
Would respectfully announce to the public that he has returned to Lynn, and opened an office in B. F. & G. N. Spinney's new building, on Union St., between the Central Depot & Sagamore Hotel, where he will be happy to greet the friends and patrons secured last year while in the offices of Drs. Davis and How, and now he hopes to secure the patronage of "all the rest of mankind" by the exhibition of that skill which close study and many years of first-class and widely-extended practice enable him to bring to the aid of the suffering. He is aware that he has to compete with able practitioners, but yet offers his services fearlessly, knowing that competition is the real stimulus to success, and trusting to his ability to please all who need Teeth filled, extracted or new sets. He was the first to introduce LAUGHING GAS in Lynn for Dental purposes and has had excellent success with it. Terms lower than anywhere else for the same quality of work.

Dr. Patterson and his wife first boarded at 42 Silsbee Street, where they remained for some months, afterward moving to the house of O. A. Durall, in Buffum Street.

The Pattersons' Life in Lynn— Dr. Patterson's Desertion of His Wife

The Doctor's dental practice in Lynn was fairly good, and people liked him for a bluff, jovial fellow, none too clever, but honest and kind of heart. Both he and his wife were at this time prominent members of the Linwood Lodge of Good Templars, at Lynn, and old members of the Lodge remember the active part which Mrs. Patterson took in their meetings. She was often called upon to read, or to speak on matters under discussion, and was always ready to do so. Her remarks never failed to command attention, and the Good Templars of Lynn considered her "smart but queer." Members of the Lodge who are still living say that she discussed Quimbyism whenever she found opportunity to do so, and, although they were considerably amused by her extravagant metaphors and could make nothing of her "philosophy," they had no doubt that it was very profound and recondite. It was when she was returning from one of these Good Templar meetings, February 1, 1866, that Mrs. Patterson had the fall, from the effects of which she says she was miraculously healed. She, with a party of fellow Templars, was passing the corner of Oxford and Market Streets, when she slipped upon the icy sidewalk and

Map showing the towns about Boston in which Mrs. Eddy lived or visited during her wander years, 1864-1870



MRS. MARY BAKER G. EDDY

From a tintype given to Lucy Wentworth in Stoughton, 1870

fell. She was carried into the house of Samuel Bubier, where Dr. Cushing attended her, and the next day, at her urgent request, she was moved to the house on the Swampscott Road, where she and her husband were then boarding. It was on the following day, according to Mrs. Eddy's account, that she received her revelation, and in this house Christian Science was born.* In the following spring the Pattersons took a room in the house of P. R. Russell, at the corner of Pearl and High Streets, Lynn. Here, after about two months, Dr. Patterson finally left his wife, and they never lived together after this time. In referring to her husband's desertion of her, Mrs. Eddy says:

"In 1862 my name was Patterson; my husband, Dr. Patterson, a distinguished dentist. After our marriage I was confined to my bed with a severe illness, and seldom left bed or room for seven years, when I was taken to Dr. Quimby, and partially restored. I returned home, hoping once more to make that home happy, but only returned to a new agony,—to find my husband had eloped with a married woman from one of the wealthy families of that city, leaving no trace save his last letter to us, wherein he wrote 'I hope some time to be worthy of so good a wife.'" †

* For a detailed account of this accident, see McClure's for March.

* Letter to the *Boston Post*, March 7, 1883.

† From Mrs. Eddy's vague statement it is impossible to tell whether by "that city" she means Sanbornton Bridge, where she returned after her first visit to Quimby, or Lynn, where she joined her husband after her second visit. Neither at Lynn nor

After leaving his wife, Dr. Patterson went to Littleton, New Hampshire, where he practised for some years. Afterward he led a roving life, wandering from town to town, until he at last went back to the home of his boyhood, at Saco, Maine, where he secluded himself and lived the life of a hermit until his death in 1896.

Troubles Which Culminated in the Separation of the Pattersons

From the traditions which abound in all the places where the Pattersons lived, it is evident that, from the beginning, their marriage was an unfortunate one. Although Dr. Patterson seems to have been untiring in service, and to have placed his robust physical strength very manfully at the will of his invalid wife, something in his rather coarse geniality must greatly have irritated the hysterical, self-centered woman, whose first demand was to be taken seriously. In North Groton, where they lived for seven years, there are many legends of Mrs. Patterson's impatient outbreaks against her husband and of her heavy demands upon him.

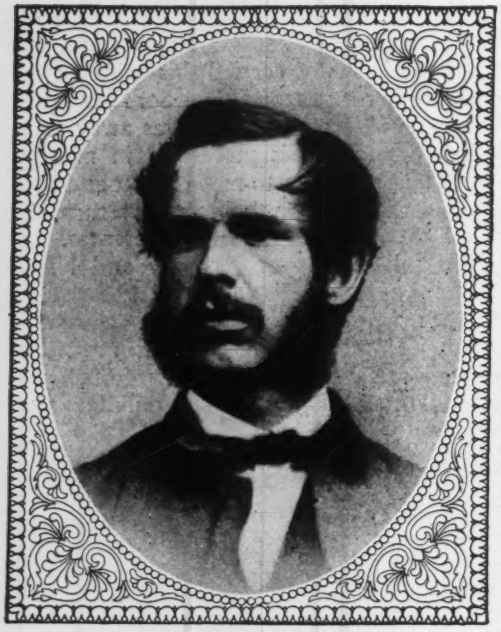
When the Pattersons were boarding with Mrs. John Herbert, at Rumney Station, Dr. Patterson usually carried his wife downstairs to her meals and then bore her up to her room again. When he was away from home, practising his profession in near-by towns, she was able to move about and wait upon herself; but, on the Doctor's return, she usually relapsed into utter helplessness.

Old inhabitants of Rumney and North Groton still remember the long ride which a neighbor made for Mrs. Patterson one stormy night. They were then living at North Groton, and the Doctor was away from home, attending to his practice in Franklin. One Sunday in March, Mrs. Patterson fell into a state of deep depression which ended in hysterics. She sent for a neighbor and, declaring that she would certainly die before morning, implored him to go for her husband. Franklin was thirty miles distant, and the roads, at that season of the year, were well-nigh impassable. The good man, however, moved by the entreaties of the dying wife, harnessed his horses and set out for Franklin. He drove late into the night, only stopping to change horses at Bristol, his own having become exhausted. When he returned next day, bringing Dr. Patterson with him, he found Mrs. Patterson sitting in her chair, serene and cheerful, having apparently forgotten her indisposition of the night before. Many years afterward, upon the occasion of

The house on the Swampscott Road, where Mrs. Patterson was boarding when she met with the accident from the effects of which she says she was miraculously healed. She was brought here the day after her fall. On the following day her revelation came to her, and in this house Christian Science was born

Sanbornton Bridge do the people who knew the Pattersons recall any such elopement on Dr. Patterson's part. P. R. Russell, in whose house the Pattersons were living when the Doctor deserted his wife, says in his affidavit:

"While they were living at my house, Dr. Patterson went away and did not return. I do not know the cause of his going. I never heard that he eloped with any woman, and I never heard Mrs. Patterson say that he had eloped with any woman. Mrs. Patterson never said anything whatever to me on the subject of her husband's departure. I never heard anything against Dr. Patterson's character either then or since."



MR. PHILAMON R. RUSSELL

Mrs. Eddy was rooming in Mr. Russell's house when her second husband, Dr. Patterson, deserted her

MRS. JULIA RUSSELL WALCOTT

Sister of P. R. Russell. Mrs. Walcott is now a resident of Cliftondale, Mass., and extracts from her affidavit are quoted in this article. — See page 613

the dedication of the Christian Science church in Concord, Hew Hampshire, July 16, 1904, a North Groton correspondent, under the head "Time Makes Changes," wrote in the Plymouth *Record:*

With the announcement of the dedication of the Christian Science Church at Concord, the gift of Mary Baker Glover Patterson Eddy, the thoughts of many of the older residents have turned back to the time when Mrs. Eddy, as the wife of Daniel Patterson, lived in this place. These people remember the woman at that time as one who carried herself above her fellows. With no stretch of the imagination they remember her ungovernable temper and hysterical ways, and particularly well do they remember the night ride of one of the citizens who went for her husband to calm her in one of her unreasonable moods. The Mrs. Eddy of to-day is not the Mrs. Patterson of then, for this is a sort of Mr. Hyde and Dr. Jekyll case, and the woman is now credited with many charitable and kindly acts.

Unreasonable and irascible as she sometimes must have been, Mrs. Patterson was not incapable of gentler sentiments. When Dr. Patterson was captured by the Confederates, she wrote to Dr. Quimby that she was prostrated by the shock, and during his confinement in a Southern prison she published (June 20, 1862), the following poem, the last stanza of which is slightly reminiscent of certain lines in Lord Byron's poem to a more celebrated captive, the patriot Bonnivard:

TO A BIRD FLYING SOUTHWARD

By Mary A. Patterson

Alas! sweet bird, of fond ones reft,
Alone in Northern climes thus left,
To seek in vain through airy space
Some fellow-warbler's resting place;
And find upon the hoarse wind's song —
No welcome note is borne along.

Then wildly through the skies of blue,
To spread thy wings of dappled hue,
As if forsooth this frozen zone
Could yield one joy for bliss that's flown;
While sunward as thine eager flight,
That glance is fixed on visions bright.

And grief may nestle in that breast,
Some vulture may have robbed its rest,
But guileless as thou art, sweet thing,
With melting melody thou'lt sing;
The vulture's scream your nerves unstrung,
But, birdie, 'twas a *woman's tongue.*

I, too, would join thy sky-bound flight,
To orange groves and mellow light,
And soar from earth to loftier doom,
And light on flowers with sweet perfume,
And wake a genial, happy lay —
Where hearts are kind and earth so gay.

Oh! to the *captive's* cell I'd sing
A song of hope — and *freedom* bring —
An olive leaf I'd quick let fall,
And lift our country's blackened pall;
Then homeward seek my frigid zone,
More chilling to the heart *alone*.

*Lone as a solitary star,
Lone as a vacant sepulchre,
Yet not alone! my Father's call —
Who marks the sparrow in her fall —
Attunes my ear to joys elate,
The joys I'll sing at Heaven's gate.

Rumney, June 20, 1862.

Mrs. Patterson Faces the World Alone

Bitter experience awaited Mrs. Patterson after her husband's desertion. Although they had paid but $1.50 a week for their room in Mr. Russell's house, she was unable to pay even this small rental, and within a month after she was left alone, she was served with eviction papers and dispossessed of her room. Mr. Russell says that the matter of the rent was merely a pretext. He wished Mrs. Patterson to go because his wife, who had greatly admired her when she first came into the house, soon declared that she could not endure Mrs. Patterson's remaining there. His father, Rev. P. R. Russell, also strongly objected to Mrs. Patterson's presence.

The month of August, or a part of it, Mrs. Patterson spent with Mrs. Clark, in Summer Street, Lynn, and it was there that Dr. Cushing treated her for a severe cough. She next stayed with Mrs. Armenius Newhall, but soon afterward left the house, at Mrs. Newhall's request.

Mrs. James Wheeler of Swampscott, in her own town known as "Mother" Wheeler from her gentle qualities and her eagerness to help and comfort every one, then, although her family protested, offered Mrs. Patterson a shelter.

At the Wheelers', as elsewhere, Mrs. Patterson talked continually of Quimby and declared that it was the ambition of her life to publish his notes on mental healing. Mrs. Julia Russell Walcott, a sister of Mrs. Patterson's former landlord and an intimate friend of Mrs. Wheeler, says in her affidavit:

* Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon," when relating how the bird perched and sang upon the grating of his donjon, exclaims:

"I sometimes deem'd that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me;
But then at last away it flew,
And then 'twas mortal well I knew,
For he would never thus have flown,
And left me twice so doubly lone,
Lone as the corse within its shroud,
Lone as a solitary cloud, —" etc.

Mrs. Patterson was the means of creating discord in the Wheeler family. She was unkind in her language to and treatment of Mrs. James Wheeler, at the same time exacting extra personal service and attention to her daily wants.

One morning I sat in the parlor at the Wheeler house when Mrs. Patterson came down to breakfast. The family breakfast was over, but Mrs. Wheeler, according to her usual custom, had prepared a late breakfast for Mrs. Patterson. Mrs. Wheeler, Mrs. Patterson, and myself were alone in the house. I had come in late the previous evening and Mrs. Patterson did not know of my

MRS. JAMES WHEELER

Of Swampscott, Mass., in whose house Mrs. Eddy lived for some months

presence in the house. She entered the breakfast room from the hall, and began at once, and without any apparent cause, to talk to Mrs. Wheeler in a most abusive manner, using violent and insulting language.

I immediately went into the breakfast room and commanded her to stop, which she did at once. I indignantly rebuked Mrs. Patterson and informed her that I should tell Mrs. Wheeler's family of her conduct.

Mrs. Wheeler did not respond to Mrs. Patterson. To me she said, "Thank God, Julia, that you were here, this time. I have often borne this."

Mrs. Patterson was, soon after this, requested to leave the Wheeler house, and did so. Mrs. Wheeler received nothing in payment for Mrs. Patterson's board. When Mrs. Wheeler asked Mrs. Patterson for a settlement, Mrs. Patterson replied to the effect that she had "treated" a wounded finger for Mr. Wheeler and that this

service was equivalent to what she had received from Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler, in board, lodging, etc.

Upon leaving the Wheelers Mrs. Patterson took refuge with the Ellis family. Mrs. Mary Ellis lived at Elm Cottage, Swampscott, with her unmarried son, Fred Ellis, master of a boys' school in Boston. Both she and her son were cultivated persons, and they felt a certain sympathy with Mrs. Patterson's literary labors, which never ceased. Wherever she went, Mrs. Patterson was preceded by the legend that she was writing a

TO THE SICK.

DR. H. S. CRAFTS,

Would say unhesitatingly, *I can cure you*, and have never failed to cure Consumption, Catarrh, Scrofula, Dyspepsia and Rheumatism, with many other forms of disease and weakness, in, which I am especially successful. If you give me a fair trial and are not helped, I will refund your money.

The following certificate is from a lady in this city, Mrs. Raymond:—

H. S. CRAFTS, Office 90, Main street:

In giving to the public a statement of my peculiar case, I am actuated by a motive to point out the way to others of relief from their sufferings. About 12 years since I had an internal abscess, that not only threatened to destroy my life at that time, but which has ever since continued to affect me in some form or another internally, making life well nigh a burden to bear. I have consulted many physicians, all of whom have failed to relieve me of this suffering, and in this condition, while growing worse year by year, about three weeks ago I applied to Dr. H. S. Crafts, who, to my own, and the utter astonishment of my friends, has, in this incredibly short time, without medicines or painful applications, cured me of this chronic malady. In conclusion, I can only quote the words of a patient who was healed by his method of cure: "I am convinced he is a skillful Physician, whose cures are not the result of accident." I reside in Taunton, at Weir street Railroad Crossing.

ABIGAIL RAYMOND.

Taunton, May 13, 1867.—my14-dT&S&w1m

An advertisement of Hiram S. Crafts, which appeared in a Taunton newspaper, May 13, 1867. Mr. Crafts had moved from East Stoughton to Taunton, taking his wife and Mrs. Eddy with him

book. During the time which she spent with Mrs. Ellis, she remained in her room the greater part of each day, working upon the manuscript which eight years later was to be published under the title, "Science and Health." In the evening she often joined Mr. Ellis and his mother down-stairs and read them what she had written during the day, telling them of Dr. Quimby and his theories of mind and matter, and explaining how she meant to develop them.

Hiram Crafts Studies the Quimby Method Under Mrs. Patterson—Her First Pupil to go into Practice

In the winter of 1866-67 Mrs. Patterson met Hiram Crafts at a boarding-house in Lynn. Crafts was a shoe-worker of East Stoughton, who had come to Lynn to work in a shoe factory there for the winter. Mrs. Patterson tried to interest every one she met in Quimby's theories and saw in the serious shoemaker a prospective pupil. What she told Crafts of this new system of doctoring appealed to him strongly; he was a Spiritualist and was deeply interested in psychic phenomena. After he returned home, he sent for Mrs. Patterson to come to East Stoughton and teach him. She joined the Crafts, accordingly, in the early part of 1867 and lived for some months in their home at East Stoughton — now Avon — instructing Mr. Crafts in the Quimby method of healing. Early in the spring Crafts went to Taunton, taking his wife and Mrs. Patterson with him, and opened an office. He was the first of Mrs. Eddy's students to go into practice. His advertisement in a Taunton paper is reproduced herewith. Mrs. Patterson did not practise herself, but remained with the family to teach and advise Crafts. Concerning Mrs. Patterson and her relation to the Crafts, Ira Holmes, brother of Mrs. Crafts, makes the following affidavit :*

IRA HOLMES, being duly sworn, deposes and says:

"I am 76 years of age. I reside in Stoughton, Massachusetts. I first met Mrs. Mary Patterson, now known as Mary Baker G. Eddy, of Concord, New Hampshire, in the year 1867. She was then living at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hiram S. Crafts in East Stoughton, which is now called Avon. Mrs. Hiram S. Crafts is my sister, and Hiram S. Crafts is a brother of my wife, Mrs. Ira Holmes. The two families were, therefore, intimately connected, and I was acquainted with what occurred in the Crafts home.

"Hiram Crafts and his wife, Mary Crafts, told me that they first met Mary Patterson in a boarding house in Lynn, Mass., where Hiram and Mary Crafts lived temporarily while Hiram Crafts was working in a Lynn shoe manufactory. Mr. and Mrs. Crafts were Spiritualists, and they have told me that Mrs. Patterson represented to them that she had learned a 'science' that was a step in advance of Spiritualism. She wished to teach this science to Hiram Crafts, and after Mr. and Mrs. Crafts had returned from Lynn to their home in East Stoughton, Massachusetts, Mrs. Patterson came to their

*Hiram Crafts died last year. His widow is now living with a brother in Brockton, Mass.

home for the purpose of teaching this new science to Hiram Crafts. I have heard her say many times, while she was living at Crafts', that she learned this science from Doctor Quimby. I have heard her say these words: 'I learned this science from Dr Quimby, and I can impart it to but one person.' She always said this in a slow, impressive manner, pronouncing the word 'person' as if it were spelled 'pairson.'

"From my sister, Mary Crafts, and her husband, Hiram S. Crafts, I learned that Hiram Crafts had entered into an agreement with Mrs. Patterson to pay her a certain sum of money for instructing him in Quimby's science.

"After Hiram Crafts had learned it, he took some patients for treatment, in East Stoughton, but in a short time, he, with Mrs. Crafts and Mrs. Patterson, moved to Taunton, Mass., for the purpose of practising the healing system which Mrs. Patterson had taught him. I never knew of Mrs. Patterson treating, or attempting to treat, any sick person. I understood, from her and from Mr. and Mrs. Crafts, that she could not practise this science, but could teach it, and could teach it to only one person.

"While Mrs. Patterson lived in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Crafts, she caused trouble in the household, and urged Mr. Crafts to get a bill of divorce from his wife, Mary Crafts. The reason Mrs. Patterson gave for urging Mr. Crafts to divorce his wife was, that Mrs. Crafts stood in the way of the success of Mr. Crafts and Mrs. Patterson in the healing business. Mrs. Crafts, my sister, was gentle, kind, and patient, and in no way merited Mrs. Patterson's dislike of her. Mrs. Crafts waited upon Mrs. Patterson, did the housework and marketing, and in every way sought to advance the interests of her husband, Hiram S. Crafts. When Mrs. Crafts discovered that Mrs. Patterson was attempting to influence Mr. Crafts to apply for a divorce, she, my sister, Mary Crafts, prepared to pack up her possessions and to leave her husband's house. The result of this was that Mr. Crafts would not consent to lose his wife, and as Mrs. Crafts would not remain unless Mrs. Patterson went away, Mrs. Patterson was obliged to leave the home of Mr. and Mrs. Crafts. This was while they were residing in Taunton, Mass. After Mrs. Patterson's departure, Mr. and Mrs. Crafts returned to East Stoughton to live, and Hiram S. Crafts no longer practised the healing system taught by Mrs. Patterson.

HIRAM S. CRAFTS

A shoe-worker of East Stoughton, who met Mrs. Eddy in Lynn, and was instructed by her in the Quimby method of healing. Crafts was the first of Mrs. Eddy's students to go into practice

"I make this statement of my own free will, solely in the interests of justice.

"IRA HOLMES

"Commonwealth of Massachusetts
Norfolk, ss.

"Stoughton, February 7, 1907.

"Then personally appeared the above named Ira Holmes and acknowledged the foregoing instrument by him subscribed, to be his free act and deed, before me

"GEO. O. WENTWORTH, *Notary Public.*"

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1. The home of Mrs. Sally Wentworth at Stoughton, Mass. Mrs. Eddy lived here for two years and taught Mrs. Wentworth the Quimby method of healing

2. The home of Hiram S. Crafts at East Stoughton, Mass., where Mrs. Eddy instructed Crafts in the Quimby method of treating disease

3. The home of Captain Nathaniel Webster, which sheltered homeless mediums and clairvoyants. Mrs. Eddy is said to have been led to this house by a vision

4. The home of Miss Sarah Bagley at Amesbury, Mass. Here Mrs. Eddy taught Miss Bagley to heal according to the Quimby method

Many years afterward, when the Crafts were living in Hebron, New Hampshire, and Mrs. Eddy had retired to Concord, New Hampshire, she sent for Mr. Crafts and paid his expenses to Pleasant View to deliver into her hands his copy of the manuscript which she had used in teaching him,— probably a copy of the Quimby manuscript,— which he did.

Mrs. Glover in Amesbury — Her Life and Activities with Spiritualists

After leaving the Crafts, Mrs. Patterson seems to have gone directly to Amesbury. She arrived in Amesbury a total stranger and went immediately to the home of Mrs. Mary Esther Carter, a well-known Spiritualist.* Mrs. Patterson introduced herself as Mrs. Glover,† said she was a Spiritualist of advanced views, and told Mrs. Carter that she had been led to Amesbury by a vision, and that in her vision she had seen the house which was to shelter her. Mrs. Carter said with decision that she was very sure that her house was not the one of Mrs. Glover's vision, and Mrs. Glover departed at once. She next went to Mrs. Nathaniel Webster. Concerning Mrs. Webster and Mrs. Patterson's stay at her house, Mrs. Mary Ellis

* In Lynn, also, Mrs. Glover was much in the company of Spiritualists and often attended their circles.

†Although it was not until 1873 that the Court granted Mrs. Patterson a decree of divorce and the right to use her former name, Mary M. Glover, she was always known as Mrs. Glover during her residence in Amesbury and Stoughton.

Bartlett, a granddaughter of Mrs. Webster, makes the following affidavit:

MARY ELLIS BARTLETT being duly sworn, deposes and says:

"I am 55 years of age, and I am a citizen of Boston, Massachusetts. I am the daughter of William R. Ellis and Mary Jane Ellis, and the granddaughter of Captain Nathaniel Webster and Mary Webster, who for many years resided in Amesbury, Massachusetts. In the years between 1865 and 1870 my grandparents, Captain and Mrs. Webster, were living in Amesbury, Mass., at what is now No. 5 Merrimac Street. Captain Webster was a retired sea captain, and at that time was superintendent of cotton mills in Manchester, New Hampshire, of which E. A. Straw, his son-in-law, who was later Governor of New Hampshire, was agent for many years. My Grandmother Webster was a well-known Spiritualist. Grandfather Webster was away from home, attending to his business in Manchester, much of the time, returning home to Amesbury about once in two weeks, to remain over Sunday. My grandmother was, therefore, much alone, and because of this, and for the further reason that she was deeply interested in Spiritualism in all its forms, she had at her house constant visitors and charity patients who were Spiritualists. Invalids, cripples, and other unfortunate persons were made welcome, and my grandmother took care of them when they were ill and lodged and boarded them free of charge. She had, or believed she had, spiritual communications in regard to their various ailments, which she followed in prescribing for them and in her treatment of them. My grandmother was what was called a 'drawing medium' and a 'healing medium.' She drew strange pictures under the influence of the spirits. Many of these pictures are now in existence, and some of them are in my possession, having been given to me by my grandmother.

"Grandmother Webster had a room in her house which was used for spiritual séances, and for all grandmother's spiritistic work. This room was on the ground floor, situated in the rear of the front parlor. It was decorated in blue, according to the direction of grandmother's spirit control, — blue being a color favored by the spirits. The room was furnished with the usual chairs, tables, couch, etc., but this furniture was called by my grandmother and her Spiritualist friends, 'spiritual furniture,' because it was used only for spiritual purposes. There was a couch which grandmother called her 'spiritual couch.' She thought she could sleep upon it when she could not sleep elsewhere. Upon it she took her daytime naps, and sometimes during a restless night she was able to sleep if she lay upon this couch. There was a table in the room which was used for the laying on of hands by the Spiritualists at the séances held in the room, and there was an old chair which had belonged to Captain Webster's mother, in which grandmother always sat for her spirit communications. Above this room, which was known as the 'spiritual room,' was a bedroom.

"One night in the autumn of 1867, as nearly as I can fix the date, a woman, a stranger, came to my grandmother's door, and told her that she had been led by the spirits to come to her house, for the reason that it was 'a nice, harmonious home.' My grandmother, who was sympathetic and hospitable, and, above all, a devoted Spiritualist, who would never turn another Spiritualist away, upon hearing this, exclaimed, 'Glory to God! Come right in!' The woman thus admitted told my grandmother that she was Mrs. Mary Glover, a Spiritualist, and that she had been drawn as above described to my grandmother's house. Mrs. Glover did not explain further why she came and did not say from what place she had come. My grandmother gave her the use of the bedroom over the spiritual room, and also the use of the spiritual room. Here grandmother and Mrs. Glover continued to hold spiritualistic séances, in which Mrs. Glover took an active part, passing into the trance state and giving what grandmother believed to be communications from the spirits.

"Mrs. Glover became permanently settled at Grandmother Webster's house. She was treated as a guest, was waited upon, and was cared for in every respect. My Grandfather Webster, coming home and finding Mrs. Glover established in the house, was displeased because she was there. He told my grandmother that he did not want Mrs. Glover to remain. . . . But Mrs. Glover continued to live in the house, and after a few months, during which my grandmother's admiration for Mrs. Glover had begun to grow less, Mrs. Glover informed my grandmother that she had learned a new

science which she thought was something beyond Spiritualism. She said she had learned it from Dr. Quimby of Portland, Maine, and that she had brought copies of some of his manuscripts with her. She talked about it and read the manuscripts to my grandmother, who did not, however, believe that the 'science' was an improvement or a step beyond Spiritualism. From that time forward Mrs. Glover talked of Quimby's science. She was writing what she told grandmother was a revision of the Bible. She always sat in the spiritual chair at the spiritual table in grandmother's spiritual room to do her writing, and sometimes after she had written for hours, she would gather up all the pages she had filled with writing and tear them up, because she could not make them read as she wished.

MRS. NATHANIEL WEBSTER

Mrs. Webster was a prominent Spiritualist of Amesbury, Mass., who made her house a refuge for destitute mediums and clairvoyants. In this house Mrs. Eddy spent some months when she first went to Amesbury

"My father, William R. Ellis, was in 1867 living in New York, with his three children — myself, my sister, and my brother. My mother had died three or four years before. Our family had always spent the summer school vacation at my grandparents' home in Amesbury, Mass., and when it was time for us to leave New York, my father always went to Amesbury in advance of the rest of us, in order to clear my grandmother's house of broken-down Spiritualists and sick persons, so that we might have enough room in the house and because he thought the atmosphere of so much sickness and Spiritualism was unwholesome for young children.

"My father, upon first seeing Mrs. Glover in the house, had told my grandmother that she, Mrs. Glover, should not be permitted to remain. . . . . My grandmother, upon being urged by my father and grandfather to dismiss Mrs. Glover, at last told her that she was no longer welcome and asked her to go away. Mrs. Glover ignored my grandmother's request and continued to live in the house. . . . . .

"Failing to succeed in getting Mrs. Glover to leave the house, my grandmother sent for my father. He arrived in the early evening of the following Saturday. When grandmother had told him of the trouble and how Mrs. Glover refused to go away, she asked my father to see if he could not make Mrs. Glover leave the house. My father commanded Mrs. Glover to leave, and when she steadfastly refused to go, he had her trunk dragged from her room and set it outside the door, insisted upon her also going out the door, and when she was outside he closed the door and locked it. I have frequently heard my father describe this event in detail, and I have heard him say that he had never expected, in his whole life, to be obliged to put a woman into the street. It was dark at the time, and a heavy rain was falling. My grandparents and my father considered it absolutely necessary to take this step, harsh and disagreeable as it seemed to them.

"The above statement is made partly from my own personal knowledge, and partly from hearing it many, many times from my father, my grandmother, and my Grandfather Webster, who have related it to me and others of the family until it has come to be a well-known part of our family history.

"I make this statement of my own free will, solely in the interests of justice.

"MARY ELLIS BARTLETT

"State of Massachusetts,
Suffolk, ss.

"Personally appeared the above named Mary Ellis Bartlett, and made oath that the foregoing statements covering eleven sheets, each of which is subscribed by her, are true to the best of her knowledge and belief, this sixth day of February, 1907.

"HERBERT P. SHELDON, *Notary Public*"

When Mrs. Glover was thus left without a lodging-place for the night, Mrs. Richardson, another of Mrs. Webster's Spiritualist guests, who was in the house at the time, was moved to compassion and took Mrs. Glover down the street to the house of Miss Sarah Bagley, a dressmaker, who was a fellow Spiritualist.

Nearly all the people with whom Mrs. Glover lived in those days were Spiritualists; the Crafts, the Websters, Miss Bagley, and afterward the Wentworths. It was among Spiritualists, indeed, that the new doctrine found its first following.

Curious Impressions of Mrs. Glover and Her Science

Miss Bagley took the friendless woman into her home, and here, in addition to the small sum which she paid for her board, Mrs. Glover taught Miss Bagley the Quimby method of treating disease. Miss Bagley developed such powers as a healer that she soon abandoned her needle and began to practise "professionally." Mrs. Glover was generally known in Amesbury as a pupil of Dr. Quimby. Mrs. Timothy Bagley and Mr. William Dewhurst, both of Amesbury, remember the rumor which went about the village, that before Mrs. Glover was through with her "science" she was going to walk on the waters of the Merrimac. Two Amesbury girls were so interested in this report that, one afternoon when Mrs. Glover attended some merrymaking on the river bank, they went down and lingered on the bridge, hoping that she might be tempted to try her powers on that festal occasion.

To-day the Christian Scientists of Lynn draw a pathetic picture of the persecuted woman, driven from door to door, carrying her great truth in her bosom and finding no man ready to receive it. There was, indeed, a cruel hardness in Mrs. Glover's position. A proud, self-willed woman, imperious of temper, inordinately vain, and with an insatiable craving for admiration, she was forced to go from house to house and village to village, almost destitute, and dependent upon others.

Poverty and dependence she had known after the death of her first husband, but not in such bitter degree as she experienced them after the desertion of her second. Her father was now dead, and her sister, Mrs. Tilton, who had helped Mrs. Glover in her widowhood, had forever closed her door against her. Her only child, George Glover, at that time a man of twenty-four, she had sent away in his infancy. It is not to be wondered at that those who regard Mrs. Eddy as the recipient of God's most complete revelation, find here material for legend and liken her wanderings to those of the persecuted apostles.

A Professional Guest

There is no indication that these harsh experiences ever, in the least, subdued Mrs. Glover's proud spirit. Wherever she went, she took her place as the guest of honor, and she consistently assumed that she conferred favor by accepting hospitality. She did not hesitate to chide and reprimand members of the families she visited, to criticize and interfere with the administration of household affairs. She seems never to have known discouragement or to have felt apprehension for the future, but was content with dominating the house in which she happened to be and with striving to win a following among the friends of the family. While she certainly cherished a vague, half-formulated plan to go out into the world some day and teach the Quimby doctrine, her imperative need was to control the immediate situation; to be the commanding figure in the lodge, the sewing-circle, the family gathering. The one thing she could not endure was to be thought like other people. She must be something besides plain Mrs. Glover,—invalid, poetess, healer, propagandist, guest; she must be exceptional at any cost. Even while she was dependent upon precarious hospitality, Mrs. Glover managed to invest her person and her doings with a certain form and ceremony which was not without its effect. She spent much time in her room; was not always accessible; had her meals prepared at special hours; made calls

and received visitors with a certain stress of graciousness and condescension. She had the faculty of giving her every action and word the tone of importance. She was now a woman of forty-seven; her wardrobe was shabby and scant; she still rouged her cheeks; the brown hue of her hair was crudely artificial; her watch and chain and several gold

MR. FRED ELLIS

Mr. Ellis was the son of Mary Ellis and lived with his mother at Elm Cottage, Swampscott. Mr. Ellis was a schoolmaster, and when Mrs. Eddy visited his mother, she used to read her manuscripts aloud to him and ask for suggestions

trinkets were, with the Quimby manuscripts, her only treasures. Certainly, neither village gossips nor rustic humorists had spared her. But the stage did not exist that was so mean and poor, nor the audience so brutal and unsympathetic, that Mrs. Glover could not, unabashed, play out her part.

Mrs. Glover at Stoughton — Mrs. Wentworth Is Instructed in Quimbyism

When Mrs. Glover left Amesbury, she went to Stoughton, to the home of Mrs. Sally Wentworth, whom she had met when she was with Hiram Crafts. Mrs. Wentworth had a consumptive daughter whom she took to Hiram Crafts for treatment, and in his house she met Mrs. Glover and became much interested in her system of healing. Her curiosity about the Quimby mind cure was not surprising, as she was a practical nurse and had much to do with illness. She was frequently called upon to care for cases of illness in the neighborhood, and was locally famous for the comfort she could give the sick by rubbing their limbs and body. She was a Spiritualist and believed in the healing power of Spiritualism. "Old Ase Holbrook," a Spiritualist and clairvoyant "doctor," often asked Mrs. Wentworth to assist him in the care of his patients. In Mrs. Glover's system of healing she hoped to find something which she could put into beneficial practice in her work. Mrs. Glover went into Mrs. Wentworth's house to teach her the Quimby system for a consideration of three hundred dollars, which sum was to cover her board and lodging for a considerable period of time.

The Wentworth household then consisted of the parents and two children, Charles and Lucy, the daughter being about fourteen years of age. The married son, Horace T. Wentworth, often dropped in to see his mother, and Mrs. Wentworth's niece — a spirited girl, now Mrs. Catherine Isabel Clapp, — was in and out of the house continually. Mrs. Glover lived with the Wentworths for about two years, leaving them only to make occasional visits in the neighborhood or at Amesbury. At first all the family took great pleasure in her visit. Although Mrs. Glover seldom held her friends long, and although her friendships often terminated violently, when she exerted herself to charm, she seldom failed. Mrs. Wentworth used reproachfully to declare to her less impressionable niece, "If ever there was a saint upon this earth, it is that woman." Both the children were fond of Mrs. Glover, but Lucy abandoned herself to adoration. The child followed her about, waited upon her, and was eager to anticipate her every wish, even at the cost of displeasing her parents. She resented the slightest criticism of their guest and was deeply hurt by the jests which were passed in the village at Mrs. Glover's expense.

A Conspicuous Figure in New England Villages

Mrs. Glover's highly colored speech, her odd clothes and grand ways, her interest

in strange and mysterious subjects, her high mission to spread the truths of her dead master, made her an interesting figure in a humdrum New England village, and her very eccentricities and affectations varied the monotony of a quiet household. Her being "different" did, after all, result in material benefits to Mrs. Glover. All these people with whom she once stayed, love to talk of her, and most of them are glad to have known her,— even those who now say that the experience was a costly one. She was like a patch of color in those gray communities. She was never dull, her old hosts say, and never commonplace. She never laid aside her regal air; never entered a room or left it like other people. There was something about her that continually excited and stimulated, and she gave people the feeling that a great deal was happening.

Barring occasional angry outbursts, it was this engaging aspect of Mrs. Glover that, for many months, the Wentworths saw. She was tiresome only when she talked of Dr. Quimby, and then only because she discoursed upon him and his philosophy so often. Mrs. Clapp describes vividly how, after long dissertations on mind and matter, Mrs. Glover would fold her hands in her lap, tilt her head on one side, and gently nodding, would, in mincing tones, enunciate this sentence:

"I *learned* this from Dr. *Quimby*, and he made me *promise* to teach it to at least *two* persons before I *die*."

She confided this fact to every one, always in the same phrase, with the same emphasis and with the same sweetness, until it became a fashion for the village girls to mimic her.*

Estrangement Between Mrs. Glover and the Wentworths

The estrangement which resulted in Mrs. Glover's leaving the house began in a difficulty between her and Mr. Wentworth. Mr. Wentworth was indignant because Mrs. Glover had attempted to persuade his wife to leave him and to go away with her and practise the Quimby treatment. After this, Mrs. Glover's former kindly feeling toward the family seemed to disappear altogether. Mrs. Clapp remembers going to the house one day and being disturbed by the sound of violent pounding on the floor up-stairs. Her aunt, with some embarrassment, explained that Mr. Wentworth was sick in bed, and that Mrs. Glover had shut herself in her room and was deliberately pounding on the floor above his head. With short intermissions, the hammering was kept up for a long time. Other things of a similar nature occurred, and Mrs. Wentworth was finally compelled to ask Mrs. Glover to leave the house as soon as she could find another place to stay. Horace T. Wentworth, in his affidavit, says:

"Mrs. Wentworth consulted a member of the family as to the best way to bring about Mrs. Glover's departure. By this time my mother was almost in a state of terror regarding Mrs. Glover. She was so afraid of her that she hardly dared to go to sleep at night. She had a lock put on the door of

MISS SARAH BAGLEY

A dressmaker of Amesbury, who was one of Mrs Eddy's early pupils and became a successful healer. It was to her house that Mrs. Eddy went when she was forced to leave Captain Webster's

* When Mrs. Clapp was recently asked if she had ever heard Mrs. Glover say that she learned her system from Dr. Quimby, she replied:

"Yes, and I am not likely to forget it. She repeated it so often that we girls got deadly tired of hearing it.

"She always tried to be very gracious to everybody, and she tried so hard, that it gave her graciousness a ridiculous touch. She would fold her hands softly in her lap, smile gently, nod her head slowly, at almost every word, and say in a sweet voice:

"'I *learned* this from Dr. *Quimby*, and he made me *promise* to teach it to at least *two* persons before I *die*.'"

her room so that Mrs. Glover could not get access to her, and ordered her to leave the house."

Mrs. Glover chose for her departure a day when all the members of the Wentworth family were away from home. She got together her few belongings and took the train for Amesbury, without a word of good-by

MRS. SALLY WENTWORTH

Of Stoughton, Mass., another of Mrs. Eddy's students. In her house Mrs. Eddy lived for two years, and with her she left a copy of Quimby's manuscript and written directions to aid Mrs. Wentworth in the practice of healing

to any one. When the Wentworths returned that night, they went to Mrs. Glover's room and knocked, but could get no reply. Horace, the son, suggested forcing the lock, but his mother would not permit it, saying that such a liberty might offend Mrs. Glover, who had probably gone to spend the night with one of the neighbors. The next day they inquired among their friends, but could get no news of their missing guest. Several days went by, and Mrs. Wentworth, becoming alarmed lest some mischance might have befallen Mrs. Glover, told her son it would perhaps be as well to force the door and see if any clue to her whereabouts could be found in her room.

Horace T. Wentworth, in his affidavit thus describes his entering the room:

A few days after Mrs. Glover left, I and my mother went into the room which she had occupied. We were the first persons to enter the room after Mrs. Glover's departure. We found every breadth of matting slashed up through the middle, apparently with some sharp instrument. We also found the feather-bed all cut to pieces. We opened the door of a closet. On the floor was a pile of newspapers almost entirely consumed. On top of these papers was a shovelful of dead coals. These had evidently been left upon the paper by the last occupant. The only reasons that they had not set the house on fire evidently were because the closet door had been shut, and the air of the closet so dead, and because the newspapers were piled flat and did not readily ignite — were folded so tight, in other words, that they would not blaze.

Mrs. Clapp, in her affidavit, substantiates this statement.

The Wentworths never saw or directly heard from Mrs. Glover again.

Mrs. Glover Still Loyal to Quimby

While Mrs. Glover was in Stoughton, she apparently had no ambition beyond expounding Quimby's philosophy and declaring herself his disciple. She made no claim to have originated anything she taught.

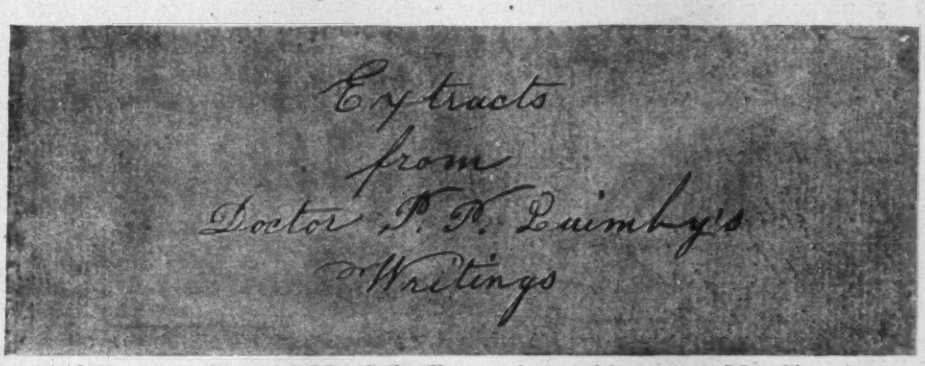
Although Mrs. Eddy now believes that she discovered the secret of health through divine revelation in 1866, she was often ill while in the Wentworth house, 1868–1870, and on several occasions was confined to her bed for considerable periods of time. During her illnesses Mrs. Wentworth nursed and cared for her, rubbing her and treating her after the Quimby method.

During her stay in Stoughton she made no claim to having received a divine revelation, or to having discovered any system of her own. She seldom associated her teachings with religion as such, and preached Quimbyism merely as an advanced system of treating disease. In instructing Mrs. Wentworth she used a manuscript, which, she always said, had been written by "Dr. Quimby of Portland, Maine." She held this document as her most precious possession. "One day when I was at the Wentworths'," recently said Mrs. Clapp, "Mrs. Wentworth was busy copying this manuscript. I went to the buttery to get what I wanted, but couldn't find it, and called Mrs. Wentworth. She got up to get it for me, but before doing so, she put the manuscript in the desk and locked it. I expressed surprise that she should take such pains when she was only stepping across the

room for a moment, and she said: 'Mrs. Glover made me promise never to leave this manuscript, even for a moment, without locking the desk.'"

Mrs. Wentworth's Copy of the Quimby Manuscript

Mr. Horace T. Wentworth of Stoughton now has his mother's manuscript. He has



Title-page of the manuscript which Mrs. Sally Wentworth copied from one in Mrs. Glover's possession. From this Mrs. Glover taught Mrs. Wentworth a system of mind healing which she ascribed to Dr. P. P. Quimby

made affidavit, reproduced herewith,* that this is the document copied by his mother from Mrs. Glover's, and that he has himself heard Mrs. Glover attribute the original to Dr. Quimby. His brother, Charles O. Wentworth, his sister, Mrs. Arthur L. Holmes (then Miss Lucy Wentworth), and his cousin, Mrs. Catherine Isabel Clapp, have made affidavits to the same effect. This includes all members of the Wentworth household now living.

The Wentworth manuscript itself powerfully supports these affidavits. Of chief interest are the title-page and the first two pages, reproduced in facsimile on this page and on pages 624 and 625. The title-page reads, "Extracts from Doctor P. P. Quimby's Writings." On the first page of the manuscript appears the title, "The Science of Man or the principle which controls all phenomena." Then follows a preface, signed "Mary M. Glover." Following this is a marginal note, "P. P. Q's Mss.," and at this point begins the Quimby paper. Others who have copies of this same document declare that Mrs. Glover taught from them and sold them as copies of Quimby's manuscript.

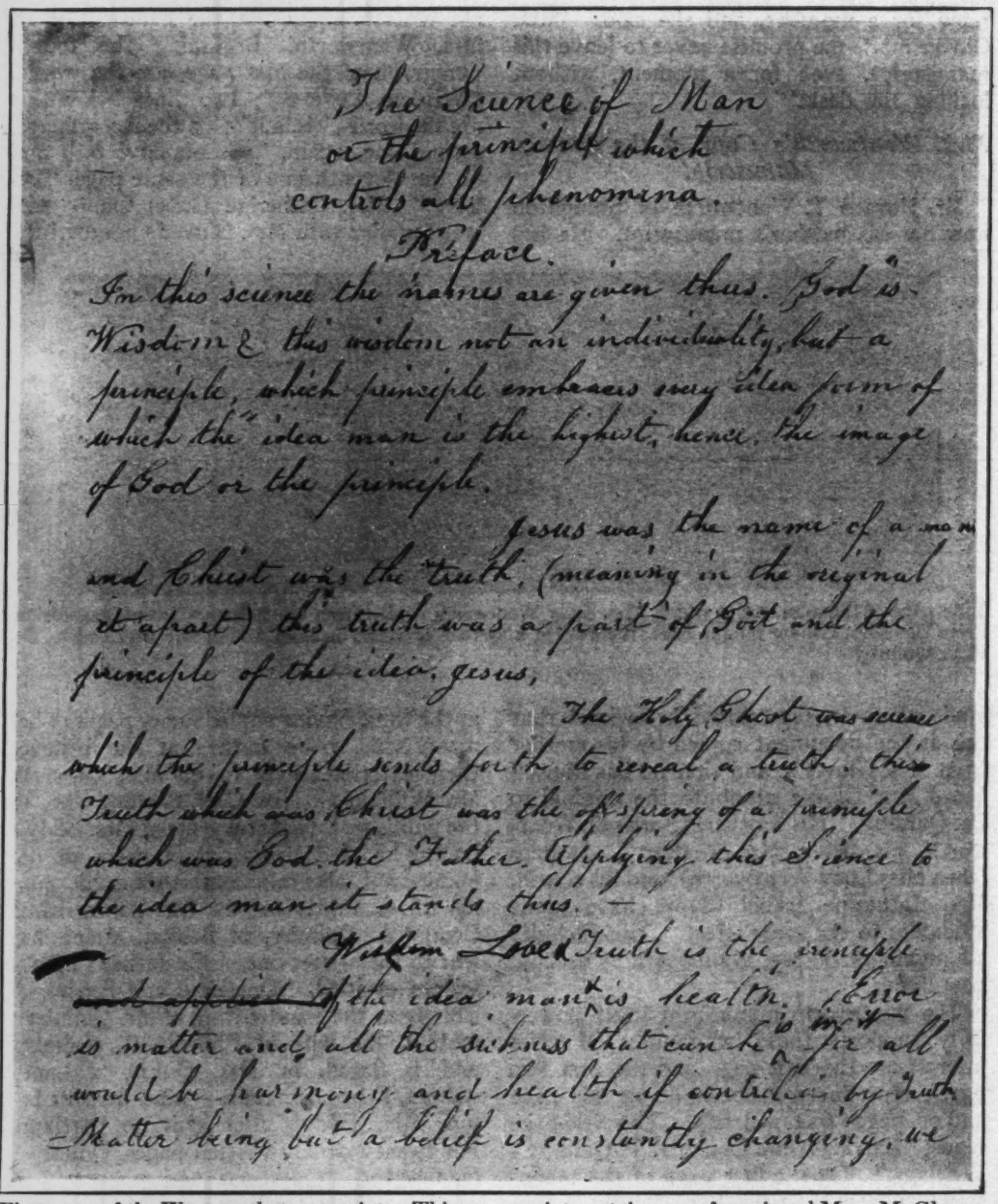
By examining the pages reproduced in facsimile, the reader will observe that someone has edited them, — that certain words are written in, not in the handwriting of Mrs. Wentworth. Beginning the fourth paragraph of the first page, are the words, "Wisdom Love &"; two lines below this are the words, "is in it"; on the second page, second line, again, "wisdom love &"; and on the eleventh line of the same page, "believe." Mrs. Catherine Isabel Clapp, who was familiar with Mrs. Glover's handwriting at the time, having copied many pages of her manuscript, takes oath that she believes these interlineations to be Mrs. Glover's. Mr. William G. Nixon, of Boston, who, as the publisher for several years of Mrs. Eddy's books, handled thousands of pages of her manuscript, also takes oath that in his opinion these words are in her handwriting. George A. Quimby, of Belfast, Maine, has lent to the writer one of his father's manuscripts, entitled, "Questions and Answers." This is in the handwriting of Mr. Quimby's mother, the wife of Phineas P. Quimby, and is dated, in Mrs. Quimby's handwriting, February, 1862,— nine months before Mrs. Eddy's first visit to Portland. For twenty closely written pages, Quimby's manuscript, "Questions and Answers," is word for word the same as Mrs. Glover's manuscript, "The Science of Man."*

Quimby's Manuscript and Christian Science

The relation of Quimby's "Questions and Answers" to the Christian Science doctrine will be discussed in a later article. The following quotations, taken at random, illustrate the fact that the Quimby manuscript

* See Appendix.

*The manuscript "Science of Man," from which Mrs. Glover taught, is not the same work as her printed pamphlet of that title.



The Science of Man
or the principle which
controls all phenomena.

Preface.

In this science the names are given thus. God is Wisdom & this wisdom not an individuality, but a principle, which principle embraces every idea form of which the idea man is the highest, hence, the image of God or the principle.

Jesus was the name of a man and Christ was the truth, (meaning in the original set apart) this truth was a part of God and the principle of the idea, Jesus,

The Holy Ghost was science which the principle sends forth to reveal a truth. this Truth which was Christ was the offspring of a principle which was God the Father. Applying this Science to the idea man it stands thus. —

William Lord Truth is the principle ~~and subject~~ of the idea man is health. Error is matter and all the sickness that can be in it for all would be [illegible] money and health if controlled by Truth. Matter being but a belief is constantly changing, we

First page of the Wentworth manuscript. This manuscript contains a preface signed Mary M. Glover, and it is well established that the interlineations are in Mrs. Eddy's handwriting—See page 623

abounds in ideas and phrases familiar to every Christian Scientist.

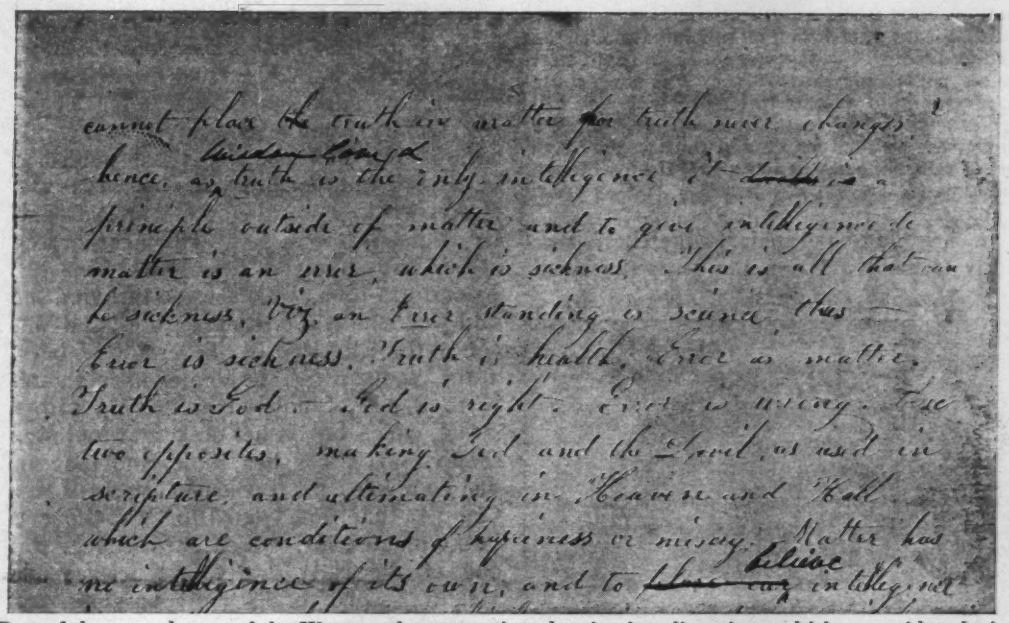
If I understand how disease originates in the mind and fully believe it, why cannot I cure myself?

Disease being made by our beliefs or by our parents' beliefs or by public opinion, there is no one formula of argument to be adopted, but every one must be hit in their particular case. Therefore it requires great shrewdness or wisdom to get the better of the error.

I know of no better counsel than Jesus gave to His Disciples when He sent them forth to cast out devils, and heal the sick, and thus in practice to preach the Truth "Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves." Never get into a passion, but in patience possess ye your soul, and at length you weary out the discord and produce harmony by your Truth destroying error. Then it is you get the case. Now, if you are not afraid to face the error and argue it down, then you can heal the sick.

The patient's disease is in his belief.

Error is sickness. Truth is health.



Part of the second page of the Wentworth manuscript, showing interlineations which are said to be in Mrs. Eddy's handwriting — See page 623

In this science the names are given thus: God is Wisdom. This Wisdom is not an Individuality but a principle, embraces every idea form, of which the idea, man, is the highest — hence the image of God, or the Principle.

Understanding is God.

All sciences are part of God.

Truth is God.

There is no other Truth but God.

God is Wisdom. God is Principle.

Wisdom, Love, and Truth are the Principle.

Error is matter.

Matter has no intelligence.

To give intelligence to matter is an error which is sickness.

Matter has no intelligence of its own, and to believe intelligence is in matter is the error which produces pain and inharmony of all sorts; to hold ourselves we are a principle outside of matter, we would not be influenced by the opinions of man, but held to the workings only of a principle, Truth, in which there are no inharmonies of sickness, pain or sin.

For matter is an error, there being no substance, which is Truth, in a thing which changes and is only that which belief makes it.

Christ was the Wisdom that knew Truth dwelt not in opinion, and that matter was but opinion that could be formed into any shape which the belief gave to it, and that the life which moved it came not from it, but was outside of it.

How Mrs. Glover Taught from the Quimby Manuscript

In teaching Mrs. Wentworth, Mrs. Glover supplemented the Quimby manuscripts with oral instruction. She taught Mrs. Wentworth to rub her patient's head, precisely as did Quimby, and to say, as she did so: "It is not necessary for me to rub your head, but I do it to concentrate my thoughts." In addition she taught Mrs. Wentworth to lay her hands over the patient's stomach.

Mrs. Eddy left a few scraps of writing at the Wentworths', all connected with her teachings. Of especial interest are the instructions which she wrote out to direct Mrs. Wentworth in treating the sick. These Mr. Horace T. Wentworth has in her own handwriting. The first two pages of this manuscript read as follows: (The spelling, punctuation, etc., follow the original MS.)

An argument for the sick having what is termed fever chills and heat with sleepless nights, and called spinal inflammation.

The patient has been doctoring the sick one patient is an opium eater, with catarrh, great fear of the air, etc. Another had inflammation of the joints or rheumatism, and liver complaint another scrofula and rheumatism, and another dyspepsia, all of them having the most intense fear.

First the fever is to be argued down. What is heat and chills we answer nothing but an effect produced upon the body by images of disease before the spiritual senses wherefore you must say of heat and chill you are not hot you are not cold you are only the effect of fright there is no such thing as heat and cold if there were you would not grow hot when angry or abashed or frightened and the temperature around not changed in the least.

Inflammation is not inflammation or redness and soreness of any part this is your belief only

and this belief is the red dragon the King of beasts which means this belief of inflammation is the leading lie out of which you get your fright that causes chills and heat. Now look it down cause your patient to look at this truth with you call upon their spiritual senses to look with your view which sees no such image and thus waken them out of their dream that is causing them so much suffering, etc.

In her autobiographical sketches, Mrs. Eddy does not mention the years she spent

ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN,

No. 404 I street, between 11th and 12th,
June 27. WASHINGTON, D. C. 4w

MRS. A. E. CUTTER,

HOMEOPATHIC and Mesmeric Physician and Midwife, will take a few patients at her residence for treatment. Persons wishing a quiet place where they can have the best of care, with the advantages of the vapor and other modes of bathing, can address 41 ADDISON STREET, CHELSEA, MASS. Has been very successful in treating cancers, tumors, felons, scarlet fever and measles. 4w*—June 27.

DR. ROUNDY AND WIFE,

CLAIRVOYANT, Magnetic and Electric Physicians, have recently furnished a house on Quincy avenue, in QUINCY, MASS., where they are still Healing the Sick with good success. Board and treatment reasonable. Address, QUINCY, MASS. 6w*—June 6.

ANY PERSON desiring to learn how to heal the sick can receive of the undersigned instruction that will enable them to commence healing on a principle of science with a success far beyond any of the present modes. No medicine, electricity, physiology or hygiene required for unparalleled success in the most difficult cases. No one is required unless this skill is obtained. Address, MRS. MARY B. GLOVER, Amesbury, Mass. Box 61. tf—June 20.

MRS. MARY LEWIS, by sending their autograph, or lock of hair, will give psychometrical delineations of character, answer questions, &c. Terms $1.00 and red stamp. Address, MARY LEWIS, Morrison, Whiteside Co., Ill. June 20.—20w*

MRS. M. SMITH, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician, will prescribe and give advice by mail. Fee $1.00. Address, Box 1165, Aurora, Ill. 4w*—June 27.

The above advertisement, in which Mrs. Eddy offers to teach a new kind of healing based on a "principle of science," appeared July 4, 1868, in the *Banner of Light*, the official organ of New England Spiritualists. Mrs. Eddy was then living at the home of the Websters in Amesbury, and the number of Captain Webster's post-office box was 61

in Stoughton, Taunton, and Amesbury. In "Retrospection and Introspection," page 39, she says, after recounting the manner of her miraculous recovery and revelation in 1866:

I then withdrew from society about three years, — to ponder my mission, to search the Scriptures, to find the Science of Mind, that should take the things of God and show them to the creature, and reveal the great curative Principle, — Deity.

Growth of the Quimby Idea in Mrs. Glover

The record of these wandering, vagarious years from 1864 to 1870 is far from being satisfactory biography; the number of houses in which she lived, her quarrels and eccentricities, by no means tell us the one thing which is of real importance: what, all this time, was going on in Mrs. Glover's own consciousness. Wherever she went, she taught, now a shoemaker, now a dressmaker, now a boy in the box factory; and wherever she went, she wrote. Her first book was not published until 1875, but for eight years before she was always writing; working upon articles and treatises which were eventually incorporated in this first edition of "Science and Health." As early as 1866, when she was in Lynn, she said that she was writing a Bible, and was almost through Genesis. Several years later, at the Wentworths', she pointed affectionately to a pile of note-paper tied up with a string, which lay on her desk, and told Mrs. Clapp that it was her Bible, and that she had completed the Book of Genesis. Mrs. Clapp at that time copied for Mrs. Glover a bulky manuscript, which she believes was one of the early drafts of "Science and Health." She recalls many passages, and remembers her amusement in copying the following passage, which now occurs on page 413 of "Science and Health":

The daily ablutions of an infant are no more natural or necessary than would be the process of taking a fish out of water every day and covering it with dirt in order to make it thrive more vigorously thereafter in its native element.

After Mrs. Clapp had finished copying the manuscript, Mrs. Glover took it to Boston to find a publisher. Six hundred dollars, cash, in advance, was the only condition on which a publisher would undertake to get out the book, and Mrs. Glover returned to Stoughton and vainly besought Mrs. Wentworth to mortgage the farm to raise money.

Quimbyism Becomes Mrs. Eddy's Monomania

Mrs. Glover's persistence was all the more remarkable in that the trade of authorship presented peculiar difficulties for her. Although from her youth she had never lost an opportunity to write for the local papers, and although when she first went to Dr. Quimby she introduced herself to him as an "authoress," her contributions in the old files of the Lynn papers show that she had had no training in the elementary essentials of composition. The quoted extracts from her written instructions to Mrs. Wentworth are indicative of her difficulties with punctuation, which was always a laborious second thought with her. From her letters and early manuscripts it is evident that lucid,

clean-cut expression was almost impossible to Mrs. Glover; some of her first dissertations upon Quimbyism were so confused as to be almost unintelligible.* She had indeed to fashion her own tools in those years when she was carpentering away at her manuscript and struggling to get her mass of notes into some coherent form. Her mind was as untrained as her pen. Logical thought was not within her compass, and even her sporadic ideas were vague and befogged. Yet, strangely enough, her task was to present an abstract theory, and to present it largely in writing.

Everything depended upon her getting a hearing. In the first place, her doctrine was her only congenial means of making a living. In the second, it was the one thing about which she knew more than the people around her, and it gave her that distinction which was so necessary to her. Above all, she had a natural aptitude for the subject and absorbed it until it literally became a part of her. Mercenary motives were always strong with Mrs. Glover, but no mercenary motive seems adequately to explain her devotion to this idea. After Quimby's death in '66, his other pupils were silent; but Mrs. Glover, wandering about with no capital but her enthusiasm, was preaching still. Her fellow-students in Portland were people of wider experience than she, and had more than one interest; but only one idea had ever come very close to Mrs. Glover, and neither things present nor things to come could separate her from it. But Mrs. Glover had not the temperament of the dreamer and devotee. There was one thing in her stronger even than her monomania, and that was her masterfulness. Others of his pupils lost themselves in Quimby's philosophy, but Mrs. Glover lost Quimby in herself.

*See letters to the Portland *Courier*, in McClure's for February.

APPENDIX

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS

COUNTY OF NORFOLK, SS.

Horace T. Wentworth, being duly sworn, deposes and says: I am sixty-four years of age, and reside in the Town of Stoughton, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and have resided there for upwards of sixty-two years past. I am the son of Alanson C. and Sally Wentworth, and my mother resided in said town of Stoughton from her birth to the time of her death, in 1883.

I became acquainted with Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy, now of Concord, New Hampshire, and known as the Discoverer and Founder of Christian Science, in the year 1868, when she was the wife of one Daniel Patterson, with whom she was not living, and was known by the name of a former husband, one George W. Glover, and called herself Mrs. Mary M. Glover.

In 1867, Mrs. Glover came to Stoughton, and took up her residence at the house of one Hiram Crafts in said Town of Stoughton, and in 1868, after leaving said Crafts, she went, upon the invitation of my mother, to the residence of said Mrs. Sally Wentworth, of said Stoughton, and there continuously resided until the spring of the year 1870. Very often during the years 1868, 1869 and 1870, I saw and talked with said Mrs. Glover at my mother's said residence. Mrs. Wentworth invited said Mrs. Glover to visit her for the express purpose of being taught, by said Mrs. Glover, a system of mental healing, which said Mrs. Glover said she had been taught by one Dr. Phineas P. Quimby, of Portland, Maine. Said Mrs. Glover often spoke to me of said system of mental healing and always ascribed its origin and discovery to said Quimby. Said Mrs. Glover was outspoken in her acknowledgement that she learned her mental healing system from said Quimby, and never, to my knowledge, while at my mother's house, made the slightest claim or pretensions to having discovered or originated it herself.

Said Mrs. Glover, upon coming to my mother's house, lent my mother her manuscript copy of what she, Mrs. Glover, said were writings of said Quimby, and permitted my mother to make a full manuscript copy thereof, and said manuscript copy of the writings of said Quimby, in my mother's handwriting, and with corrections and interlineations in the handwriting of Mrs. Glover, is now, and has been since my mother's death, in my possession.

On the outside, said copy is entitled "Extracts from Doctor P. P. Quimby's Writings," and at the head of the first page, on the inside, said copy is further entitled "The Science of Man, or the Principle which Controls all Phenomena." There is a preface of two pages with Mrs. Mary M. Glover's name signed at the end. The extracts are in the form of fifteen questions and answers and are labeled, "Questions by patients, Answers by Dr. Quimby." Annexed hereto, marked "Exhibit A," is a full and complete copy of my mother's said copy of Mrs. Glover's said copy of Dr. Quimby's writings. . . .

Annexed hereto and marked "Exhibit B" is a photograph of the first page of Mrs. Wentworth's manuscript plainly showing the additions made in a handwriting not my mother's. All of the said first page shown in Exhibit B is my mother's handwriting except the words "Wisdom Love &" added to the beginning of the fifteenth line, the word "of" and the symbol "&" added to the sixteenth line and the words "is in it" added to the seventeenth line, none of which additions is in my mother's handwriting.

Annexed hereto and marked "Exhibit C" is a photograph of the second page of said manuscript plainly showing further additions in a handwriting not my mother's. All of the said second page shown in Exhibit C is in my mother's handwriting except the words "wisdom love &" added to the second line, the word "believe" added to the eleventh line, none of which additions is in my mother's handwriting.

I am perfectly familiar with my mother's handwriting; but am not familiar enough with said Mrs. Glover's handwriting to state positively from my acquaintance with it, that the said added words are written by her. This manuscript, however, came directly into my hands from my mother's desk at the time of her death; the added words are not in the handwriting of any member of my family; they are, as will be seen, in the nature of corrections to my mother's writing of said Mrs. Glover's signed preface to Dr. Quimby's teachings, and, having compared them with unquestionable writing of said Mrs. Glover's, found with my mother's papers, and seen them to be strikingly similar, I am confidently of the opinion that they are the writing of the only person interested in the correction of said Mrs. Glover's preface to said Dr. Quimby's writings, to wit, said Mrs. Mary M. Glover—Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy—herself.

I have been often urged to make these facts known in the public interest, and have for years felt it to be my duty to tell the truth and the whole truth. . . .

HORACE T. WENTWORTH.

On this 9th day of February, 1907, at the Town of Stoughton, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, personally appeared before me, Horace T. Wentworth, to me personally known, and made oath before me that he had read over the foregoing statement and knows the contents thereof, and that the same are true; and he, thereupon, in my presence, did sign his name at the end of said statement, and at the foot of the cover.

EDGAR F. LEONARD, *Justice of the Peace.*

And before me a Notary Public appeared Horace T. Wentworth and made oath to above statement.

HENRY W. BRITTON, *Notary Public.*

Stoughton, Mass.
Feb. 9th, 1907.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE MISTAKEN MAN

BY

VIOLA ROSEBORO'

AUTHOR OF "THE JOYOUS HEART," "ARCHIE'S BABY," ETC

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY E. L. BLUMENSCHEIN

THE small hours were near, a decent amount of Scotch had been drunk, the room was blue with smoke, and they were three old friends together, and still young men. They were discussing and questioning, as young men in such case should, the moral law and the ends of man. Thad Chittenden had been quoting Nietzsche and Schopenhauer, not as one committing himself to a disbelief in the distinction between Right and Wrong, but with the arrogance of a free lance who knew himself superior to the popular prejudices of mankind. As he strolled about the room, his carriage gave warning of concealed weapons ready for any one who thought his philosophers easy game. He was younger than the others. Before the grate fire Gordon, the lawyer, sat (on the small of his back) with his feet luxuriously resting in a pair of slippers nailed high against the wall, and in a shadowy corner, lounging among cushions, visible chiefly in the broad disk of his dress shirt, was Speke, who may be tagged as a member of the Stock Exchange, though it is a more inadequate description than is given by calling Gordon the lawyer; Gordon was more lawyer than anything else.

For moments no one rose to Chittenden's bait; then Gordon drew on his pipe and remarked that "that kind of drool" was good for them all once in a while.

"It's not likely to hurt Thad here to talk about trampling on the weak; just clears out his system. Only, Kid, you're off in putting forth the doctrines you're expounding as a phase of modernity. They've been quite otherwise characterized —

"'The good old rule, the ancient plan,
That he should take who has the power,
And he should keep who can.'"

Chittenden affirmed that the old way was a plan indeed, and a rule of action rather than a doctrine, that there was where a measure of modernity came in.

"That's so, that's a point," admitted the lawyer, "and that was just what I was coming to. Your fellows that preach like that will never practice what they preach extensively. And bull-necked men of action will take it all out in practise, they'll never really believe that the Universe is rotten. They're up against it too hard; they know too much about the way things work. It's just with them that each man for himself has a hankering after the good old rule, the ancient plan. That's why it's desirable for you and me, Speke, to whack up and find out what we think about it, for it's more or less our little game. Say — hold on," he bore Chittenden down with his big voice, "I'll tell you fellows something"; he extracted his feet from the stationary slippers, and wrapped his pipe on the mantel. Big of bone and brown, as fit as a fighter and all alive was Gordon. "I'll tell you something," he clanged, "it's not worth arguing about the right of the strong to hog everything; let the Dago-Dutchman spiel; we know, whatever words you string together, that that's foolishness. But then we're not trusting to our meekness either to get us the earth; we're not that far along, so right in there is where we want to stake our claims, and see where we're at. Your beautiful spontaneities can land you in hell-fire sometimes."

Chittenden sat tentatively on a table, and tentatively he grunted his contempt.

THE MISTAKEN MAN

Gordon straddled wider before the fire. "I'm not talking conventional morality, Boy, we understand that's barred where you are. I'm talking self-interest now as self-respectingly as a politician to his gang; a narrow self-interest and cold facts. And I'm going to tell you a story. It's about old Carson, who was president of the C. Q. & P. road, and some other people. Carson was a fine upstanding tower of a man when we lived next him when I was a boy. He didn't read your Dago-Dutchmen, but he practised the good old plan on occasion, like the rest of us. Not that he was a particularly ruthless party. He was just a fine flourishing male of parts that had downed the other bulls in the herd, and was joying in the lust of life; making money to beat the band, and hot with the game. He was like the burglar who, when he wasn't burgling, and the coster who, when he wasn't jumping on his mother, liked to lie basking in the sun as well as other men. He even liked to get other people around him to basking — used to give me passes to ride in the cab with the engineer when that was about the best thing life offered me. He didn't have any definite scheme for trampling on the weak, that only came in incidentally, but I guess he was all sound as to living his life and giving free play to his nature. But I tell you, and you might as well note it down, for it's one of the cold facts I promised you, that any man's nature is a pretty complex proposition. You've had a good many ancestors, and all of them haven't conscientiously given their minds to despising God and man. Like enough some of them have died at the stake for what they called principle — why not? There's been good and plenty of that kind along the road. And it's a dead sure thing that there've been whole strings of women among 'em that have slaved and toiled and bled and fought and died for their kids, from naked brats in the bush to the kind that couldn't go to school till copper-toed boots were bought and paid for with somebody's life-blood. It may be easy to look down on such weak-mindedness, but by Jove, it's not so easy to make sure you've got it all out of your blood, that some of those faithful cranks behind you that tried to do right won't get a grip on you when they're least wanted.

"Now in giving free play to his nature, Carson built a new branch road, and within twenty miles of our town that road crossed a fool creek that didn't know its own mind half of half the time as to whether it was a river or a brook. Carson had to have a big bridge there, and we knew the engineer that built it for him, too. He was a friend of my father, a quiet-spoken, able, authoritative civil engineer, all civil engineer — rather do his job than hold down a throne or even a multi-millionaire's office chair. Money couldn't fetch him anywhere he didn't want to go, but he did want to build that bridge — it was a bigger thing than he'd ever bossed before. He got the job, he built the bridge, only he didn't quite boss the business after all. He wanted caissons, and he got piles. President Carson couldn't wait for caissons, and piles would save money, too. The road wouldn't justify its creation, and particularly its creator, unless it were done on time and without 'wasting' money. He was going to have something to show for his dollars and his days, too, cars, road-bed, stations that would draw trade, not a lot of fool masonry underground that would never do any one any good.

"The engineer, Peyton was his name, talked about the row at first with my dad, said Carson's bridge might do, probably would, other engineers said so (when Carson paid them for an opinion), but he, Peyton, wanted to make the best kind of a sure thing of it. After a while he quit talking so much, just said when he was asked that they'd struck a compromise. The compromise, whatever it was, didn't include building those caissons. Peyton wanted that job mighty bad; the money wasn't the point, he wanted the work, and the other big things that would follow; there was a kind of secret sentiment, a kind of poetry stuff in the man; you strike it if you blast down into bedrock with such fellows pretty often. They like to think of a country full of their bridges and their tunnels, and gridironed with their railroads; and don't care a hang that presidents and directors and grafters generally get all there is in them, except a little credit in half a dozen grizzled heads at the engineers' club. Well, Peyton was so much like that that he had to mark the land with that particular bridge, whether he built it his way or a little off his way. He had to have the credit of bridging Tollytown Creek. Uph! I see the cat's out of the bag now; you know about the Tollytown disaster, though it's fifteen years old, and Lord knows you've supped on railroad horrors

enough since to put an earthquake's nose out of joint. Well, say, Peyton got the credit of that bridge all right, didn't he? In the little club up the street, and through every state and territory in the Union, and over a large part of Europe, and even in portions of Asia and Africa. You can get your prayers answered in this world to some mighty ironic tunes. He made a mark sure enough. But that was ten years after he'd done the deed; for ten years all was fair sailing, and Peyton engineered and married a wife and begot him sons and daughters like a character in the Old Testament, and prospered in his modest, high-toned civil engineer way, and was known for an honest man among his fellows, and that was what Peyton cared about. And Carson gathered in millions and roads and cut coupons and ran his wife's church, in a big, good-humored, unaffected way, as a sinner who was privileged to pay the bills, and was known as rather honester than the rest among his fellows, which was all a financier could hope for and quite enough for Carson. He grew grizzled, but he was handsomer and more like a tower four square to the winds of heaven than ever.

"Then came the June day when old bills fell due; there had been a rainy spring, but Tollytown Creek was not as high as it had often been before. You remember, seeing you remember the thing at all, that the train was loaded with Sunday-school excursionists, a big union excursion, all the Sunday-schools in town, the children of a whole town; children — that was what made the Tollytown disaster cut so deep, that was why the whole world took notice. What with plagues and famine and war, and the old and young going to their death all the time, you'd think we'd get to the place where nothing like this could make us sit up; but no, the children, we never get over our illusions about them, that they must be happy. It goes deep, deeper than that, you can't get words for it — I'd like to see you! It's the bottom fact in the race, the foundation stone, that the children — there you are! That the children what? Well, you can't name the hope that goes without saying in all of us. We work, all of us, childless men like us here, and all, as blind unreasoning as bees in a honeycomb, for them. Tell us that there'll be no future for the human race, and your Dago-Dutchmen will get us all scrambling in the hog-pen quick as — no they won't, we wouldn't even take an interest in the swill. We couldn't eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow then would bring death sure enough. God! — a race consciousness is a deep down thing; put way down there so as to make it a sure business that no juggling with words can ever nick it. What I'm trying to show up is that we better each and individually look sharp lest when we are trying to have our own little individual way, that looks so beguilingly free of all entanglement with this racial consciousness, racial obligation, we better look sharp lest we trip our little individual selves up in other feelings, not so individual, not so clamorous, and that we'd forgotten were there; but that were the biggest part of us before we were conceived in our mothers' wombs. It's all the same for my purpose now, Chittenden, if you call it all racial delusion; there is something in us that works against the desire of each man to do what is right in his own eyes, and under any name you please your conscience is liable to trip you just the same. Facts are all the ammunition I'm using now.

"Here was Tollytown left all but childless, if you'll believe it; the most unnatural town on all the turning globe, and President Carson and Leland Peyton were up against it.

"Peyton settled his case or took it to a higher court, as you like, in short order. He was home in Tollytown just then, and was gardening a bit that day in his wife's flowerbeds; he saw first one or two men running, then a woman rushing stumbling along with her face in her hands, crying; he crossed the little lawn to the sidewalk and stopped the next passer-by; he was a newspaper man who knew for sure, because he was hanging around the telegraph office when the word came. Now he was hustling to collect all the doctors in town to go down to the Creek. He told all he knew in one cursing blurt; he didn't know it was Peyton's funeral, he found that out a little later. He congratulated and damned Peyton in one sobbing breath when he saw the Peyton youngsters playing on the porch, and then he ran on. For Peyton's children, by some fluke at the last minute, had been kept at home. Peyton crossed the little lawn again and went out of the sunshine into the house. I've seen him doing it in my dreams.

"He said to his wife, 'Your children are safe,' and she didn't know what he meant, nor care. Of course their children were safe

"A NURSE GIRL . . . WITH A SLEEPING CHILD WRAPPED UP IN SOME LIGHT THING IN HER ARMS"

—she had strawberry jam on the fire. I reckon she didn't even look up. Then the quiet, competent, authoritative civil engineer went up-stairs and blew his brains out.

"Make of that what you can; you know as much about it now as anybody. Some people can get themselves up to sit in judgment on Peyton's suicide. I can't, I don't know what was in his soul, and it seems to me there are a lot of guesses coming to any one who tries to make that out. Maybe he sat in judgment on himself and did what his soul commanded. Yes, there were his wife and children; but they weren't any better than Anson Merriwether's kids next door, and Anson's children were burning up on the banks of Tollytown Creek, and their mother was a widow. Well, there are different ways of looking at it, but Peyton had taken himself out of our jurisdiction for sure, and I must say I always felt pretty cordial to him for his definite views on his case. He rather struck me as quiet, competent, and authoritative to the last.

"President Carson was another story, quite. The tower of a man, four squares to the winds, towered yet. He could stand a good deal, and he stood it. I only know one scene of his life that day, but that's enough for me; the whole town got onto that, and I had it first hand from a clerk on the spot, for this particular diversion took place at the office. Carson was there, bossing everything, full of resources, on to every detail, haggard — but all there. Others around weren't quite so fit, they were rattled. So when a lady turned up late in the day, composed and well-dressed, and was almighty firm about the necessity of seeing President Carson, it seemed she didn't have much trouble in getting in. Men didn't want to fight women in that town that day. She had a nurse-girl with her with a sleeping child wrapped up in some light thing in her arms; the girl looked queer and scared, the clerks remembered afterwards. Like enough; she'd have been conspicuous if she hadn't. The lady kept her at heel, but didn't seem to pay any attention to her, so neither did any one else. Women are sure in a class by themselves. They've got a set of powers and weaknesses of their own; or maybe it all comes to one thing, they're so supple, so supple you never know when you've got 'em anywhere. Turner, the clerk that told me, he swore she came into that private office full of men, with color in her cheeks. She wanted it there, so she drove blood up from her heart, and it went. She had some fine ideas of making herself felt, had that lady, and she must have been in that kind of exaltation which moves mountains. When they'd all kind of hushed up to give her a show, and to hear what she had to say themselves, she took that child from that scared nurse-girl, dropped the little cloak, and laid a dead baby, a dead, mangled baby on President Carson's desk. It was about two years old or so, and its blond fluffy hair was all in soft rings over its head. I don't care if you don't want to hear about it. Who are you that the world's got to be expurgated for you? By the Lord, the mother had to stand it, and it's good for your souls to get a far-off glimpse of some real things sometimes amidst all your foolishness — your books and theaters and deals and dividends. That curly-boo tot with his chest stove in was real that day on Carson's desk among the telegrams and orders. So was the rubber doll he clutched in one hand. The woman said never a word; neither did any one else for a minute; the woman, all white and ghastly now, bent over and took hold of the baby hand that held the rubber doll and squeezed it, and the rubber doll squeaked — you know those dolls. Everything was as still as the grave, and the rubber doll squeaked. They got her out without any trouble. She never made a sound herself after she'd bowed and asked President Carson if he were himself.

"President Carson left and went back to his house when she was gone. He said there was nothing more for him to do. He was looking pretty shattered by that time, and his figure sagged in his clothes. I saw him get out of his carriage and go up the walk to his door. But he wasn't going out of the sunlight forever, not by a long shot. He looked old, and he sagged as if maybe it was only his clothes that held him together and in shape, but there was plenty of fight left in him. Probably he proposed to himself to live it all down without and within. It's a sure thing he didn't go back on his general principle of living out his nature. His nature demanded just then that he protect himself at the expense of anybody handy, and he did it ably. He fought for whitewash, and whitewash he got, and the vitriol of public opinion was largely diverted to Peyton's grave. Oh, Carson was consistent. No conventional scruples for him. My dad split with Carson about Peyton, but none of

the Powers that dealt in whitewash bothered over that memory. You see, Peyton could not be defended, and counting shades of shame over a grave don't pay.

"So old Carson came out of the hullabaloo, old, if you like, at least a lot older, but he didn't sag in his clothes any more, and was a good imitation of the four-square tower again. They said he never got back his grip on business, but he tried to, and didn't show any signs of unbusinesslike reform; no change of heart in his! Wasn't he alive there to show that he didn't need it? That his heart had been the article he bargained for all along?

"But after three or four years he retired. He tried pleasure-hunting around and about one time and another, but mostly he was there at home, next door to us. My father didn't speak to him, but when I was cornered I lifted my hat. I was young, and he was old, getting to look really old now, and father would not stand for my being rude to my elders. Carson nodded to me sometimes, sometimes he'd make out he didn't see me; either way he was very large and preoccupied, and I was an incidental worm it was difficult to focus. Of course his women-folks wouldn't speak to any of us at all. His daughters were indignant and insolent and airy, and his wife was an unseeing sphinx so far as we were concerned, so far as all his relations to the Tollytown disaster were concerned. He was lucky enough not to have any son to size him up man-wise.

"I wonder which it irked him most to live with — those sassy, confident girls who knew their father was better than any one else's father, or that silent wife who made no sign? She had always been a good woman, and now as always she was a good wife, too. Yes, sir, I have reason to know it irked him to live with them, reason enough to know it irked him to live at all. He was getting to look dreadfully old — not like a really old man, either, but stricken, queer, bent and abstracted. You couldn't see him on the street, moving around the way he did, as if he didn't know he was on the street, without thinking that he was wrapt in visions, seeing the great Tollytown disaster; and Peyton putting the pistol to his able, dishonored head; seeing the dead baby on his desk and hearing that rubber doll squeak.

"I tell you, fellows, there are queer things in the way one mind affects another, you know that — you've had things come to you that the other man was thinking. Well, I swear that for years when I saw Carson I thought of the Tollytown disaster, yes; he'd got himself labeled so that was what men did think of when they saw him; but then it was a name, a vague general haze of calamity, calamity for other people; but there at the last when I saw him slouching along the pavement, or huddled in his carriage, I saw that welter of wreck and flames and children down there at the creek; I saw that economical bridge hanging loose-ended and gaping in the middle; I saw visions, too, and heard voices for a moment as if they hung around him like an aura, and were impressed on me when I got within the sphere of his influence. I got out of it pretty quick always. I didn't care about cultivating that kind of imagination. It was something baleful that came for a moment like a poisonous smell. He lived in the fumes — he looked it. But I didn't take up with that idea readily. I'd seen him tower and fight and lay his shame at better men's doors, and I said that he was too hardened to care. It's easy to say that getting too hardened to care is the worst punishment of all, and maybe that's so; I could mark out an argument on these lines, but it's a little subtle and unsatisfactory to the plain man when he's hot and wants to lay on with a big stick; and you can put money on it that Carson thought that was the best way out of it himself; he'd counted on being too hardened to care, and tried to tan his skin into indifference. He and I were both wrong; we didn't allow enough for the softnesses you can't help, for the way the kind hearts and honest deeds behind you get back at you when you betray them.

"One day father mentioned at dinner that old Carson had looked at him that day on the street as if he were going to speak to him. 'Looked as if he might say, "Peyton didn't have the worst of it,"' dad said. 'I don't know that he did,' he added. It was the nearest thing to pity for the sagging tower he'd ever expressed. I suppose that was in the back of my head somewhere when two days later I met Carson face to face in front of his own place. He came on looking at me with eyes I'm not going to forget soon. They were bigger and blacker, set back in his head the way they were now, than they used to be.

"They looked as if they'd burn the man up. Well, if I didn't find myself stepping up to

him with my hand out and getting off something about the weather or his health — I don't know what. His hand came into mine as if he didn't know it. 'I'm in hell,' said that specter standing there under the green maples; 'I'm in hell.'

"Fellow sinners, there didn't seem to be any small-talk answer to that in my repertoire. The kids he'd murdered had been peacefully buried these many years, and Tollytown had a new crop now, was alive with 'em, like any other town. And the mourners were comforted, all of them more or less, for that's the way the world's built. Only Herod couldn't taste his victuals and prowled the streets with burning eyes, and told chance enemies more than he'd ever meant to tell his own soul. I passed it up; I think I wrung his hand as if he were a suffering brother, and then tried to get out from under. He blocked me a minute, and began to say something. 'Tell your father —' Then he gave it up and went on. I can't prove it, but he was going to say, 'Tell your father Peyton's better off' — that's what he was going to say.

"This isn't a story of reform, of character building, the dead self a stepping-stone to higher things, and all that kind of cheerfulness. That's the right road, of course, but it didn't seem to be the point that interested Carson. He'd gotten knocked out beyond that. If he ever got a fresh start, it must have been in another world, for the next morning they found him dead — drowned, face down, in eight inches of water in his own bath-tub. It took a long time, but he'd come around to making a rhyme for Peyton's passing. It strikes me as a hard way to die, but it was considerate. The family could run a bluff about some kind of seizure. The doctors did not help them out much, but they had influence and money, and the papers let it go at that. So the girls could go on with their fool heads up, and their mother could continue to play the sphinx the way she'd been doing ever since disgrace first came upon her husband. She and Carson had married when they were poor and in love, and she must have thought then that he was a regular fortress of a man and a husband. Whatever she knew or didn't know about the railroad president, she'd seen the fake fortress crumble, had found out that it was a fake, sure; trust a life-long loving wife for knowing bottom facts about a man's character.

"She had a text put on his monument, just the name and date and this: 'Why hast thou not considered this thing that is to come, rather than that which is present.' That was all right enough for a tombstone, but it has a Delphic sound, too, above that last corpse of the great Tollytown disaster.

"Hand me a match. Doubtless there is a real moral moral to be drawn from this yarn, but I'm avoiding the conventional. All I say is that staking too much on the stability of your own wickedness may be taking long odds in a mighty wild game."

A MOUNTAIN VIGIL

BY

HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE

THE birds are hushed in the tree-tops,
The firelight falls to gray,
And the tents gleam white in the pale starlight
As I wait for thee and the day.

Thou wilt come with the flush of the morning,
The woods shall stir and wake,
And the daystar rise to greet thine eyes,
And the thrush her silence break.

O, dark are the hills, my sweetheart,
They are dreaming of dawn and thee;
And the tall pines sleep in the stillness deep,
None watch but the stars and me.

"HIS WHOLE ASPECT WAS OF ONE ABSORBED TO THE POINT OF OBLIVION REGARDING ALL OTHER OBJECTS"

A BROTHER IN ARMS

BY

GRACE S. RICHMOND

AUTHOR OF "KILBRETH OF BALLYRAGGAN," "BILLY'S ORGY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED FROM A DRAWING BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"LOUD —" said Julius, looking in at the nursery door. He spoke so gently and with hesitation so unusual that his sister turned to glance at him. He came in slowly, with his eyes on the floor.

"Could I bother you a few minutes?" he asked in a half-whisper.

"Of course," said Mrs. Jack cordially. "Come and sit here by me in the window. Only don't talk loud, or Billy may waken. I want him to sleep an hour at least."

Julius flung two pillows from the couch to the floor at Mrs. Jack's feet and made as if to cast himself upon them. Then he looked about him, selected a small, straight chair, and pulled it to face her. "Guess I can begin better here," he said solemnly. "I'll reserve the pillows for the moment when I need to throw myself at your feet."

Mrs. Jack looked at him suspiciously, holding her needle suspended above the tear she was mending in one of Billy's skirts.

"No — it's not money," said the Yale sophomore. "I told you I'd make what father let me have at Christmas last till June. I'm not going to howl for more now at Easter."

His face wore a virtuous expression which Mrs. Jack vaguely distrusted. But at the next instant the virtuous look had changed to one which denoted extreme admiration for Mrs. Jack herself.

"Say, but you look foxy this morning," he declared. "Where did you get that blouse? It's a stunner."

Mrs. Jack turned to her sewing. "I see," she said. "It's something you want of me."

"I never can disguise my feelings," murmured Julius. "I admit that I do. But the blouse took me off my feet, by the way. I didn't start out to jolly you — but you looked so awfully pretty I had to turn aside to tell you so."

Mrs. Jack smiled in spite of herself: Julius' tone was the essence of sincerity. "It is a beauty," she owned. "I know that myself. But this is the third time I've worn it since you've been here."

Julius ignored the implication. "When you come up next year to Junior prom," he said, "if you leave Jack and Billy at home and let me introduce you as Miss Broughton, you'll have a gang around you so thick you can't be found."

Mrs. Jack leaned forward and tapped his head with her thimble. "That's enough," she said. "What is it you are after? Must I entertain for you?"

Julius looked at her with an air of relief. "Would you do it?" he asked eagerly.

"Oh, I suppose so," agreed Mrs. Jack, with an indulgent smile. "Whom do you want? Every Yale man who is home, of course, and enough girls to go round?"

"That's just awfully good of you," declared Julius gratefully. "But — er — if I let you off from something that would be so much trouble as that, perhaps you wouldn't mind doing a much simpler thing."

He had such a guileless air that Mrs. Jack at once put up her guard.

"That depends on what you call a simpler thing. Your ideas and mine ——"

"This isn't much," explained Julius modestly. "It's just — you see — a girl I know in New Haven is starting West to be gone some time. She's going through town, and she'd have just about time to come out here for — that is — for luncheon. If you would meet her ——"

"Julius! — who is she?"

"She's a dream," said Julius.

"I suppose so. The last one always is. But why in the world do you want her to come out here for luncheon?"

"She's a mighty nice girl, and you'd like her. I want her to know you. I've told her a lot about you, and she's crazy to meet you."

"But coming here to luncheon would look — and my meeting her and all — would certainly look ——"

Julius left the chair for the pillows at his sister's feet. He lifted a pair of exceedingly fine brown eyes. They were his best feature, — a fact of which he was not unaware. He laid both arms on her lap, entangling himself with Billy's skirt. "How would it look?" he inquired deferentially.

"Why — you know perfectly well. There's no reason for my needing to know her or to show her any such attention unless you — Julius — you're a mere boy ——"

"I weigh one-seventy-eight — stripped," said Julius pensively. "She's a little thing. I have to stoop to ——"

"To what?" Mrs. Jack sat up alertly.

"To — tie her Oxford," breathed Julius softly. "She wears a two-and-a-half. It broke me all up when I saw it first."

Mrs. Jack began to sew very fast on the ripped place in Billy's skirt. "I don't think I shall do any such thing as this," she said severely. "If you've been at any nonsense with this girl, it's time it was ended. I know just how you act — you make them all think you care a great deal about them — and sometimes you get them to care about you — or think they do. Just remember how you made that little Saunders girl pine for you. They had to take her to Colorado."

Julius groaned. "Oh, say,— if you're going to hold a fellow accountable for a kid affair like that. She was nothing but a baby — She had no — If you merely looked at her she went all to squash. She ——"

"And this is probably another," said Mrs. Jack. "No — I shall not ask her here. It would be absurd. She would be drawing conclusions she would have no right to make."

"The trouble is," said Julius slowly, looking very grave and sad, "I've already ——"

"Julius Broughton!"

"I thought you'd be glad to do such a little thing," said he, in an aggrieved tone. "I've always bragged about you a lot. She knows I think you're the greatest sister a fellow ever had ——"

Mrs. Jack laid down her work. "Am I to understand," said she distinctly, "that you are in love with this girl?"

Julius looked up piteously. Then he slowly drew from his breast pocket a small photograph, gazed pensively at it, and surrendered it to his sister. She stared at it in dismay.

"Julius Broughton!"

"Isn't she a dream?" demanded the Yale sophomore, anxiously studying the expression on Mrs. Jack's face.

"She's fairly pretty," admitted Mrs. Jack, with reluctance. "But she — Julius, look at that hat!"

"It's awfully becoming. The way she glances out at you from under it ——"

"It's too wide — it's an exaggeration. And her hair — she shouldn't wear it like that ——"

"All the girls do ——"

"That's a very strange thing she has on her neck."

"Now, see here," said Julius, sitting up suddenly, "what's that got to do with it? Do you want some other woman to judge whether you're a desirable wife for Jack Elliot by the width of your hat-brim? I tell you, that girl's a peach. Ask Sam Underwood. Ask Walter Caruthers. Ask Pierce Gibson. The fellow that gets that girl is mighty lucky. And if you won't meet her at the eleven-ten to-morrow, I will — and take her to Chesterfield's for luncheon ——"

"Julius ——"

"I will. I counted on you to do me a little stunt like this, and I didn't think you'd fail me because Juno Jardis' hair fluffs all over her head. I'll bet you'd give your spring clothes for such hair."

"I will meet her," said Mrs. Jack coldly, "if you will go with me, and if you will promise ——"

"Promise nothing. I'm not going with you. I want you to meet her alone."

"Why, Julius, how absurd. I shouldn't know her ——"

"Yes, you will. She'll be wearing a bunch of sweet peas ——"

"'Juno Jardis'— what a very extraordinary name! It doesn't sound — Julius — it doesn't sound ——"

"It's not particularly appropriate, if that's what you mean — and that's all you'd better mean ——"

"Why, Julius, what a tone you take! I ——"

"I won't hear anybody run down Miss Jardis," declared the Yale sophomore, getting to his feet. "She's all right. I'm awfully obliged to you," he acknowledged stiffly, and walked out of the room.

Mrs. Jack looked after him anxiously. It did look serious. She was used to Julius' ravings over one girl after another, but this insistency and this readiness to take offense, — they were new and to be reckoned with. He was a mere boy, it was true,— but mere boys often did crazy things; and if the affair had come to anything resembling an engagement, it was her duty to be as alert and as discreet as it is possible for a youthful married sister to be.

For the next twenty-four hours Julius' manner could have been described only by the term "fussy." He took it upon himself to question his sister regarding what she intended to serve at the luncheon in question; overruled more than one of her selections; and put in so importunate a plea for certain others of his own that he nearly drove her to distraction. He ordered flowers enough to decorate the entire house; he fidgeted about the various rooms, rearranging pictures and furniture after ideas of his own, and with a resultant effect which nearly upset his sister. On the morning of the fateful day he came down to breakfast looking nervous and worried, and immediately thereafter repaired to his own room, where he achieved, by slow and apparently painful degrees, a toilet which seemed not to satisfy him. Mrs. Jack, passing his door, found herself hailed and invited to criticize the result of his efforts.

"Er — do you think this cravat looks as well as the all-black one?" he demanded anxiously.

"Why, certainly," said Mrs. Jack, without show of interest, and would have walked out again. But Julius detained her.

"It doesn't seem to me that Hopkinson has got just the right fit over that left shoulder-blade," he said, twisting himself about at impossible angles before his mirror.

"Of course not, when you distort yourself that way."

"But do you think it's all right?"

"I see nothing the matter."

"Hold on — just give a fellow a little help, will you? Haven't I got my hair parted a shade too far to the left?"

"No."

"I can't find one of my monogram handkerchiefs," complained Julius bitterly. "Would you mind lending me one of Jack's?"

"He doesn't have monogramed handkerchiefs," said Mrs. Jack frigidly, and escaped. If she had not been so anxious, she would have laughed, but it did not seem like a laughing matter. These evidences of extreme concern over so simple an affair as the entertainment of a girl at luncheon, in one whose manner was ordinarily distinguished for its nonchalance, were not to be regarded lightly — of that she was growing more and more certain.

She went to meet the eleven-ten train in a most unenviable frame of mind. For some reason uncomprehended by herself, she had spent rather careful thought upon her own toilet, and the figure which waited by the exit for the incoming rush of passengers from the eleven-ten was one with which no fault could have been found. Mrs. Jack had arrayed herself precisely as she would require any girl whom she could imagine acceptable as Julius' wife to be arrayed, and she was not prepared to lower her standard.

When she caught sight of Julius' sweet peas, she drew a surprised breath. They were pinned upon the breast of a most unexceptionable tailored gown of gray, and the face above them, shadowed by the wide hat, — wide, truly, yet not beyond the bounds of correct picturesqueness,— was one of extreme and striking beauty.

"Too pretty," was the instant verdict of the critic at the gateway. At the next moment she was extending a cordial hand, smiling, and saying, "Miss Jardis?"

"Mrs. Elliot?" replied a soft contralto voice, and the meeting of the enemy was accomplished. But whether she was theirs, or they were hers, Mrs. Jack was not able to determine.

She was at hand when Julius appeared. That young man waited until his sister and her guest were comfortably established in the library, and then he strolled in. There was rather more than a hint of a flush on his usually even-tinted face, and his manner was distinctly agitated. Mrs. Jack, watching him with the eyes of a mother-hawk, noted that he laughed much more than usual, that he kept his eyes on Miss Juno Jardis' face incessantly, that he sat very close to her upon the divan, and that his whole aspect was of one absorbed to the point of oblivion regarding all other objects.

All through luncheon it was the same. Jack Elliot was never at home for luncheon, so

that function was enjoyed solely by the two young people and their hostess. Julius ate almost nothing,— a symptom which of itself was to his sister sufficient to confirm her worst fears. He devoted himself to the guest every second of the time. The young woman herself received this excessive tribute as one familiar with it. She gave Mrs. Jack precisely enough attention to conform to the necessities of such an occasion, and no more. No fault could have been found with her manner — it was that of a girl who had been much courted and was accustomed to receiving masculine devotion, but it did not forget the proprieties.

Julius accompanied his sister and their guest to the train which bore Miss Jardis away toward the West. Mrs. Jack watched him take leave of her and read in his lingering farewell and in his intent eyes, fixed until the last upon the face under the wide hat, that if Julius did not marry this girl in the middle of his college course, it would be only because he was restrained by brute force.

She said not a word to him all the way home. The moment that the house was reached, Julius took himself off, and she did not see him alone again until evening. She was beginning to think that he intended to avoid a discussion with her, when he lounged into the library where she sat trying to read.

He sat down in a very stiff way, looked at his sister, and inquired, "Well?"

Mrs. Jack lifted a face which betrayed her suspense. "I suppose you wish me to tell you what I thought of Miss Jardis."

"I should be glad to know," said he.

"She was very pretty," said Mrs. Jack. She had made up her mind that she would begin, as Jack always did in an argument, by admitting all that she possibly could on the opposite side of the question. "And very well dressed. And as well-bred as the average girl ——"

"Only that?" inquired Julius, with eyes on her face.

"She behaved perfectly well — only that she — allowed you to monopolize her."

"It didn't occur to me that there was anybody else to do it."

"There wasn't, of course. Only, if you young people would occasionally give your elders a shade more attention than is actually called for, it would be refreshing. But —" Mrs. Jack recollected that she had meant to keep away from any suggestion of acerbity, and she strove now to retain the sweetness in her tone — "I liked Miss Jardis very much," she said, with an inward prayer to heaven to forgive her. She had, of course, hated Miss Jardis with an intense and unreasoning hatred from the moment she had heard of her existence. "I can quite see how you should have — been attracted by her. She — she is, of course, older than you ——"

"Three days," said Julius promptly.

"I should have said at least three years," said Mrs. Jack very gently. "And, of course, a girl of twenty-one is much older for her years than a bo — man. Have you known her long?"

"Since September."

Mrs. Jack looked at him. Suddenly her policy of calm self-control deserted her; she could not lay hands upon it. She got up and ran over to Julius' chair and gripped his shoulders.

"Oh, tell me," she cried, "are you going to be so silly as to ask that girl to marry you — you, a mere boy, in college, with only your allowance to live on, and nothing in the world in the way of a vocation? Julius — tell me, quick ——"

"Suppose I should say yes?" Julius looked dogged.

Then Mrs. Jack gave caution to the winds. "She's not the girl for you. And if she were — you're altogether too young to think of an engagement. Oh — Julius — *dear* ——"

She burst into tears. Julius got up and marched over to the window and stood there with his back to the room. There ensued a strained silence broken only by the faint sounds of Mrs. Jack's sorrow and the indications of her efforts to subdue it. She peered at her brother's back presently, from behind her handkerchief, and could determine nothing from the view. She remained staring at the broad young shoulders and the thrown-back head, with its heavy brown thatch, noted the desperate way in which the youngster's hands were plunged deep down into his pockets, and trembled for his next words.

Suddenly Julius turned aside from the window, dropped into a chair beside a small table, laid his head down on his folded arms, and passed into a state of uncontrollable emotion. Mrs. Jack watched him for a moment in alarm, then got up and went hesitatingly toward him. She was about to lay an affectionate, deprecating hand upon his shoulders when she was undeceived as to the seriousness of the situation by a stifled

sound which burst from the region of the folded arms. It was unmistakably the result of excessive mirth. She backed away instantly, her cheeks turning very red, and, at the same moment, Julius rolled over so that his face became visible.

"Oh, *wow!*" he shouted.

Mrs. Jack grew rigid. She opened her mouth to speak, but indignation stopped her breath.

"This has been the richest — most soul-satisfying — twenty-four hours — of my life," gasped the Yale sophomore. "To see you — nothing on the boards ever approached it. Oh — say, but you're easy!"

"If this has been one of your jokes —" began Mrs. Jack — and words again failed her.

"Oh, it's been no joke — to you," he gurgled. "Jove — but you've suffered. Look here ——"

He drew from his pocket a large white envelop, took therefrom a folded sheet of heavy paper of the sort which usually means a certain thing, and held it out. Mrs. Jack took it with haughty fingers.

Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins Jardis request the honor of your presence at the marriage of their daughter

Juno

to ——

The succeeding name was not Julius'.

"She's to be married next week, and I'm to be best man. Wasn't it only natural for me to show her a little attention — since the lucky fellow is Pierce Gibson, one of my great friends?"

Mrs. Jack walked away toward the crib where Billy was squirming himself awake. "It was a very pretty joke," she said coldly. "I advise you to explain it at once to Sally Meredith."

"Sally Meredith! — Why — she doesn't know ——"

"I thought best to tell her, when I saw her yesterday — since you seemed to be playing fast and loose with so many girls — and I think too much of Sally to let her ——"

"The — saints and all you did!" Julius sprang to his feet. "Say, I'll thank you to ——"

"I told her I never saw you so out of your head about any girl," went on Mrs. Jack maliciously.

Julius was making for the door.

"She's out of town to-day. She won't be back till Saturday."

Julius paused and regarded his sister with a darkening eye. "Would you mind saying what else you told her?"

"She came in just as you had finished with the flowers and gone up-stairs to dress. I showed her about. Of course, she carried it off well — but nobody as quick-witted as Sally could see the way you had upset the house for that girl, and not draw her own inference. It was after she had looked at everything, that she told me she should be out of town for a few days."

Julius groaned. "Look here," he said, "I didn't think you would just deliberately *try* to be mean. It's taken me two straight years to get where I am now with Sally Meredith — and the ground isn't sound under my feet yet, by any means. Now I'm probably at the bottom of an extinct volcano crater as far as she is concerned, and all because a woman can't take a joke. I can show her that wedding invitation and talk till I'm dumb, and it won't make a particle of difference — she'll remember your face and be persuaded that I'm at least Juno Jardis' rejected lover."

He strode back to the window again and stood looking gloomily out. Mrs. Jack sat down by the fire with Billy on her lap. Her face had regained its customary unlined prettiness, and she looked rather well pleased. A stormy sigh from the window caused a covert smile to dimple about the lips of Billy's mother.

"Well — I suppose I've got to call it square —" came gloomily from the victim. "But I'll just tell you that monkeying with a fellow's girl friends isn't a straight deal. It ——"

He paused — bent forward and scrutinized a passing trap-load intently. The next instant he had thrown up the window and was waving an ecstatic arm, while his face beamed.

"Close the window — this instant! Billy will ——"

Julius closed the window and turned around. He glanced at his sister as he passed her on his hurried way to the door.

"Trust a woman to get even somehow," he growled, suppressing a relieved grin.

"Julius —" called Mrs. Jack.

He turned on his heel in the doorway.

"'*Oh, say — but you're easy!*'" she quoted gently.

REMINISCENCES OF A LONG LIFE*

BY

CARL SCHURZ

INTRODUCTION AT THE SPANISH COURT—HOSTILE INFLUENCES ABROAD—SCHURZ' WARNING—"WAR AGAINST THE WORLD"

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS AND FACSIMILES

I STOPPED in London long enough to call upon the American Minister, Mr. Charles Francis Adams, for the purpose of obtaining from him the latest information about the attitude of European powers concerning the United States. I had never seen Mr. Adams before. The appearance of the little bald-headed gentleman with the clean-cut features and blue eyes, to whom I introduced myself with some diffidence as a colleague, reminded me strongly of the portraits I had seen of President John Quincy Adams, his father. What I had read of the habitual frigidity of the demeanor of the father served me to interpret rightly the manner in which the son received me. He said that he was very glad to see me, in a tone which, no doubt, was intended for kindness. It was certainly courteous. But there was a lack of warmth and a stiffness about it, which, as I afterwards told one of Mr. Adams' sons, to his great amusement, caused, in my feeling, the temperature of the room to drop several degrees. Of course, Mr. Adams could have no reason for desiring to chill me, and I concluded that this prim frigidity was purely temperamental and normal. When we began to talk about public business, he did, indeed, not exactly "warm up," but he spoke to me with a communicativeness which touched me as confidential and therefore complimentary. He told me very minutely the story of the "precipitate" proclamation of neutrality by the British Government and of the "unofficial" reception of the "Confederate Commissioners," and described to me, in a manner which betrayed grave apprehensions on his part, the unfriendly, if not positively hostile, influences he had to contend with,— influences the strength of which depended in a great measure upon the wide-spread belief that the existence of slavery was not involved in our home struggle.

Impressions of Charles Francis Adams

I left Mr. Adams with the highest impression of his patriotism, of the clearness and exactness of his mind, of the breadth of his knowledge, and his efficiencies as a diplomat. History has since pronounced its judgment on his services. He was in the best sense of the term a serious and sober man. He indeed lacked some of the social qualities which it may be desirable that a diplomat should possess. Although he kept up in London an establishment fitting the dignity of his position as the representative of a great republic and performed his social duties with punctilious care, he was not a pleasing after-dinner speaker, nor a shining figure on festive occasions. He lacked the gifts of personal magnetism or sympathetic charm that would draw men to him. Neither had he that vivacity of mind and that race combativeness which made his father, John Quincy Adams, so formidable a fighter. But his whole mental and moral being commanded so high a respect that every word he uttered had extraordinary weight, and his antagonists, in his diplomatic encounters, not only feared the reach and exactness of his knowledge and the solidity of his reasoning, but were also anxious to keep his good opinion of them. He would not trifle

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with anything, and nobody would trifle with him. His watchfulness was incessant and penetrating without becoming offensive through demonstrative suspiciousness, and his remonstrances commanded the most serious attention without being couched in language of boast or menace. The dignity of his country was well embodied in his own. It is doubtful whether a fitter man could have been found to represent this Republic during the great crisis in its history, near a government the attitude of which was to us of such vital importance.

In Paris I saw our Minister, Mr. Dayton, whose account of the uncertainty of the French Emperor's policy with regard to the United States was still more disquieting. My wife wished to pay a visit to our relatives at Hamburg, and it was thought best that she should remain there with our children until the autumn, when the summer heat at Madrid would be over. I therefore set out for Spain alone.

Arrival at Madrid

At Madrid I was received by Mr. Perry, the secretary of legation, a gentleman five years older than I, of very prepossessing appearance and pleasant address. My arrival relieved him of considerable anxiety. He informed me that Queen Isabella was on the point of leaving Madrid for Santander, a seaside place, and that if I had not arrived before her departure, my official reception would have had to be delayed for several weeks. He had conferred upon this matter with the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Don Saturnino Calderon Collantes, and the Queen had consented to receive me at the royal palace the next evening at half-past nine o'clock. Mr. Perry impressed upon me that this arrangement was to be accepted by me as a great favor. He had secured quarters for me at the hotel "de los Embajadores." After my instalment there we went together to the office of the American Legation, which was situated at some distance in the Calle de Alcala. I sat down to compose the little speech with which I was to present my "letter of credence," addressed by the President to the Queen of Spain. This done, I put some official papers which I had brought with me into the desk assigned to me. Mr. Perry then took me to the foreign office for my first official call, and then to the hotel where I was to rest while he communicated my speech to the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

On the way to the hotel Mr. Perry remarked something about the official dress in which we were to appear that evening. It being at that time still the rule that the ministers of the United States should wear a certain uniform at foreign courts, — a richly embroidered dress-coat with correspondingly ornamental trousers, a cocked hat, and a court-sword, — I had ordered those articles at the establishment of a tailor at Paris who seemed to have the custom of American diplomacy, but they were not ready when I left Paris for Madrid. They would be sent after me in a few days. I could, therefore, appear before the Queen only in an ordinary gentleman's evening attire.

Mr. Perry seemed to be much disturbed by this revelation. He did not know how the "Introductor de los Embajadores," a high court-official who had to supervise the ceremonial of such state functions, would like it. He feared that there would be difficulty. However, he would lay the state of things before that dignitary and do his best to arrange matters. An hour or two later Mr. Perry returned with the report that the Introductor de los Embajadores, a very solemn and punctilious grandee, had at first grown pale at the idea of a foreign minister being received in plain evening clothes by her Majesty. He doubted whether such a thing had ever happened in the history of the Spanish monarchy, and whether it was compatible with the dignity of the Spanish throne. Mr. Perry then hurried to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, who succeeded in persuading the Introductor de los Embajadores that the exigencies of the situation would justify a departure from ever so solemn a rule, but that official still insisting that he would not permit such a departure without special permission from her Majesty, the matter was hurriedly submitted by the Minister to the Queen, who graciously consented. This crisis being happily passed, I was to rest in peace until nine in the evening, when Mr. Perry was to call for me with a carriage to take me to the palace.

Reception by Queen Isabella — The Affair of the Credentials

At the appointed hour Mr. Perry arrived and found me in blameless evening attire, ready for action. I had only to put the "letter of credence," to be presented to the Queen, in my pocket. But — good heavens! — where was that letter of credence? Not

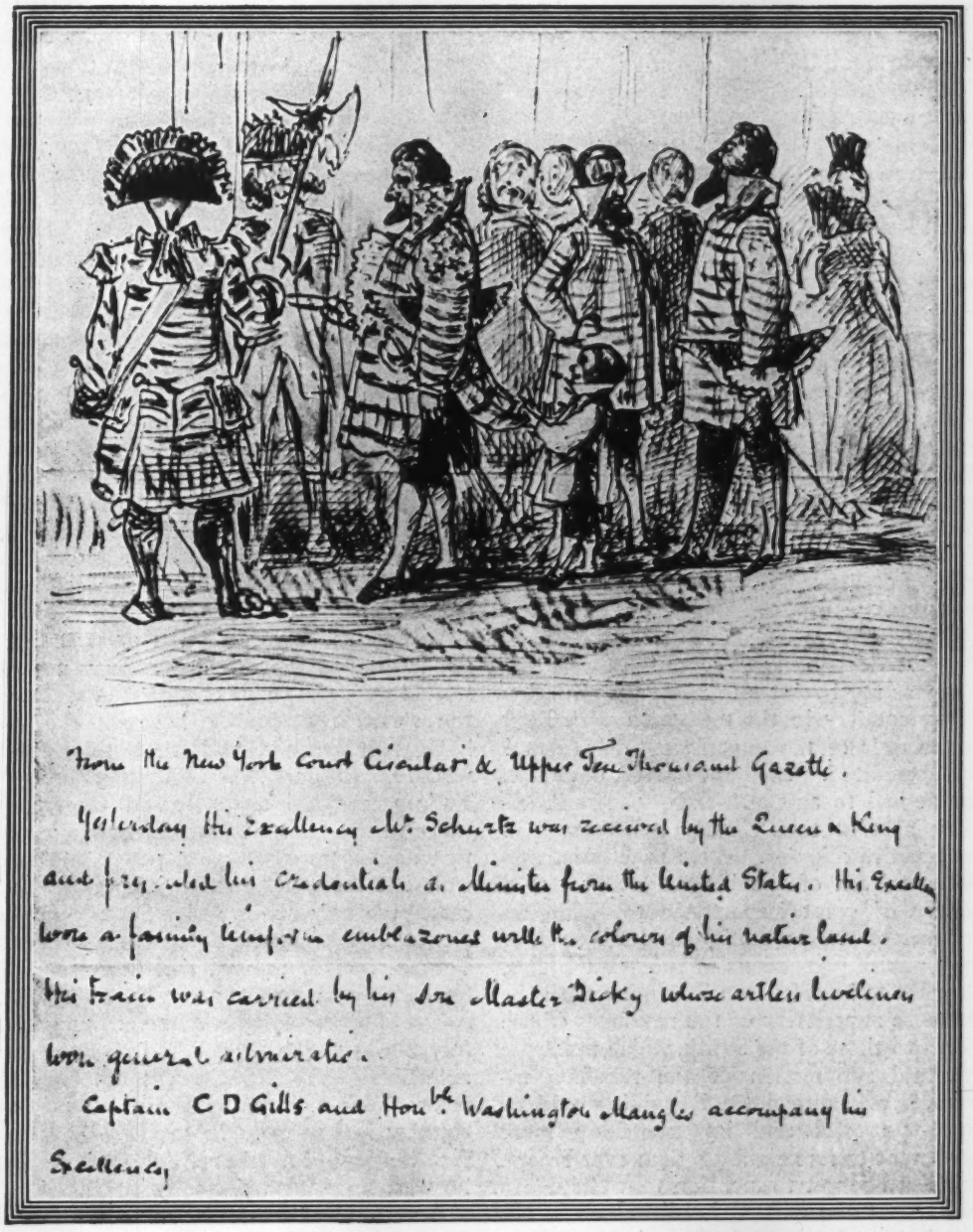
to be found! Could it have been among the papers which I had locked up in my desk at the office of the Legation? It must have been so. But what was now to be done? To drive to the Legation and from there to the palace was impossible. We should not have arrived at the palace until half an hour after the time appointed by the Queen. That the Queen should be made to wait for a foreign gentleman in plain evening clothes could not be thought of. Only a bold stroke could save the situation; and such a stroke I resolved upon. I took a newspaper and put it carefully folded into a large envelop of the official size, which I inscribed to "Doña Isabella, Queen of Spain." This envelop I would hand to her Majesty at the ceremonial, and I asked Mr. Perry to have a short aside with the Minister of Foreign Affairs for the purpose of informing him of what had happened, of excusing me as best he could, and of requesting him not to open the envelop in her Majesty's presence after she had handed it to him. The real letter of credence would surely be presented to him the next morning. Fortunately Mr. Perry, who had a Spanish wife and spoke the language perfectly, was well acquainted with Don Saturnino, and so we hoped that this new crisis would be safely passed, too.

Thus armed and equipped we drove to the palace. At the foot of the great staircase stood two halberdiers in gorgeous medieval costume, to guard the passage to the room of state. When they saw me in plain evening dress, the dignity of the Spanish throne must have occurred to them, too, for they crossed their halberds and refused to let us ascend. Mr. Perry wore the uniform of a Secretary of Legation, but this did not satisfy the halberdiers, who looked at me with evident disapproval and suspicion. Mr. Perry, putting on a proud and indignant mien and assuming a tone of command, called upon one of the flunkies who stood on the stairs instantly to run up and report to the Introductor de los Embajadores the outrage that had been inflicted on the Minister of the United States. The Introductor came rushing down with an expression of consternation on his face, threw apart the crossed halberds with his own hands, poured forth a torrent of Spanish words which obviously were meant for apologies, and we ascended the great staircase in triumph.

In the hall of state we found Sir John Crumpton the new British minister, with his staff, who was also to present his credentials. As he had called at the foreign office a little earlier than I, he was entitled to precedence. The Minister of Foreign Affairs was also on hand; and, as we were waiting for the Queen, Mr. Perry had time to communicate to him in a few hurried words our embarrassment concerning the letter of credence and the expedient I had resorted to. The Minister looked grave, but nodded. A door was flung open, a gorgeously attired official shouted something into the hall, and the Queen appeared, a portly dame with a fat and unhandsome but good-natured looking face. Sir John Crumpton went through the ceremony, and as I looked on I could study his performance as a model for what I had to do. When my turn came, I made as good a bow as Sir John had made, delivered my little speech in English, of which the Queen did not understand a word, and presented the envelop containing a newspaper to the Queen, who held the precious object in her hand while she delivered a little speech in Spanish to me, of which I did not understand a word; whereupon, with a grand swing, she turned the envelop, unopened, over to the Minister of Foreign Affairs. He took it, bowing profoundly. While he did so, I caught Don Saturnino's eye and saw a knowing smile flitting across his features. Then, according to custom, the Queen spoke to me conversationally in French, expressing the hope that I was well and would be pleased with Spain, and I said something polite in response. Then another bow, and the ceremony was over.

The King, A Pitiful Figure

But I was told that I was to present myself, also, to the King, Don Francisco de Assisi. He was, in fact, only the "Prince Consort" to the Queen, but had, by an arrangement of courtesy, received the title of "King" and "his Majesty," on the occasion of his marriage to the Queen. His only political function consisted in presenting himself to the world as the official father of Isabella's children. The affair of Isabella's marriage had in the early 40's created great excitement in Europe, owing to the anxiety of some powers, lest some other power gain in advantage by a family alliance with the Spanish dynasty. It was at last thought safest that Isabella marry a Spanish Bourbon, and Don Francisco appeared to be the only available candidate, although


From the New York Court Circular & Upper Ten Thousand Gazette.
Yesterday His Excellency Mr. Schurtz was received by the Queen a King and presented his Credentials as Minister from the United States. His Excellcy wore a dashing uniform embroidered with the colours of his native land. His Train was carried by his Son Master Dicky whose artless loveliness won general admiration.
Captain C D Gills and Hon.ble Washington Mangles accompany his Excellency

A facsimile of a cartoon and note by Thackeray, made by him at the time of Mr. Schurz' presentation at the Spanish Court, reproduced here through the courtesy of the owner, Mr. Brander Matthews

he was a very disagreeable person to Isabella herself. Thus the ill-sorted couple were united in wedlock for so-called "state reasons."

The "King" was not present in the great hall where the foreign ministers were received by the Queen, and I was conducted through long corridors to his apartments. Suddenly a door was opened, and I almost stumbled over a very little man standing on the threshold of a small, dimly-lighted room. I was greatly surprised, on being presented, to hear this little person addressed as "his Majesty, the King." The conversation that followed, carried on in French, was simple in the extreme. The King spoke in a cracked soprano voice, somewhat like the scream of a young hen. He said that he

was very glad to see me, that he hoped my long journey all the way from America to Spain had been a pleasant one, and especially that I had not been very seasick. Did I ever get very seasick? I was happy to assure his Majesty that my journey had been throughout a pleasant one and that I had not been at all seasick, and that I hoped his Majesty was in good health. His Majesty replied that he was entirely well, but he thought never to get seasick was a rare thing. It was a great gift of nature,— a very valuable gift indeed. After this utterance, our theme seemed to be exhausted, and I was permitted to withdraw. When thinking over the events of the day, before falling asleep, my introduction into diplomatic life in Madrid appeared to me very much like an act in an opera bouffe,— a comical prelude to serious business.

The following day I delivered the genuine letter of credence to Don Saturnino Calderon Collantes. . .

Schurz Argues the Northern Cause

It was my business to place the situation of my country in the most favorable light in the eyes of the government to which I was accredited. In Spain I could, of course, not appeal to any anti-slavery feeling, because at that time slavery still existed in the Spanish colonies. But as the friendship and good-will of the United States was a matter of great importance to Spain on account of the proximity to our shores of the Spanish possessions in the West Indies, I sought to impress Don Saturnino with the immense superiority of the resources of the North to those of the South, which made the eventual suppression of the rebellion inevitable, whereupon the Republic would be more powerful and its friendship more important to its neighbors than ever before. Nor did I forget to mention that the desire to annex Cuba existed hardly at all in the North, but almost exclusively in the South, and that if, by a wonder, the Southern Confederacy should succeed in establishing its independence, it would certainly strive to strengthen itself territorially, and would turn its eyes toward Cuba at once. Don Saturnino recognized this as probable, although he was proudly confident that Spain would always be powerful enough to hold her own.

But as to the superiority of our North to the Southern insurgents, he had his doubts. The North being a manufacturing country and the South an agricultural country, the North thus depending upon the South for bread-stuffs and other agricultural products, he could not see how the North could carry on a war against the South for any length of time without exposing itself to great distress. Don Saturnino seemed greatly surprised when I explained to him that the North was by no means an exclusively manufacturing country; that, on the contrary, agriculture was the greatest source of Northern wealth; that instead of the North depending upon the South for breadstuffs, the South depended in a large measure upon the North; and that, in fact, the North exported a considerable quantity of breadstuffs to European countries, and even to the Spanish colonies that needed them. This seemed to be to Don Saturnino an entirely new view of the case, and he expressed his evident surprise by an occasional ejaculation of "Ah! ah!"

Whether I convinced him or not, I did not know, but he assured me that it was the settled policy of his government to maintain the strictest neutrality between the two belligerent parties, and that this policy would be adhered to in absolute good faith. To impress me, I suppose, with the importance to the United States of such a resolution on the part of such a power as Spain, Don Saturnino told me much of the successes recently achieved by Spain over the Moors in Africa, of the great victory at Tetuan, and of the old and new glories of Spanish arms; and he actually stated in the course of his remarks, as a universally known fact, about which there could be no reasonable dispute, that Spain was not only the most civilized, but also the most powerful country in Europe. In saying this with a face that could not have been more serious, he was, no doubt, perfectly sincere.

A veritable treasure I found in my Secretary of Legation, Mr. Horatio I. Perry. He was a native of New Hampshire, a graduate of Harvard, and a remarkably handsome man. He had come to Spain in 1849 as Secretary of the American Legation under the administration of President Taylor, married a Spanish lady, Doña Carolina Coronado, and, after having ceased to be connected with the diplomatic service, remained in Spain on account of his wife, who could not make up her mind to migrate to the far-away United States. I have reason

QUEEN ISABELLA OF SPAIN AND THE PRINCE CONSORT

for believing that although his social position in Madrid was very agreeable, he never ceased to pine for his native land, and when the news of the great conflict in America came, he eagerly longed for an opportunity to make himself useful in the service of his Government. It was sometimes pathetic to observe how the yearning created by his long involuntary separation from his country inflamed his desire to serve it in its hour of peril. Not many years later it was Mr. Perry's sad fate to die in Spain without having seen his native country again,— one of the truest and most enthusiastic of Americans sleeping in foreign soil.

The Perry family had rented a house and garden in the outskirts of Madrid, called "La Quinta," "the country house," because it was the only place of the kind in the immediate vicinity of the capital city. The quaint old house, which had belonged to the famous Queen Christina and had been occasionally inhabited by her, was large beyond the needs of the Perrys, and pleased me so much that I took a suitable part of it, containing a spacious salon with antechamber, dining-room, library, and several bed-chambers, off their hands, to establish there my own quarters.

For a little while I tried to keep house for myself in my part of the Quinta. I had my majordomo and other servants in customary style. But soon I discovered that I was being robbed most mercilessly. I had not only to pay incredible prices for everything that was bought for me, but also my small belongings, such as shirts, neckties, handkerchiefs, and similar things disappeared with amazing rapidity. It was a great relief to me when the Perrys offered to take charge of my domestic affairs, and the arrangement worked well beyond my anticipation.

A number of cartoons, similar in idea to the above, were reproduced in "Punch" during the early stages of the Civil War. They were occasioned by the Trent Affair

Friendly Attitude of Count Galen, the Prussian Minister

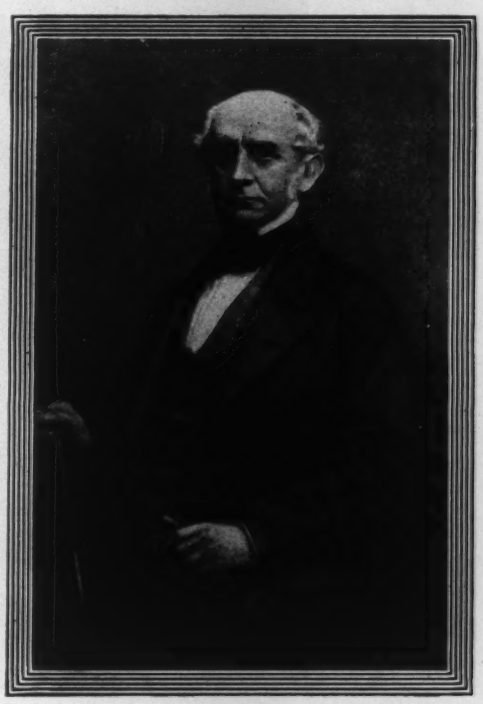
The social intercourse which my diplomatic position opened to me was agreeable but not extraordinarily interesting. Most of my colleagues were serious and well-informed men,—not, indeed, statesmen of the highest order, but attentive observers and good reasoners, from whom one could learn something. The minister with whom my relations became most agreeable was Count Galen, remarkable to tell,—the representative of the Prussian Government, which only a few years before had prosecuted me as a revolutionary offender, a state criminal. Count Galen, a Westphalian, was a kinsman of the Count Wolf-Metternich, whose tenant my grandfather had been, and in whose castle I was born. Count Galen had, as a young man, been a visitor in the Gracht, the "Burg" of Liblar, and he remembered very well my grandfather, the "Burghalfen." That I, the grandson of that "Burghalfen," should now turn up at the Spanish court as the diplomatic colleague of Count Wolf-Metternich's kinsman, seemed to us a fantastic, but also a propitious, whim of fortune, and our common memories of the "Burg" at Liblar and its inhabitants formed the subject of many a pleasant talk. Count Galen took a lively interest in American affairs, and from his utterances I could form an intelligent conclusion as to the true nature of the attitude of the Prussian Government with regard to our internal conflict. A considerable portion of the Prussian nobility, as well as many officers of the army, hating democracy and wishing that the Republic of the United States, as the greatest and most attractive example of democracy, should fail, and also believing that our slave-holders as a class corresponded most nearly with the aristocracy in European countries, instinctively sympathized with the insurgent Southern Confederacy. But all the rest of the Prussian people, that is, an overwhelming majority of them, comprising the most intelligent, active, and progressive elements, were decidedly and vigorously in sympathy with the North and the Union. Moreover, the traditional policy of Prussia was to cultivate

the most friendly relations with the United States. The Government and the people at large were thus united in this sentiment. The attitude of the Prussian Government was, therefore, not only one of neutrality, but one of distinctly amicable, well-wishing neutrality. And this friendly feeling Count Galen seemed heartily to share. . . .

The Queen's Pilgrimage to the Escorial

According to custom, the diplomatic corps followed the court to the Queen's summer residence, La Granja, at San Ildelonso, and thence to the Escorial, where the Queen was to stop a few days for the purpose of visiting the tombs of her ancestors and "doing penance." Of the "opera bouffe" part of my diplomatic life in Spain, those days formed the climax. Here was the Escorial palace, looking like a huge penitentiary, in somber gray stone, surmounted by a majestic church cupola,— the whole edifice breathing the atmosphere of the gloomy and terrible Philip II., the devout and bloody executioner of the Inquisition. In it was a little balcony, overlooking the interior of the church, itself looking like a dungeon-cell, in which Philip used to sit hearing mass. And deep down, surrounded by high and dark stone walls like an airshaft, was a little courtyard, damp and chill, into which no sunbeam could ever penetrate, but which was said to have been Philip's favorite place for "taking a walk," like a bear or a tiger in a pit. And then the crypt with the tombs of Philip and the other Spanish royalties. And there "doing penance" in these surroundings was the gay Isabella, the dissoluteness of whose life was so universally admitted that it may be said to have been accepted history. But the circumstances under which the gay Isabella was then "doing penance" were more than ordinarily peculiar. There was a story running from mouth to mouth, which nobody contradicted, and which, as far as I was aware, "everybody" believed. It was to this effect:— that right then and there, while doing penance, Queen Isabella had experienced a change of heart,— that is, not that she had turned to sackcloth and ashes in repenting of her sins, but that she had changed her heart from her old lover to a new one. Her recognized favorite for some time had been Don Juan Tenorio, her private secretary. Desiring to rid herself of him, Queen Isabella offered him the embassy to the Papal Court at Rome. But Don Juan, of whom it was said that he was really attached to the Queen with a sentimental affection and that he was now consumed by jealousy, declined the offer and simply retired to some solitude in which to nurse the agonies of jilted love.

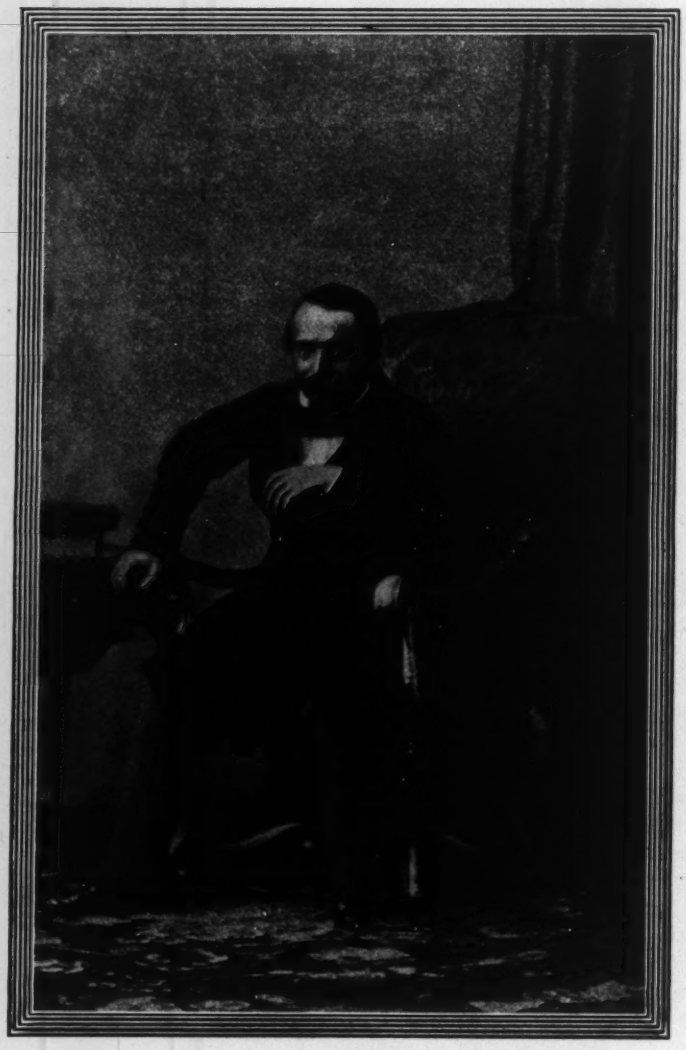
Whether the story of the burlesque enacted at the Escorial ever got into the newspapers or otherwise became known to the great public in Spain, I cannot say. But although



CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS

United States Minister to England 1861-1868. "The dignity of his country was well-embodied in his own"

that Spanish public was not unaccustomed to court scandals, Isabella managed to sink so low in the estimation of the best part of the Spanish people, that when some years later she was swept from the throne, the absolute lack of respect for her no doubt made the work of the revolutionary movement against her very much easier than it otherwise would have been. While I am writing this, Isabella is said still to enjoy in Paris the life of a Queen in exile. Poor "King" Don Francisco, who in Madrid hung about the Court somewhat like a charity boarder with a title, has recently



NAPOLEON III.

died a quiet death without leaving a void.

Embarrassment After Bull Run

It is impossible to describe the gloom cast upon our legation by the news of the disastrous battle of Bull Run. I could not see a Spaniard smile without suspecting that he was laughing at our rout. I noticed that my colleagues of the diplomatic corps, who would have more or less freely, and perhaps even sympathetically, talked with me about an ordinary national misfortune, refrained from mentioning the battle of Bull Run in my presence, as people will refrain from mentioning a family disgrace in the presence of the husband or father concerned. The onlv one who visited me and made inquiries about the event in a tone of a frank and sympathetic friend was the Prussian Minister, Count Galen. I could not tell him more than he already knew from the public prints, except that I was confident the American Government and people would rise with undaunted determination to the duty of the hour, and thus repair the disaster.

The agitation for the recognition of the Southern Confederacy proceeded rather more vigorously than before; and it was not unreasonable to predict that such a recognition would soon be followed by a concerted effort of foreign powers to break up our blockade of the Southern ports and by other acts of interference highly dangerous to the

Union cause. There was, indeed, no reason to fear that Spain would, of her own initiative, launch out in such a policy. She was restrained, not, perhaps, by any love for the United States, but by her weakness in point of military and naval resources and by the exposed situation of her colonial possessions in the West Indies. She had, at that period, more to fear from the aggressiveness and land greed of an independent slave-holding Confederacy, than from a Union in which the slave-holding element was held in check by more potent influences. It was, therefore, the manifest interest of Spain to remain on good terms with the Union; and when the Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs assured me of the friendly sentiments of his Government, he was, no doubt, sincere. It would have required a very strong impulse from France and England to push Spain into a change of her attitude. The important question, therefore, was what France and England would do.

Hostile Influences in England and France

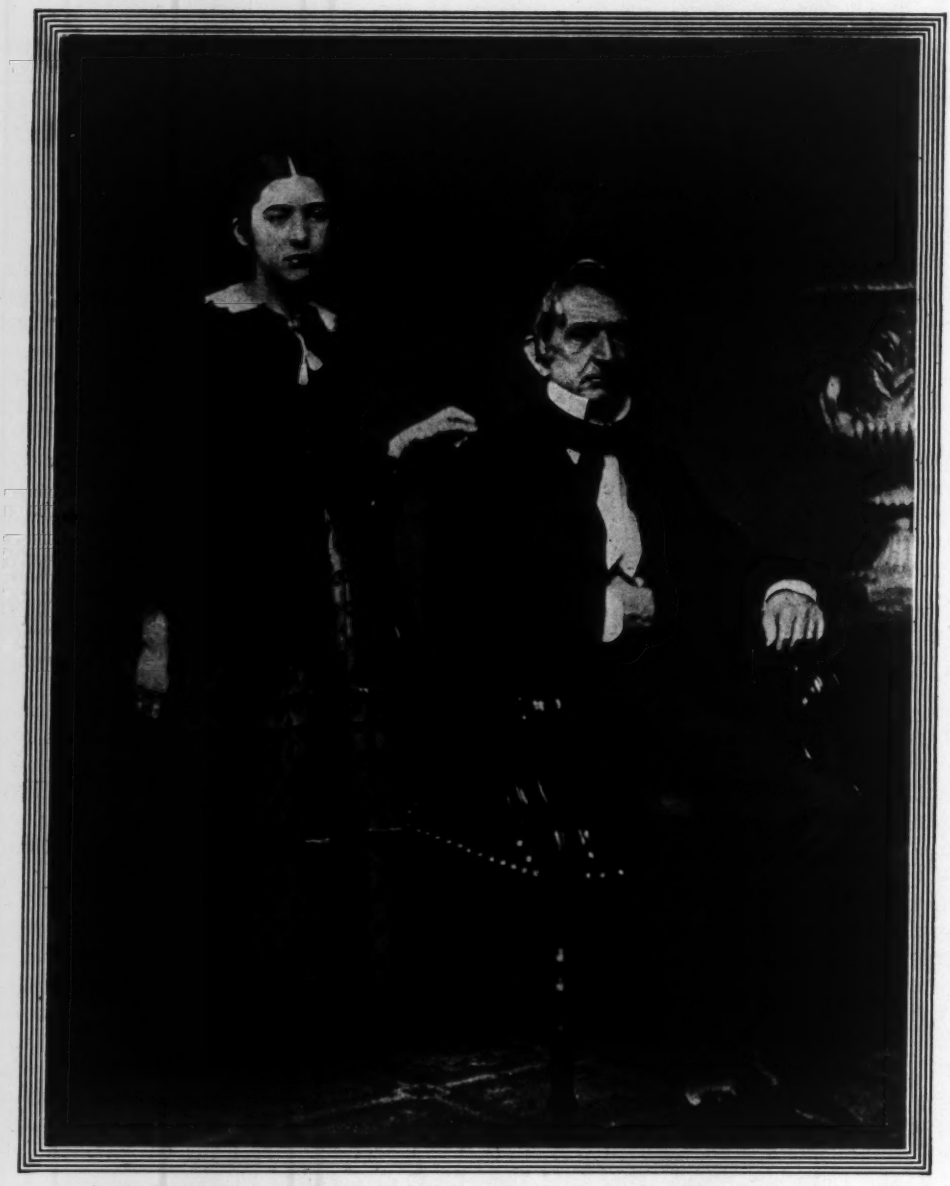
As I could gather from the newspapers, as well as from my correspondence, there were several influences pressing for action unfavorable to our cause: — the anti-democratic element, naturally sympathizing with anything that promised to demonstrate the failure of the great democratic experiment in the New World; business interests in France and England, depending upon the regular supply of raw cotton, which was interrupted by our blockade of the Southern ports; the displeasure created by our new tariff on imports, the so-called Morrill Tariff, which disturbed the commerce between European countries and the United States, while the Confederate Government was profuse in its free-trade professions; and finally the wide-spread belief that the breaking up of the Union was an established and irreversible fact, and that the task the Government of the United States had assumed, of subjugating so large an extent of country, defended by a united and warlike population, was a hopeless undertaking, involving absolutely useless shedding of blood and destruction of property. It was even thought that it would be rendering a service to humanity to stop such a war, which was denounced as almost criminal because of its evident futility. Views not unlike these were entertained and expressed even by such a Liberal as Gladstone.

In France, the decision as to the action of the Government depended in a great measure upon the view the Emperor Louis Napoleon took of his personal or dynastic advantage. His sympathies were instinctively with the Southern Confederacy. He harbored in his mind vague schemes of aggrandizement, the execution of which would have been much facilitated by the dismemberment of the United States. He would, therefore, have been glad to break our blockade of the Southern ports and even to interfere directly in our struggle in favor of the Southern Confederacy, could he have done so without running against a strong public opinion in his own country, and also without the risk of entangling himself single-handed in a conflict of such magnitude that it might compromise the position of France among the powers of Europe. For this reason he was anxious to obtain the coöperation of Great Britain in the enterprise. He sought that coöperation with great solicitude. With England, therefore, the decision rested.

In England, the Government depended upon public opinion in a far greater measure than in France. If public opinion in England distinctly demanded the recognition of the Southern Confederacy and active interference in its behalf, those things would certainly come. If public opinion distinctly forbade them, they would certainly not come.

The question now was, What arguments could be brought forth in our favor to overcome those that were so assiduously and so effectively marshaled against it? The answer to that question, as I conceived it, was simply that we should tell the world the plain truth about the real nature of our struggle, and upon that statement appeal to the moral sense and the enlightened judgment of civilized mankind.

In this respect the attitude of our Government appeared unhappily ambiguous. The home situation was prolific of complicated embarrassments. Although every clear-minded person recognized that the war was bound to result ultimately in the total destruction of slavery, the spirit of abundant caution in the Administration insisted upon keeping the anti-slavery tendency of the conflict in the background in order to spare the sensitiveness of the Union men in the border states and of the war Democrats who would protest against the "war for the Union" being turned into an "abolition



WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD AND HIS DAUGHTER FANNY

From a photograph made about 1861

war." But whether that caution was demanded or even justified by the home situation, certain it is that it grievously impaired the moral strength which our cause would otherwise naturally have had in the world abroad. Hardly anything would in this respect have been more important than the official interpretation of the national aspirations, given by our Secretary of State, who was charged with the duty of speaking for us to the outside world.

Seward's Plan of "War Against the World"

In fact, the operations of Seward's mind at this period may be ranked among the most curious puzzles of history. Having been regarded as one of the most radical anti-slavery men before Lincoln's election, he became, after that event, apparently at least, one of the most timid. As appears from his private correspondence, since

published, he regarded himself as appointed by Providence, as well as by the tacit consent of both political parties, to "compose" the trouble created by the secession movement. He seemed to believe that this composition could be effected by mutual concessions, by compromise with regard to slavery. But when the question, What concession would he offer? arose, it turned out that he could offer only the advice to let the slavery question alone, and to think and talk of something else. He incurred the displeasure of the anti-slavery men by assuming the attitude of a compromiser, and the displeasure of the real compromisers by having no substantial compromise to offer. What he had in his mind, as subsequently revealed by Nicolay and Hay's account of his memorandum of April 1st, was a plan to pull the seceders back into the Union,— a plan so amazing in its fatuity, that nobody would believe its conception possible, were it not on undeniable record.

In that paper, addressed by Seward to President Lincoln, he proposed that the slavery question be put out of sight, and that categorical inquiries be thrust at France, Great Britain, Russia, and Spain, such as ordinarily are followed by a declaration of war,— his idea being that conflicts with foreign powers would serve to excite an enthusiastic national outburst of an America-against-the-world furor, in the South as well as the North, sufficiently strong to make the Southern people forget their quarrel with the North and to range them and the Northern brethren side by side in a common fight against the foreigner. And this at the moment when nothing would have delighted the Southern Secessionists more than to see the Union entangled in a conflict with a strong foreign power, which foreign power would then have been the natural ally of the Confederacy. How any one could hope that under such circumstances an actual conflict between those powers and the United States, the very thing our Secessionists ardently desired, would reunite the South and the North in a common national enthusiasm, passes understanding.

When Lincoln had buried in discreet and generous silence Seward's policy of war against the world, Seward contented himself with making foreign governments understand that they could not recognize the Southern Confederacy as an independent nation without incurring the active resentment of the United States. He did this in language which was always earnest and eloquent, and sometimes even rose to oratorical fervor. This was well as far as it went, and no doubt had the effect of convincing the French Emperor and the leading statesmen of Great Britain that they could not defy the United States without running the risk of complications which might become very serious to them for the time being, however disastrous they would be in the end to us. He probably deterred the French Emperor from taking any offensive steps without the consent and coöperation of Great Britain. But the greatness of the risk to them involved in such complications would depend upon the ability of the United States to hold the field against European enemies and against the Southern Confederacy at the same time, and this ability would in its turn depend upon the fortunes of war in our civil conflict. Unless we gained advantages in that conflict great enough to give us a decided superiority in our own country, Seward's bold words, sometimes bordering upon actual menace, would lose their impressive force and finally sound only like hollow thunder. And there was the danger — a danger which was visibly increasing after our defeat at Bull Run and several other mishaps on the field of military operations soon following. It may have been ever so true that, as Seward said, the people of the North would not have given up their cause, even if foreign powers had intervened in favor of the Southern Confederacy. But it must have been clear to every sober mind, that against the combination of European powers and the Southern Confederacy, the chances of the Union would have been desperate almost to hopelessness.

Schurz' Impressive Warning

Under these circumstances, I thought it my duty to communicate to my Government the result of my inquiries and my reflections thereon, and as the despatch I wrote has been noticed in historical works as "the first impressive warning of this danger," I may be pardoned for quoting here the principal part of it:

> It is my conviction, and I consider it a duty to communicate it to you, that the sympathies of the liberal masses in Europe are not as unconditionally in our favor as might be desired, and

that unless the war ends soon, or something be done to give our cause a stronger foothold in the popular heart, they will, in the end, not be decided and powerful enough to control the actions of those governments whose good-will or neutrality is to us of the greatest importance. When the struggle about the slavery question in the United States assumed the form of an armed conflict, it was generally supposed in Europe that the destruction of slavery was to be the avowed object of the policy of the government, and that the war would, in fact, be nothing less than a grand uprising of the popular conscience in favor of a great humanitarian principle. If this opinion had been confirmed by the evidence of facts, the attitude of Europe, as determined by popular sentiment, could not have been doubtful a single moment. But it was remarked, not without a feeling of surprise and disappointment, that the federal government, in its public declaration, cautiously avoided the mentioning of the slavery question as the cause and origin of the conflict; that its acts, at the beginning of the war, at least, were marked by a strikingly scrupulous respect for the sanctity of slave property; and that the ultimate extinction of an institution so hateful to European minds was most emphatically denied to be one of the objects of the war. I do not mean to question the wisdom of the government under circumstances so difficult and perplexing, but I am bearing witness to the effect its attitude produced upon public opinion in Europe. It is exceedingly difficult to make Europeans understand, not only why the free and prosperous North should fight morally for the privilege of being reassociated with the imperious and troublesome slave States, but also why the principle, by virtue of which a population, sufficiently strong for establishing and maintaining an independent national existence, possesses the right to have a government and institutions of its own choice, should not be recognized in monarchical Europe. I have had to discuss this point with men whose sympathies were most sincerely on our side, and all my constitutional arguments failed to convince them that such a right can be consistently denied, unless our cause was based upon principles of a higher nature. I know that journalists, who, in their papers, work for us to the best of their ability, are secretly troubled with serious scruples on that point. The agents of the South, whose footprints are frequently visible in the public press, are availing themselves of this state of things with great adroitness. While they carefully abstain from alluding to the rights of slavery, they speak of free trade and cotton to the merchant and the manufacturer, and of the right of self-government to the liberal. They keep it well before the people that the same means of repression which are of so beneficial a memory to most European nations, — the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus, arbitrary imprisonments, the confiscation of newspapers, the use of armed force,— are not found necessary to prop the federal government; and that the latter, in its effort to crush the independent spirit of eight millions of people, is, with rapid strides, approaching the line which separates democratic government from the attributes of an arbitrary despotism. The incidents of war, so unfavorable to our arms, could not fail to give weight and color to these representations. . . . And if opinions like these could gain ground among our natural friends, what have we to expect of those who secretly desire a permanent disruption of the Union? . . . And what will the federal government have to oppose to this plausible reasoning? A rupture of relations, which would undoubtedly be more disagreeable to us than to them? Fleets and armies, which so far have been hardly able to close some Southern ports and to protect the President from capture in his capital? The resentment of the American people, which has ceased to be formidable? There are, in my opinion, but two ways in which the overwhelming perplexities can be averted which a rupture with foreign powers, added to our troubles at home, would inevitably bring upon us. The one consists in great and decisive military success speedily accomplished; and the other in such measures and manifestations on the part of the government as will place the war against the rebellious slave States upon a higher moral basis, and therefore give us the control of public opinion in Europe. . . . It is my profound conviction that as soon as the war becomes distinctly one for and against slavery, public opinion will be so strongly, so overwhelmingly in our favor, that, in spite of commercial interests or secret spites, no European government will dare to place itself, by declaration or act, upon the side of an universally condemned institution. Our enemies know that well, and we may learn from them. While their agents carefully conceal from the eyes of Europeans their only weak point, their attachment to slavery, ought we to aid them in hiding with equal care our only strong point, our opposition to slavery? While they, well knowing how repugnant slavery is to the European way of feeling, do all to make Europeans forget that they fight for it, ought we, who are equally well acquainted with European sentiment, to abstain from making Europeans remember that we fight against it? In not availing ourselves of our advantages, we relieve the enemy of the odium attached to his cause. It is, therefore, my opinion that every step done by the government toward the abolition of slavery is, as to our standing in Europe, equal to a victory in the field. . . .

The fundamental idea of my despatch was, not that an anti-slavery demonstration in the conduct of our Government would convert our enemies in Europe, but that it would start a current of public opinion in our favor strong enough to balk their schemes, especially in England. And if it did this in England, the matter was decided, for the French Emperor would not venture upon the risky task of actively interfering with our home concerns without Great Britain's consent and support. Subsequent events have proved this expectation to have been well founded.

The anxiously awaited answer of Mr. Seward to my despatch was characteristic of his command of vague and sonorous

language when he wished to talk around the subject instead of directly at and upon it.

He wrote that he could well conceive that if slavery were made the paramount issue, the Government would win more friends abroad, "in the first emergency." But on the other hand it was never to be forgotten that foreign sympathy never created a state, and that love of national life must be the most energetic principle to preserve a nation. For his own part, Seward said, he thought that there was no nation on earth which would not be the worse for the dissolution of the American Union, and that if that consideration should not prove sufficient to prevent unjust intervention, then the intervention must come "as a natural incident in our domestic strife," and he himself entertained, "no fears that we shall not be able to maintain ourselves against all who shall combine against us." . . .

I thought I detected in the letter a symptom of that sort of petulance which is so apt to warp a man's judgment. I apprehended that if Mr. Seward had shown that letter to Mr. Lincoln before sending it off, Mr. Lincoln would not have permitted its expressions to pass in the form in which they stood. It occurred to me that Mr. Seward might even have failed to submit my despatch of September 14th, which went so straight against his policy, to Mr. Lincoln at all. I consulted Mr. Perry upon that point, and he was troubled by the same doubt. I concluded that it was my duty to lay the contents of that despatch, with such enlargements as the progress of events might suggest, before Mr. Lincoln personally.

I therefore addressed to him a letter in which I said that the main object for which I had been sent to Madrid, namely, to secure the friendliest possible relations between Spain and the United States, had been accomplished; that, so far as I could see, no question was likely to arise that might make the uninterrupted presence of a plenipotentiary of the first rank indispensable; that I was troubled by grave doubts as to the general drift of our affairs; that to have these doubts solved, I urgently wished to return to the United States; and that to this end I asked him for a leave of absence from my post, or if this could, for any reason, not be granted, for the acceptance of my resignation.

As a matter of loyalty to my immediate chief, I sent this letter to Mr. Seward, with the request that he present it to the President.

Across the Prussian Frontier

I could not repress a shout of joy when at last an answer came from the President and the State Department, granting my request for leave of absence. My preparations for departure were soon made. My family being at Hamburg, I wished to join them there and to take them with me on a Hamburg steamer to America. To this end I had to cross Prussian territory. I called upon Count Galen, the Prussian Minister, to acquaint him with my desire to join my family at Hamburg, and to ask him whether he thought I could pass through Prussian territory without being noticed. He had no doubt of it, but to satisfy me he would inquire of his Government. The answer came promptly that instructions would at once be given to the officers concerned to extend to me every accommodation I might desire on my way. I so arranged my journey as to cross the Prussian frontier after dark, to pass over the Rhine at Cologne during the night, and to reach Hamburg the next forenoon. When I touched the Prussian frontier, a customs officer above the lower grade presented himself to me, ordered my luggage to pass unexamined, and asked for my wishes. My fellow travelers seemed surprised at the official attention I received and were evidently anxious to know what distinguished person it was they had the honor to travel with. I did not gratify their curiosity. Thus my reappearance in the Fatherland was exceedingly modest and untriumphant. But I was wide awake when my railroad train stopped in the station at Cologne, and I listened to the sound, so familiar from my boyhood days, of the church clocks striking the hour, and when crossing the dear old Rhine, I heard the rushing of his waters in the darkness.

Early in January I embarked with my family for America on the Hamburg steamship "Bavaria."

From New York I hurried at once to Washington, where I first reported to Mr. Seward at the State Department. Owing to the presence of some foreign diplomats waiting upon the Secretary, we cut our conversation short with the understanding that we would discuss matters more fully at a more convenient time. I then went to call

upon Mr. Lincoln at the White House. He received me with the old cordiality.

Lincoln's Views on an "Abolition War"

After the first words of welcome the conversation turned upon the real reasons for my return to the United States. I repeated to Mr. Lincoln substantially the contents of my despatch of September 18th. I did not deem it proper to ask him whether he had ever seen that despatch, and he did not tell me that he had. But he listened to me very attentively, even eagerly, as I thought, without interrupting me. I was still speaking when the door of the room was opened, and the head of Mr. Seward appeared. "Excuse me, Seward," said Mr. Lincoln, "excuse me for a moment. I have something to talk over with this gentleman." Seward withdrew without saying a word. I remember the scene distinctly.

After the short interruption I continued my talk for a while, and when I stopped, Mr. Lincoln sat for a minute silently musing. At last he said:

"You may be right. Probably you are. I have been thinking so myself. I cannot imagine that any European power would dare to recognize and aid the Southern Confederacy if it becomes clear that the Confederacy stands for slavery, and the Union for freedom."

Then he explained to me that, while a distinct anti-slavery policy would remove the foreign danger and would thus work for the preservation of the Union; while, indeed, it might in this respect be necessary for the preservation of the Union; and while he thought that it would soon appear and be recognized to be in every respect necessary: he was in doubt as to whether public opinion at home was sufficiently prepared for it. He was anxious to unite, and to keep united, all the forces of Northern society and of the Union element in the South, especially the border states, in the war for the Union. Would not the cry of "abolition war," such as might be occasioned by a distinct anti-slavery policy, tend to disunite those forces and thus weaken the Union cause? This was the doubt that troubled him, and it troubled him very much. He wished me to look around a little, and in a few days to come back to him and tell him of the impressions I might have gathered. Then he told me how he had enjoyed some of my despatches about Spanish conditions and public men, and how glad he had been to hear from Seward that I was getting on so nicely with the "Dons." So we parted. . . .

Among the members of Congress with whom I had an opportunity for conversing, I found the Republicans mostly in favor of the adoption by the Government of a stronger and more openly pronounced anti-slavery policy. There were exceptions, however,—men who thought their constituents were not quite ready yet to make the "war for the Union" an "abolition war." In some cases these cautious politicians, as happens frequently, were more timid than the state of public sentiment among their people warranted. I went to New York for the purpose of examining the field outside of the reach of the official atmosphere. The impression I received was that party spirit had not remained as silent as it was during the days of the great uprising before my departure for Spain. Some of the Democratic leaders had resumed their old vocabulary in criticizing the "abolitionists" in power. But many of the Democrats who had risen up for the defense of the Union in obedience to their patriotic impulse, had gradually freed themselves of the ties of their old party allegiance and heartily agreed that slavery, being the guilty cause of the whole mischief, must pay the due penalty and perish in the collision. This sentiment had become quite general outside of the circles of hidebound Democratic partizanship, and, among the friends whose advice I sought, it was agreed that the time had come for an open movement in outspoken advocacy of emancipation. To start this movement, we organized an "Emancipation Society" and arranged to hold a public meeting on the sixth of March, in the great hall of the Cooper Institute.

I returned to Washington and at once called upon Mr. Lincoln to report to him what I had seen and heard and what our friends proposed to do.

"Good!" said he. "Very good. And at that meeting you are going to make a speech?"

"Yes."

"Well, now go home and sketch that speech. Do it as quickly as you can. Then come and show me your arguments, and we will talk it over."

Dramatic Climax to Cooper Union Meeting

This draft of my speech, which in the published edition has the title, "Reconciliation by Emancipation," I took to Mr. Lincoln, and he asked me to read it to him. When I had finished, he said: "Now you go and deliver that speech at your meeting on the sixth of March. And maybe you will hear something from me on the same day."

Our meeting at the Cooper Institute was an imposing demonstration. The great hall was crowded to overflowing with an audience representative of all social classes. Every allusion to the abolition of slavery as a necessity for the preservation of the Union, and as a moral deliverance and a consummation devoutly to be wished and sure to come, called forth outbursts of genuine enthusiasm. There was something like religious fervor in the proceedings. While the speaking was going on, the arrival of a despatch from Washington was announced — if I remember rightly, by Horace Greeley, — with the remark that it "would greatly interest this audience." The despatch informed us that President Lincoln had on that day sent a special message to Congress, asking for the adoption of a joint resolution substantially to this effect: "That the United States ought to coöperate with any State which may adopt gradual abolishment of slavery, giving to each State pecuniary aid, to be used by such State in its discretion, to compensate for the inconveniences, public and private, produced by such change of system."

The announcement was received by the whole assemblage with transports of joy. Everybody felt that, although the resolution proposed was in a high degree cautious and conservative, yet it indicated the true relation between the Civil War and slavery. Here the abolishment of slavery with compensation was distinctly pointed out as a measure of peace and reunion. If the slave States rejected it, they would have to bear the consequences. . . .

Congress adopted the resolution, but not one of the slave-holding States responded. Thus their last opportunity for securing a gradual abolishment of slavery, with compensation to the owners, was lost. Before the end of April, Congress enacted a law prohibiting slavery in the District of Columbia. The practice of surrendering to their owners slaves who had come into the lines of our armies,— a practice which had long been kept up by some military commanders, — ceased altogether.

Emancipation Decree Stirs England

The prediction that the adoption of a policy stamping the war for the Union distinctly as a war against slavery, would remove all danger of foreign interference in favor of those fighting for slavery, was amply fulfilled. It did, indeed, not convert those who for commercial or political reasons desired the disruption of the American Union. But it stripped their schemes and efforts of their chance of success, in spite of the repeated and discouraging reverses still suffered by the arms of the Union,— reverses which at times made the Union cause look almost hopeless. In vain did a large part of the aristocracy and of the rich middle class in England continue to vent their dislike and jealousy of the great American Republic in sneers and jibes; in vain did statesmen — even Mr. Gladstone — proclaim their belief that the Union would never overcome the rebellion, and that the war was only useless and wanton bloodshed; in vain did the London *Times* and a host of other newspapers in its wake deride the logic of President Lincoln's emancipation decree and denounce it as a devilish provocation of servile war. The great masses of the English people, moved by their instinctive love of liberty, awoke to the true nature of our struggle, and they had spokesmen of profound moral enthusiasm. "Exeter Hall" thundered forth mighty appeals for the American North fighting against slavery. Scores and hundreds of public meetings were held all over Great Britain, giving emphasis to the great upheaval of conscience for human freedom. As if to shame Mr. Seward's prophecy that emancipation would bring on European intervention against us, on account of the prolongation of the cotton famine, thousands of the suffering workingmen of Lancashire met and adopted an address to President Lincoln, expressing profound sympathy with the Union cause and thanking the President for what he had done and was doing for the cause of human freedom. From that time on, the anti-slavery spirit of the British people was never silent, and it expressed itself on every occasion with such moral power as not only to exasperate but to overawe the most zealous friends of the Southern Confederacy.

THE HASTE OF JOE SAVARIN

BY

W. A. FRASER

AUTHOR OF "THOROUGHBREDS," "THE EYE OF A GOD," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

THIS is a story of how, on the 13th of August, a White Man does not know everything.

It was all in that land of spruce forest and moss-covered muskeg, ribboned by rivers that rush many miles an hour over cataract beds, and jewel-set with sapphire lakes, and lakes sometimes of emerald; and of its animate life, the patrician Cree Indian and the conglomerate Breed harassed forever and ever the trumpet-voiced moose and the velvet-coated bear and the caribou — the wood-caribou whose head is rigged like a ship, all spars and yards; even his snow-shovel in front being like the bowsprit of a delicate yacht.

In this wondrous land, even ten times more wondrous than the quick memory of this little story, was the happening to the wise White Man.

A thousand and three hundred miles toward the Arctic from Winnipeg, the Athabasca River meets the Pelican, and the two have a little trouble over the matter. They bubble and boil among the boulders that once were shirt studs in the bosom of some glacier or iceberg; and the disturbance is called Pelican Rapid.

Here also is Lake Wapiscaw Portage, which has nothing whatever to do with this story, except that I was there with three adherents when Louis Larue came drifting down the jade-green bosom of old Athabasca.

The atmospheric illusions of a northern river are not for the mastering of a White Man. It is a simple science of twenty years' tuition to know, half-a-mile away, whether a log or a large York boat comes one's way.

That day of Larue's coming, the afternoon sun smote something that rested on the river's breast two points up.

"It's a York boat," I promptly exclaimed. "It will be the Hudson Bay outfit for Fort Wapiscaw."

Sutherland, who was all Indian but his name, answered: "By goss! dat's funny York boat; she's birch bark."

"Dat's Peterborough canoe," declared Lemoine.

Then the optical sleight-of-hand proceeded. It was as though I looked through a reversed telescope. As the something came nearer, it grew smaller; until, touching the bank at my tent, it was a Peterborough canoe, in which sat Louis Larue, Joe Savarin, an Indian, and one of my men from the Saskatchewan.

The tale was soon told. On the Saskatchewan was dire trouble; I was needed with excessive promptitude. John, the man in charge there, had things at sixes and sevens, which make up the bad luck number of thirteen.

My man had come across country to Lac la Biche; there hiring Larue to bring him down in the canoe.

But also was I needed just where I was for a few days; so I told the canoe men to eat, drink, and rest.

Now, there is nobody in the world so difficult to understand as a half-breed — not even a zebra is more incomprehensible. To be told to rest a couple of days, under full pay, in the usual order of things should have been like a gift from the gods; but Joe Savarin's square black face grew sullen with discontent.

Louis was steersman, which is being captain, and the converse was with him. They must go back at once, he said.

I intimated that what they must do, and what they would do, would be affairs of

divers results, — they would camp there till I was ready to go. This ultimatum was really somewhat tentative, for if they had pulled out for Lac la Biche, I might have failed in detaining them.

An Indian or a Breed is not much given to words, except when he is making a speech at a tea dance, or is very drunk; so Louis shrugged his shoulders, in tribute to his French ancestry, and in his dark face hung a heavy scowl that was altogether of his Indian extraction.

Having practically locked them up, out of diplomacy I was kind to the prisoners. Fat pork and bannock were ever at their elbow, to the end that they might forget their discontent. They were made to smoke and drink tea until their eyesight failed; but still, once an hour, Larue came to me with questions of the start. Each time he brought a different tale of the wherefore of their haste: — the water was falling; La Biche River was running dry — they would never get back; his nets were in the water at Lac la Biche and would rot. Memory fails to chronicle the arguments he invented with recurrent versatility. I think Savarin helped him.

Had he but told the true reason, it might have been different; but, in equity, a Breed can no more understand a White Man than a White Man understands a Breed.

I started with them in two days, leaving the man who had come from Saskatchewan.

Once under way, they were no more desirous of speed than was I; a man who is needed in two places at once loves not the midway.

Savarin and the Indian leapt to the collars of the tracking-line as greyhounds might have cast from the leash with eyes enamored of a flitting hare.

The Athabasca was low, long points of rock-cobbled bottom running out far from shore. In the stern, Larue, paddle in hand, sweeping the canoe the full length of the tracking-line out to the proper depth, ate into our progress. It was slow going; much strain for the headway gained.

I had seen canoe trackers race against each other, but never had I been in at such eagerness. Savarin was tireless,— a wolf that tracked hour after hour a wounded buck. When he should have eaten, he lighted a pipe and, holding it between his strong teeth, pushed on; when he *must* eat, because even determined energy must have food, there was a quick frying of pork, a minute for a smoke, the tea-pail emptied in great draughts, and then on again.

Crouched in the canoe, I cared not; it was his energy, his muscles, his way of going. Larue sat silent and heavy-faced, his fierce black eyes watching every rock, every eddy, every treacherous pool.

At Red Stone Rapid he passed the paddle to me and, leaping to the bank, put his broad, massive shoulder to the tracking-line.

How the canoe quivered like something that struggled for life, as the many thousand tons of water clutched at its tissue sides and reared an angry mane at its smiting prow! Demons of great strength grasped my paddle, twisting until tense muscles tore apart in many places.

Sometimes the mastery was with the flood, and the men on the bank, hanging in the leather collars, were pulled in their footing; then the tried craft, swept back from the greater velocity, would ease a little, and the trackers would regain the inches they had lost.

Three times we battled with the narrow gate that was the point of struggle. The third time, inch by inch, we crept through the blue stream that was a wedge between the rock points. And when we had passed, the thin-shelled craft floated in serene content in a bend of quiescent water, as though there were nothing in all that land but peace.

Somehow I had an abnegating thought of incompetence as Larue crept back to the canoe. Perhaps the three silent, coffee-colored men were accrediting the two failures to the inexperience of the *moneas;* the very term "*moneas,*" applied to the Whites, meant, literally, "greenhorns."

All day, through the vast solitude, tabulating our progress by river points, we struggled. The sun sank behind the terraced shale-bank of the river, fluttering ribbons of gold from between giant spruce and poplar as it fled. A chill rose up from the mountain water until I shivered; but still Savarin, head down, tireless-legged, swung on in the leading collar of the tracking-line.

At last, when the night gloom hung over our shoulders like the black cloth of a camera, Larue cried: "Ho, boy! *Cbasqua! Campez ici!*" The collar slipped from Savarin's shoulder, and Buckshot, the Indian, reached the canoe to shore, hand over hand on the line. Larue had given his brief order

in three languages — English, Cree, and French.

Soon we basked in a luxurious prodigality of blazing dry poplar. This and a blanket were all that distinguished us from the forest animals. I slept. In three minutes, it may have been less, Larue touched me on the shoulder, saying: "Grub pile ready, sir."

By a necromancy of time, it was five in the morning.

Savarin, insatiable of exertion, was assimilating large quantities of pork and bannock. He was touched with a devil of attainment: but for Larue and the darkness, I fancy he would have gone on tracking all the previous night.

Again we took up the warfare with old Athabasca. The victory of the previous day had been thirty-five miles; now again the fight was on.

How deceptive the slope of graveled points! Time and again I marveled at the useless wide detour of Larue's sweep, but always to be rebroken of my vain conceit. Sometimes from the canoe I saw the narrow margin of an inch between us and the rock; sometimes we touched the underlying bar; but always onward.

The second day was a replica of the first. But we camped in an earthy night-dream of the Happy Hunting Ground. Under three giant spruces, whose dropping needles had cushioned the earth till it was a gentle bed of silk-like wire, we spread our blankets. Then we ate. It was not an evening meal, it was simply a matter of needed food. And after, almost in silence, there was a pipe.

I watched Savarin curiously as I smoked. Apart from the camp-fire he crouched, like a large wolf, looking into the southern sky. Along his gaze, high hung, was a bright star.

Questioning Larue with my eyes, I nodded toward the man of silent meditation.

Louis swept at the star beacon with his full hand and whispered: "Lac la Biche." I understood — indeed, I had surmised it. Just beneath the twinkling mark lay the home of Savarin; and in his face was the dull hunger of unconquerable longing. What was it? Which one of the many tales had a birthright of truth? In my own mind had been evolved a solution born of knowledge of these forest dwellers. In all the world there is not their equal for gambling. Probably some other, favored of the chance-god, had stripped Savarin at the guessing game; now, with the trip-wage, he would retrieve his lost fortune. It must be that.

The pipe emptied, drugged by the balsam breath of the guardian spruce, I attained to Nirvana. It was a night of oblivion, a brief, sweet resting in the toilless Paradise of the Buddhists.

There was a faint gray light when Larue's voice, soft in its Cree schooling, summoned me back from Nirvana.

From the river a chill mist-cloud crept up the bank, rendering the hot tea a vintage of delight.

"Marse!" and forward to the making of La Biche River that day.

At the first spell, I spoke of two conditions which should be reversed. Savarin was most undoubtedly close to shatterment — the pace was a killer of high degree; while I, pinned between the thwarts of the cedar craft, was like unto a bird-cage in a coat pocket. To say that I was cramped was like speaking of a luxurious relaxation of muscle. I had lockjaw — paralysis; even my eyes were weary, gazing over the sun-mirrored water.

So I begged Larue to entice Savarin into the canoe; I would play train-dog on the tracking-line.

He was horrified. An Ogama, also a government official, could not track with a Nichie; besides, they were in a hurry.

His look — and a Breed has a supercilious stare down to a fine art — plainly intimated that it was no time for amateurish experiments.

Perhaps I was unwise in referring to Savarin's palpable condition; it may be that, out of revenge, he said something to Buckshot.

At any rate, I achieved to the collar, with the Indian in lead on the line.

Gaily enough we essayed the upward way of the seven-mile current — perhaps in the rapids it ran a hundred; I think it did.

Buckshot had a new motive in life. Next to unlimited firewater, there is nothing so great in delight to an Indian as the "doing up" of a paleface.

Buckshot had the stride of a giraffe. He seemed to rest in the collar; when it was smooth going, I verily believe he slept as we traveled. But the two days' strain of Savarin's fierce striving handicapped him almost back to my class.

After a time we came to a long reach of red willows. Perhaps there was a tracking path

"It was not an evening meal, it was simply a matter of needed food"

through this on the eyebrows of the river bank — I even think that at times my feet did strike it; but for the most part I was skidded over the shrubbery like a trailed coat by the taut line that came to me from the Indian's shoulders.

If Buckshot knew that he was toting anything but the canoe, he gave no sign; head down, the gable of his shoulders thrown forward, and long arms pendulous in their swing, he strode. When the willows were too thick for traverse, he walked in the water. So did I. I would have given dollars for the lead, but pride of race forbade me remonstrance.

Savarin had relapsed into somewhat of content. We were still making good time, which was everything.

Once, as we circled a quick sweep of bank wherein there was quiet water, the line was slack to our going; it sizz-zipped through the waters as though we pulled a net of many fishes. Buckshot, perhaps, had an eye in the back of his head; certainly he did not turn his face half an inch to accomplish the vile trick which he put upon me.

Softly going till a strain reached into his leather collar, he suddenly raced forward, and the tracking-line, snapping taut to the

canoe like a fiddle-string, yanked me from the river bank as though I had been a trout on a fish-hook. But Buckshot's onward course dragged me from the water as easily as it had pulled me in; and as we were in a great hurry, I said nothing about this little side issue.

The Indian did not even smile, which was aggravating; his heavy face suffered a transient expression of hurt surprise to pass over it, as though he disapproved of my delaying the progress.

At four o'clock we were opposite La Biche River. We had made ninety miles in three days against the impetuous river.

Crossing over, the gods of fate threw the dice once in my favor. A twist in the wind clutched Buckshot's hat and, flaunting it for a hundred yards, threw it to the swift waters of the Athabasca. I laughed; even Savarin, I fancy, smiled; for Buckshot gave a wolflike howl of dismay. However, we were in a hurry, and the hat could keep right on to Grand Rapids for all we cared.

At the mouth of La Biche, Larue's son was waiting with a wagon. Larue *père* had arranged this transport when leaving home, owing to the low water in La Biche River. He had said nothing of it to me; an Indian loves the extra card up his sleeve. The boy was barren of food. He had expected his father back two days before and, in the waiting, having nothing else to do, had eaten everything. There was a family of Indians camped there; of course, they had helped him. A marked peculiarity of a small Indian party is, that they never have anything to eat in the tepee.

Also, our commissariat was depleted. Larue had provisioned us to the making of La Biche River, expecting supplies there.

However, the main thing was to press forward, because of the fifty-seven reasons Larue had given me at Pelican. So the canoe was loaded upside down on the wagon, and, marshaled like a body-guard to it, we started.

I have noticed this in the Northland, that it always rains when one has nothing to eat; the hungrier one is, the harder it rains. Of course, in winter this is changed to snow.

Larue's son wasn't hungry at all, therefore he was voluble. Perhaps he thought I needed cheering up. At any rate, he turned the driving reins over to his father and strode at my side.

If a Breed discourses of civilization, his tale is garnished with graphic recitals of wild drinking bouts; of fights with the town dwellers; of feminine conquests; that's the limit. Young Larue had wandered far in these many fields of adventure, and nothing on earth except a shot-gun would have checked his narrative.

We traveled fair into the black wall of the night. At times it seemed as though we swam through the atmosphere, it rained so. But traveling with a canoe diagonally across a wagon, through a spruce forest, in the night, has its eventual limitation; otherwise I fancy we should have kept right on until Lac la Biche, fifty miles away, was reached.

We lay down under the rain and let it rain. What mattered it? it couldn't wet us; we were living rivers — little lakes on foot. In candor I may admit that I did crawl under the wagon with its canoe roof.

Toward morning the rain ceased, but it was only a trick of the elements; they knew what they were about. As we proceeded, the trees, the bushes, the grass, were watering cans; at each tap of the wagon wheel, at each brush of the canoe, at every breath of wind, the water splashed on us joyously, eagerly.

The onward progress would have proved monotonous had it not been for a smiling bit of muskeg we essayed. It lay so smooth and fair, that I believe Larue, with all his forest knowledge, went at it too eagerly — it was something to be clear of the forever-and-ever trees. At any rate, half way across, the wagon commenced to disappear; the horses were swimming in black mud. The extrication, in brief, was a matter of strategy. The ever-present rope and chain were in the wagon — Larue *fils* had not been able to eat them. The vehicle salvaged from the Slough of Despond, we took up our pilgrimage.

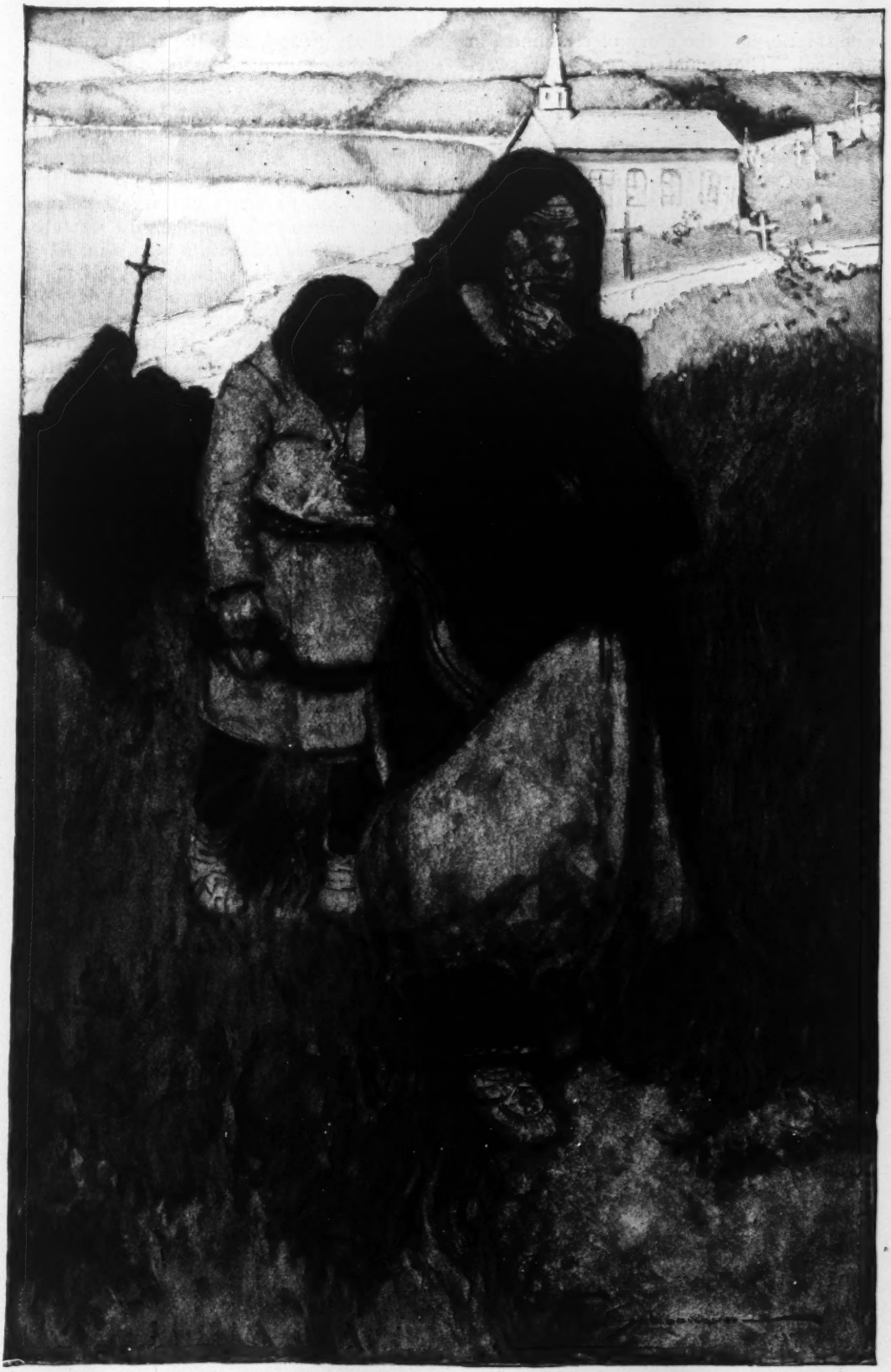
Toward evening we swung out to an open prairie — an outspread Gobelin tapestry of illimitability, flower-spangled till it was a field of cloth of gold.

As I rode beside Larue the driver, a strange figure came undulatingly across the scarlet vista. Like a Castilian don he was, sitting his high-spirited horse like a statue.

"It's Ladouceur, the free-trader," volunteered Larue.

The horseman reined in his steed beside our wagon; through his stirrups peeped moccasins of exquisite workmanship.

That night we camped with him. His hospitality was large; and his little French



"A STRAGGLING LINE OF BREEDS AND INDIANS TOILING WITH BOWED HEADS UP THE HILL"

wife, Marie, had the glory of cleanliness in her soul. The genial grace of her sweet smile claimed us as brothers.

When we left in the morning, I had acquired the moccasins.

It was sixteen miles to Lac la Biche. A mile short of the Post, Savarin, who had been riding, for the road was good now, dropped to earth and, jumping a fence, started at a lope across the fields.

Larue, nodding his head sideways, volunteered an explanation: "Joe, he's live for dat house. S'pose me he's for big hurry see hees leetle boy, he's plenty silk."

We were rising a hill. At the top, looking down over a prairie valley, I saw an emerald-bordered jewel of blue, — Lac la Biche.

Nestling on its southern side, the Hudson Bay Fort gleamed white in the strong sunlight like a thing of marble.

To the right, high on the hill, was a huge Catholic mission.

Suddenly a wail, like the night cry of a she-wolf, came up the winding trail. Next, we could see a straggling line of Breeds and Indians toiling with bowed heads up the hill.

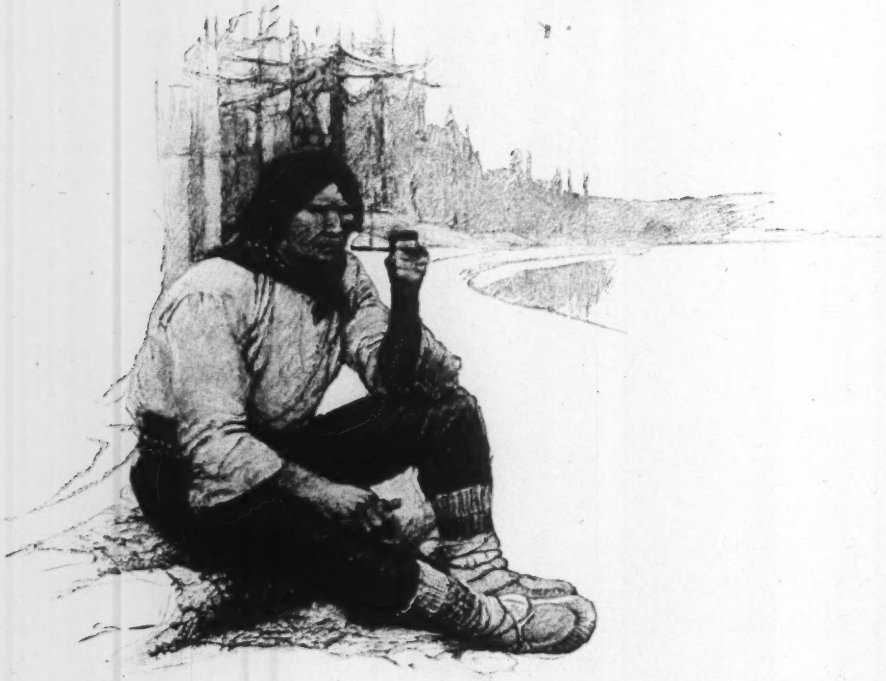
"What is it?" I asked Larue, as we met them.

"Dat's Joe Savarin's old wife," he answered. "Hees little boy he's die for sure two days. Dese fell's dey's bury him. By Goss! I'se sorry for poor Joe. He's fond for dat leetle boy. By Goss! I'se sorry."

He turned his massive head away from me toward the horses. It dropped. And we went down the hill to the little white fort that rested beside the sapphire lake.

That was why Savarin had thrust so eagerly at the river trail; while I, not understanding, had judged him as white men are prone to judge the Indian.

For always will the memory of the haste of Savarin linger as a rebuke.



THE DIARY OF AN AMATEUR WAITRESS

AN INDUSTRIAL PROBLEM FROM THE WORKER'S POINT OF VIEW

BY

MAUD YOUNGER

III

NEW YORK, MAY 15TH

THIS was the worst day I have had. The morning was very warm. I hated to go to work. I loathed it. The head-waitress hardly motioned with her eyebrows when I asked her if I should wash the same tables as I had on Saturday. It was an hour after I had finished the cleaning before people began to come in. I thought that hour would never pass. I am always kept at the back of the room, because I am inexperienced. It was hot and noisy back there, because of the heaters which keep the food warm, and the machines which turn the electric fans. I stood leaning against the wall, watching the clock. The time we spend cleaning always goes quickly, but it seems as if the time we stand about waiting for customers would never pass. It would not be so bad if we could sit down, but we are not allowed to sit down during hours. It seems to me, now, that I took thousands of orders to-day. I grew so very tired with the artificial light and noise and heat, that I wondered several times if I should get through the day. It was like a benediction when the head-waitress said, "Go to the front, dear."

It was a day of various mishaps. Once, I dropped a ham sandwich on the floor, right before the head-waitress. I looked up at her questioningly, because I had never seen an incident of this kind, and I was not perfectly certain of the accepted policy in such a case. "Change it," she said quickly. She knew I would not change it, and I knew that she knew I would not. But I took it all up, went to the counter, and said to the man there, "Change it." He looked at me and then at the sandwich and back again at me. Then he rearranged the same ham on the same bread, and I sallied forth a second time to present the reconstructed sandwich to my customer. It was interesting to observe her eating it with relish. Another time, as I was flying about, I backed into Number 27 and knocked two of her fried oysters on the floor. "Damn you!" she said. I knew she only meant, "Oh, dear." Somehow, I did not feel in the least deprecatory. I picked them up, for her arms were full. Later, when we were standing at the counter together, she said, "I hope you don't mind what I said to you. I didn't mean it."

Human nature, as considered in customers, seems to present considerable variety. I spilled a little coffee on the floor, near a lady in a gray summer silk and a hat with pink roses. Only two drops spattered on her dress, but she was very cross. If we had met at an afternoon tea, I know she would have smiled and said, "Why, that's of no consequence." She was of the kind that has adaptable manners. This was the first time a customer had been cross about any mishap. I observe that most of the people who come in here are of the class which earns its own living, and that almost without exception they are kind and help me out when they can. A little after the escapade with the summer-silk lady, I spilled some milk on the dress of a sweet young girl. It was a very pretty dress and probably her best. It looked like "my spring suit." But she only said, "Accidents will happen. Every one makes mistakes." And before she left, she called to me and said that the stains had disappeared.

It is strange how much a part of the life of a restaurant one soon comes to feel. I have gone so fast from one duty to another that I never have time to consider the life as a whole. To-day, as I walked home, hot and utterly weary in flesh and spirit, I wondered suddenly why I was doing such work at all. In sheer fatigue of body, my mind had fallen back on the fact that this exhaustion was unnecessary. I was so far away from the problem that had brought me that I remembered it with a start.

When we were all assembled at half past ten, and the roll had been called, the order was given that when a customer ordered oatmeal with cream, we were hereafter to serve half cream and half milk, instead of pure cream, as we had hitherto done. I asked a girl why, and she said, "Well, I suppose it don't pay." Only with strawberries is pure cream to be served. It must be put in a small, round pitcher without a handle. The small, round pitchers with handles are for half and half, and the small, straight pitchers are for milk. We must be very careful to serve in the right pitchers, or we are fined.

The hardest thing I have had to learn is to remember my orders correctly. I do not think a stupid girl could be a waitress. There are a great many things to think of, and they are as disconnected as a shopping list, and I never can remember shopping lists. My first customer this morning ordered a side of beans with a separate order of white bread. The man at the counter scolded me because I did not know whether she had ordered Boston or New York beans. Then, when I went back to my customer, she counted the pieces of bread on the plate and said, "Don't I get four pieces with an order?" I seized the arm of the first girl who went by and found that the woman was right. No bread is served with a side of beans; two pieces are served with any ten-cent order; three pieces with any fifteen-cent order or more. When the bread is a separate order, it costs five cents and means four pieces. You must always ask, I am told, whether the customer wants a plate or bowl of soup, and what kind of bread — white, rye, or graham.

Once, when I was ordering stew, the girl beside me whispered, "Don't order it that way. Say 'stew in the bowl,' and for wheat cakes say 'brown the wheats.'" Another time, when I had an order for broiled bluefish, the man behind the counter said crossly, "Order it right. Say, 'Fish off the iron.'" When I asked for two fried eggs, he scowled, "That ain't the way to order. Say, 'Fry two, 7.'" Seven is the number of the girl under whom I am working. A waitress always gives her number for a kitchen order.

Three new girls came in to-day. Two of them have worked before in offices. They looked strange and conscious,— just as I have felt. I heard the other girls speak of them, but not unkindly. I am anxious to see how quickly they will learn. They seemed tired out before the end of the day. Several times I saw them sitting down in chairs beside their tables. I have never dared to do this, it is against the rules, but I lean against the wall or on the window ledge every time I can. Sometimes I sit on the edge of the table.

I am growing to feel much more at home with the girls, since I have learned to do my share of the work. One novel sensation I have had here is a sense of inefficiency very real and purifying. I don't remember that I have ever before been with people who did so well something that I did very badly. It is not pleasant to feel inferior, yet I cannot but look up to girls who do their work so thoroughly and well. After all, it seems a just standard, the efficiency with which one does his work in a community. The girls are apparently conscious of this self-distrust. They are all very kind to me; they call me "girlie," and the men call me "sis." This morning Number 7, under whom I have been working, told me to go to the head-waitress and say, "I would like to station myself to-morrow." Another girl said, "Haven't you got a station yet? Ask for one. Tell the head-waitress you think you're competent."

I lost my pocket-book to-day. I discovered the loss while we were eating our dinner. The girls were very sympathetic and asked how much there was in it. They said, "You'll never get it back." But I heard later that it had been found and taken to the office up-stairs. There was in it a letter from my lawyer in regard to some changes in my will. The cashier at the desk gave it to me and said nothing, but I knew she had been through it.

There was such a nice conductor on the car as I came home. I sat on the back seat, and whenever he came back to the platform, he talked to me. I notice that conductors and policemen are much kinder and more

considerate of my comfort since I am a working-woman. They all treat me so much better than they ever treated my best Paris gowns. I did not know the working classes were so united. There is more affection and loyalty toward one another than among other people. Perhaps this is because the working people feel that there is a class struggle, and the leisure class does not know it yet. This class loyalty helps one to understand their hatred of a traitor — a scab.

NEW YORK, MAY 17TH

After I had washed my tables this morning, the head-waitress told me to go down and help in the annex. I like the annex. It is cool and airy. The head-waitress in the annex said, "Get a rag good and wet and wash the chairs. Begin in that corner." I washed thirty-six chairs down-stairs, and, with the forty I had washed up-stairs, I had just seventy-six chairs to my credit to-day. I have always hitherto accepted a chair as something to sit on, but for the rest of my life I shall look upon it as something to wash. When I went up-stairs again, I asked the head-waitress if I could have a station. She looked at me steadily, and I looked back at her steadily. I said, "Perhaps there are a few things I don't know yet, but I think I can run a station." "Well, the manager won't take any one else on to-day, but you can have it to-morrow." Half an hour later, while I was waiting on some customers, she came up behind me and said, "When you finish those orders, come to me." I was so afraid I was going to be discharged! But she called Number 40, gave me 40's belt, and told me how to put it on. Number 40 was sent down-stairs. It is a promotion to go down-stairs, because there are more men there. That was one of the proudest moments of my life. At last I am experienced. The girls who noticed the belt said, in a congratulatory manner, "Oh, you're getting paid now." I wonder if I am really beginning to draw on that magnificent salary of sixty-seven cents a day? My first customer was a little forlorn woman with a narrow back and a waist that was too tight. She ordered two eggs, hot. "Very hot," she said, "be sure and get them hot." Then she added wistfully, "I have rheumatism so bad. See, I can hardly move my left hand. If it was my right, I couldn't work." She was so grateful to be able to work. I wondered whether it were my duty as a waitress to clear the dishes somewhere else or to listen to this little customer. She seemed so to long to pour out her soul to some one, that I turned my back on the head-waitress and the whole room and said how sorry I was. Then Number 7 called me to wait on two customers who had just come in. When I went back to my little beneficiary again, she said, "A cup of cocoa, please, very hot. I am a crank on having things hot. But don't get it until you are ready. Take your time." A number of other customers came in just then, and I had to rush for the cocoa and leave her.

One of the funny things in the restaurant is the way we all read the papers over the customers' shoulders. To-day, when I was tiptoeing around, reading about a sensational murder trial in which we were all interested, a waiter, who was doing the same thing, said in my ear, "Say, sis, d'you see that Smith's wife's married already again? They're a bad lot, those Smiths." And this afternoon one of the girls rushed back excitedly to a row of us who were standing by the counter, and said, "Nan's free! Nan's free! She went by here in a automobile!" "I saw a automobile," cried another, "I wonder if it was her!"

As I went out on the street, I saw Number 12 and another girl ahead of me. I hurried to catch up with them, because I had been trying several times to get a chance to talk with Number 12. She has the most intelligence and spirit of any of the girls here, and I wanted to see what she would say about some of the things I have been thinking about.

"Did you see in the Sunday paper that a manager said that any bright girl could make two dollars a day on tips?" I asked, after a few casual remarks.

"Yes, I saw it. There's some that does, and they always get in the Sunday paper. Maggie, here, was just saying that she made a nickel to-day, and last week she made thirty-five cents, and she's been working in this place for over a year."

"You think that unions would better things, don't you?" I asked.

"They're the only things that ever have," she said. "It's only by standing together that we working people have ever raised our wages and shortened our hours and bettered ourselves otherwise."

"But you don't believe in forcing people to join a union, do you?" I asked, with the feeling of one who has proposed a clincher.

"Well, seeing that it's the unions that has raised the conditions to what they are, I don't see as any one ought to take advantage of those conditions without contributing to them. We've given our money, and we've gone cold and hungry for them. Why should a man who's never done anything for us get the good of our sacrifices?"

"But, of course, you don't believe in violence, do you?" I asked feebly.

Her answer came with quick vehemence. "I understand it," she said. "You read as how congressmen use their fists, and Southern gentlemen their shot-guns; and I can understand much better how a workingman can throw a brick at a scab in a strike, because he's fighting for his life and his family and the future of the working class, and it's the scab that keeps him from winning."

We had reached the corner, but I said I should like to ask one more question if she didn't mind. Maggie answered for her with an Irish grin. "Shure, there's nothing Katie loikes better thin to talk about unions whin that Irish blood of hers is up."

"Well, then," I asked, "why don't the waitresses have a union, if unions are so desirable?"

"They have," said Katie, with her blue eyes measuring me, "but I suppose you've never heard of it. It's been a peaceable union. It's only them that causes trouble that gets in the papers. Then people read the articles and say what terrible things them labor unions are. But you never hear them say that insurance companies are terrible, just because a few of them are run by grafters. Well, so long," and she and Maggie left me abruptly and turned the corner of Broadway.

I wish I could write things down just as she says them. She has an air of conviction that makes you sure at the time that she is right. I always think of her as a kind of Joan of Arc, leading on the army of workers to battle. She is such a strange mixture, with her fine, tender mouth, that clear Irish skin, the deep blue eyes that sometimes flash and sometimes melt, and the soft bronze hair that flies in little rings all about her head,— such a strange mixture of the sweet, blooming woman and of the enthusiast for an abstract ideal which turns flesh and blood into steel.

NEW YORK, MAY 18TH

After roll-call this morning, as I was getting a bowl of water to wash the tables, the head-waitress called me aside and said: "The manager says he don't think you'll do for a waitress, so I thought I better tell you, dear."

"Why does he think I won't do?" I asked.

"I don't know," and she looked puzzled. "He didn't give any reason; but why don't you go to Childs', around the corner?"

Now the standard of work at Childs' is higher, so I pondered deeply, and then I remembered my lost pocket-book.

"Well, it can't be helped, but I'm sorry," I said; "good-by."

Up in the dressing-room two belated girls were getting into their clothes.

"Going to leave?" they asked.

"Yes, they won't take me on."

"Why don't you wait a day or two, girlie, and you'll get a station sure. You're doing fine. Why, one of the girls was saying only yesterday how quick you learned."

"They don't pay the girls here until they have to," said the other one, "but you'll get paid sure in a day or two. You'd better wait."

"I'm pretty sure they aren't going to take me on," I said. "I'd better try some other place."

They looked dubious. It was plain that they thought my judgment bad.

I went down, and out into the street. What a sense of freedom to be in the fresh air and able to do as I pleased again! What a glorious morning! What air! What sunlight! What exhilaration in the spacious swarming streets! Above all, what intoxication in the liberty of commanding your own time. As I ate my luncheon, I watched the waiter with interest. I believe I could have done as well myself. Still he had an air, with his napkin over his arm, that gave me a pang of professional jealousy. I wish that we could have carried napkins over our arms, too. Ours were pinned to our aprons.

IV

NEW YORK, JUNE 8TH

I worked in a bakery this week. It was a large, high-ceiled place, with flowery red paper and mirrors ranging along the walls. In spite of its cheerful decorations, the room was neither pleasant nor attractive.

When I was ready the first morning, I went to the head-waiter and found him distributing cash-books and pencils. I don't

like pencils. They are not half so much fun as punching checks. The books are kept in the bibs of the girls' aprons, and the pencils back of the ear. The latter practice gave me an ill-balanced feeling, as if I knew more on one side of my head than on the other.

A pretty, plump girl with dull brown hair motioned me to sit down at a table beside her and pick strawberries.

"Put the spoiled ones over there for pies," she said, suiting actions to words.

We talked while picking, and, of course, began on the all-important question of wages.

"The half-time girls, from ten to three, get three dollars and fifty cents a week," she said, in answer to my question. "The three-quarter time — six to three — get five dollars; and the full time — six in the morning till seven-thirty at night — get six dollars. Full times don't get any tips, because they're behind the counter."

It fell upon my mind like a blow. For a moment I did not hear what she was saying. To stand behind a counter from six in the morning until seven-thirty at night, thirteen and a half hours, almost three times as long as I had been working, for one dollar a day!

"You don't get much on the side here," I heard her say next, "till the customers know you by name. I made almost two dollars last week, but then I've been here three years. That little one," and she nodded toward a little blonde, "has got a good station, and she makes lots of money, sometimes a dollar a day; but it ain't fair to base wages on tips, 'cause some girls don't get any. That's the boss at the first table. He's so mean. That's 'Missus' at the desk. The head-waiter's nice. His name's Harry."

I looked across at the boss, a tall man in a long linen duster, bowing amiably to a nonchalant customer. He looked very far from mean. I saw later that his manners were a business asset, like our uniforms. He put them on for business hours, as we put on our aprons, and when the customers left, he laid them aside.

"Missus," his wife, was a placid German woman, who sat behind the desk. All week I never saw her doing anything else. She is one of those women who are born to sit, just simply sit behind a desk and hold something down.

The other individual of consular rank was Harry, the head-waiter, a man of one characteristic — a harassed air.

When we had finished the strawberries, I put them in the saucers and took them to the front window, where a waiter spread them out alluringly. We filled half a dozen tarts, and those, also, I took forward. The other girls were cutting strawberry shortcake and putting it on plates. Various kinds of pies and tarts — huckleberry, apple, and cherry — were being cut and carried to the racks and shelves from which they were to be served. I found, not without a flush of pride, that I could carry seven plates of pie on my left arm.

During one of my trips to the counter, Harry gathered in two new waiters, and, adding me to the party, took us on an expedition to the different counters. He spoke very rapidly:

"Penny apiece, five cents apiece, two cents each, two for five," he would say, waving his hand; "three cents each, two for six; strawberry shortcake, ten cents. Pour cream over and put a plate under it. Serve with a spoon. Huckleberry-pie with cheese, ten cents. Huckleberry tart, five," he rattled on, as we moved from counter to counter.

I looked at the waiters. They looked serious and comprehending, so I looked serious and comprehending, but I never felt more bewildered and more irresponsible in my life. My head was in a whirl. When we had finished this little comedy, Harry escorted me to the back of the room and presented me with two tables and ten chairs. One of the girls advised me to put a glass of water at each place beforehand.

"Don't give them napkins unless they ask. It's fierce at twelve o'clock," she explained. "And take care about the butter. They'll cheat you if they see you're green, and make you serve butter with orders that don't get any."

Everybody in the place seemed to be getting ready for a forced march.

Since the waiters were temporary, and I was new, our stations were together at the undesirable back of the room. In this place the men wait at the tables. In the other places they have been only behind the counters or on the floor as "buses." My station was next to theirs, and I would stand first at one corner and talk to the waiter nearest that, and then, after a little, as everything must keep moving here, I would stroll to the other corner and chat with the other man.

"I've worked in other places," said the little one, after the rush hour, "but this is a mad-house. I just come here when I'm out of work. We only get fifty cents for three hours. The girls get fifty-nine cents for five hours, and the boss 'ud rather have girls."

I strolled to the other corner and began: "What station have you?"

"I don't know. I hope this one next to you," he said, with gallantry.

"I've got ten chairs at my station to-day," I sighed. "I hope I can manage them all."

"Never mind, sis," he said, "I'll help you." And he did.

"How're you making out?" he said once, as he went back to the counter with his arm full of dishes.

"First rate," I said, "but I haven't many customers yet."

"Oh, you must jolly your customers along," said a girl who overheard this. "You've got to build up a little trade for yourself. Now, if a man says to me, 'Is that order coming?' I say something funny. Sometimes I say, 'Yes, so's Christmas.' Sometimes I give him a whack. The boss likes us to be fresh with the customers."

I fell into meditation, my mind fixed upon the vision of thus building up trade for myself.

Just then the boss came by. "Youse'd better find out the prices of things," he fairly shouted in our ears, "instead of waiting and asking when everybody's busy."

"The head-waiter told us," I said pertly; but the waiter needed his fifty cents, so he picked up the bill-of-fare and began to study it diligently. The boss glared at me a moment, and then he looked around undecidedly.

"Take those glasses off that table!" he shouted suddenly, pointing at a corner near us. "For God's sake, get busy."

A girl had just carefully placed the glasses there, but I just as carefully removed them, since his object was to keep me in motion. He stood by watching me.

"See if there are any more chairs," he said, with a snarl, when I had finished.

I found two in the dressing-room, and he began to shove the other chairs at the table violently, to make room for the two extra.

"Crowd in as many as you can!" he roared.

He shoved the chairs, and I shoved the chairs, and so long as he was there I kept on shoving, and when he went away I stopped. It was the sort of thing for which one might punish a child.

I went back to my station and found a man who said he wanted coffee and horns.

"Coffee and horns?" I repeated questioningly.

"Yes, coffee and horns," he said, as if a rock could be shaken from its firm base as soon as he.

I made my accustomed dive after a girl who knew something about the business.

"A man over there wants something that sounds like coffee and horns," I said to her.

"There they are," she said, and pointed to some crescent rolls, "five with an order."

I returned with the "horns," and found ten men waiting to be served. A feeling of helpless desperation came over me, as they all clamored at once for their lunches. The rush hour was indeed "fierce." Before I had served my ten men, there were others standing in line waiting for seats. As soon as one man finished, another took his place. They shoved back the dishes in front of them and ate on top of the debris. Once, the situation grew desperate, each one wanting to be served first, all giving their orders at once, so that I could not extricate anything from the jumble. It was so absolutely petrifying that I could not do anything. I just stood still and laughed. The smile went around the table, and they subsided and let me take one order at a time. No one was cross when I gave him the wrong thing. They were mostly ten cent customers, one dish five, and a drink five; all men, and they wore their hats.

One man spoke very broken English,—in fact, his order was in fragments. All I could make out of it was coffee, so I brought him the most accessible food, which happened to be strawberry-pie. I do not approve of strawberry-pie as the pièce de résistance of a luncheon, but I put it down with an air of command. He looked up at me meekly and ate it without a word. It was rather fortunate that he was so docile. If he had demurred, I think I should have sunk upon the floor and wept.

The rush ended as suddenly as it began, and I leaned against a pillar, mopping my forehead. But the sight of the boss coming in my direction goaded me to action, and I hastened to clear and wipe my tables. A few customers still straggled in, but no more came to the back of the room. As they

grew fewer in number, one table after another was put out of commission, the chairs were put on top of them, and the dirt swept up from under. I was moved forward to serve the late comers.

I thought the afternoon never would pass, but, after what seemed six or eight hours, the minute hand reached three o'clock. At last it was time for our luncheon.

"Can we order what we like?" I asked.

"Say, chef, she says, can she order what she likes," said the pretty golden-haired girl, who made a dollar a day on tips; and a shout of laughter went up from four girls sitting at a table near.

"I guess you'll take what you get," said the chef, handing out a bowl of dark soup. It looked as unappetizing as a mud bath. Hungry as I was, I could not eat it. I took a glass of milk and hurried home.

The second day I picked strawberries again with the same girl. Annie (such is her alluring name) has the kind of amiability which comes from being sluggish, the kind which never in any extremity becomes hilarity.

"Oh, dear, I'm so tired," she said. "I was off on a racket last night on the New York Roof Garden."

Just then a girl they call Red Hair came up to get some strawberries for an early customer. Another came hurrying after.

"Give him big ones and wash them good," she said; "he's good for a nickel."

"Do you ever write to Beatrice Fairfax?" said Annie, when they had gone.

"Why, no," I said, with a gasp; "do you?"

"Yes," said Annie, "about every month, under a different name. I ain't got no parents living. Yes," she said, rising and gathering up the bad berries for the pies, "there's lots of girls that she's helped."

When the strawberries were finished, the boss appeared.

"Fold some napkins!" he roared. He never, as a matter of fact, merely says anything. He always issues manifestos.

I found the napkins in the dressing-room under our clothes (good place for napkins) and brought them out to a table under an electric fan. First one girl joined me, then another. It was nice easy work, and we chatted pleasantly.

"Do you live with your folks?" said the pretty little blonde, turning toward me her white-lidded, darkly shaded eyes.

"No, with friends."

"I'm trying to find some girl to go to Brooklyn with me and take up some rooms there," and she looked at me enticingly. "I could get three rooms cheap."

I devoted my attention to folding napkins. Annie spoke up:

"Now, if you was to say Chicago, I'd go with you." She heaved a sigh. "It's sorry I am that I ever left there. We used to have it nice in Chicago."

"It is better for a waitress there, isn't it?" I said.

"Yes, if you get in a union house," she answered, slowly adding one napkin after another to the pile, "the bosses treat you right, and they stick to what they say."

"Is that because of the union?" I asked.

"Sure," she said. "They dassent go back on it."

"I belonged to a union once," said another. "Before I was married, I used to work on gents' neckwear, and my, but there was a difference if you didn't work in a union shop. The boss could curse you and shove you around, and the forelady'd make you sit all day when you was working on piece work, and not give you anything to do if she didn't like you. In a union shop they dassent do that."

"They have sociables in the unions," said Annie. "Sometimes they have lectures with magic-lantern pictures, and it gives a girl somewhere to go evenings."

"Then why don't all girls belong to unions?" I asked, feeling very much an outsider; but she of the gents' neckwear replied:

"Well, there's some that thinks it ain't fashionable; there's some that thinks it ain't no use, and there's some that never thinks at all. And there's some as is afraid of strikes and ain't willing to give up their wages."

"And then, besides," interjected the girl from Chicago, "a girl counts on gettin' married some day and givin' up work."

"There's some girls," broke in another, "as is afraid of losin' their jobs if the boss knew they belonged to a union."

Red Hair, who had been going back and forth between our table and one of the counters, joined us at this point.

"Keep cool. Glass of milk and dairy dish, ten cents," said she irrelevantly, with an air of saying something of great importance. Her look was fixed. We followed the direction of her glance and saw the

boss printing this sign on a blackboard a few feet away. One employee always warns another of the approach of the boss in this place, I notice. Conversation ceased conspicuously, and we devoted ourselves to the napkins.

After a moment, Harry came up.

"That's enough," he said.

The boss moved on, and after a little conversation I remarked, "Why, we're still folding napkins."

"Harry just said that to make the boss think we had something else to do. You've got to make him think you're rushing all the time," explained the blonde.

Soon the room filled up, the people standing against the walls and crowding the aisles. I do not believe that any one who has not been behind the scenes can realize what that rush hour means to the waitresses. It is like a panic in the theater. People come in from the neighboring shops for sandwiches and pails of coffee. They all come at the same time. Sometimes there are boys and girls who have come to take back coffee and milk for a crowd of people at the shop. They block up the counter so that the waitresses cannot get near enough to fill orders. Sometimes there would be such a crush about the counters that no one could do anything. There would be some strong talk. "I've worked in lots of places," a girl said one day, "but *this is hell.*" When it was over, some of the girls would be almost shivering with fatigue. I would feel as though all the starch were out of me. It was on such an occasion that a new sun dawned upon my horizon, in all the majesty of a spotless white jacket. He was making straight toward me, a tall, healthy-looking blond, with that sentimental German eye that sees stars in a woman's glance and angels where she walks.

"Come, sis," he said, "help me dry these dishes." He set up a screen behind a table and handed me a dish towel. "Say," he said after a little, "s'pose you and me was to go somewhere this afternoon and get a nice cool glass o' beer."

"I haven't any time to-day," I said, without any extenuating explanation.

"I was at Coney, Sunday," he said invitingly; "perhaps I'll go again next Sunday. I made four dollars and fifty cents," he went on, "and so I didn't work yesterday."

"Blow it all in?" I asked, rising to the occasion, to the full extent of my vocabulary.

"Yes," smilingly, as if I had done something very discriminating in making such a guess, "that's just what I did."

The boss came by, and I took my knee off the chair where I had been resting it, and stood erect. When he passed on, I put my knee up again. The waiter had been looking at me with a melting eye.

"Say," he said, "I wonder how it would be if I was to get married?"

"Oh, your troubles would just begin," I suggested.

"Perhaps," without a hint of a smile, "but we can always hope for the best." And he wiped a dish, considering it thoughtfully.

At this dangerous juncture a man came down the room and took a seat at a table near by. I seized the opportunity of relieving a perilous situation and went over to serve him.

"Have you been waited on?" I asked politely.

"He's the baker!" laughed Jennie, at the next table.

Harry appeared at my elbow. "Here, Miss," he said, as several other men came in, "you wait on the bakers."

They were five.

"Beefsteak or ice-cream?" I asked gaily, for they have no choice, any more than we have.

"Soup!" said one.

"Bread!" said another pompously.

"Soup for the bakers," I shouted over the counter, and brought it back to them with my most experienced manner.

"Where are all those tips?" I asked, when they went out. It seemed an opportunity to practice on getting trade.

"They're coming later," said one.

"So is Christmas," I called after them, and the girl who had taught me laughed. After that I served them every day. They never ate much, I noticed. The rest of us were always hungry.

It was Tuesday afternoon, just after I had served the bakers, that I had a scene with the boss. This is the worst experience I have had. I had been meandering about the room after the rush hour, trying to keep out of his range. His linen duster was admirably reflected from the many mirrors. But he spied me from a distance and beckoned me over to him.

"Wipe that table!" he commanded.

The table was as liberally spattered with catsup as the sandwiches of the customers

had been. I hate to clear catsup dishes. However, I picked up a soiled napkin and began.

"Use your towel!" he roared. "What do you think it's for? For ornament?" He snatched at it and tried to pull it off, but the pins held it fast. For a moment my heart beat thickly, then I removed the pins and wiped the tables as quickly as I could. He stood by until I had finished, glaring at me menacingly.

On Wednesday the boss did not come until two o'clock, which was very nice of him. We all worked and helped each other. I grew to feel very much at home. It was as though we were all one large family, bound to one another by a common interest. All day the sentimental waiter stood around gazing at me with his dreamy, blue eyes. When he passed, he would say, "Here's the little girl who helped me wipe dishes yesterday." Once, when I thought he was going to speak to me, I began to talk to another waiter, which made him full of palpable wrath, for he is as simple as a child. I began to feel as if I were in a play. A little later, when I saw him near the counter, I strolled over and said, "What are the names of all these cakes and things? I can't remember any of them."

He scowled and turned away, then he smiled like a July sun coming out from a cloud all in a second.

"This afternoon when work is over," he said, looking down at me tenderly, "I'll take the bill-of-fare, and we'll study it together."

The tempo of the thing was terrifying; He was as sudden as an Austrian officer.

Again, when the rush was over, he put a screen before his table and brought some dishes from the kitchen for us to dry, of which I was glad enough, because it gave me a chance to rest my knee on a chair. When we were well started, he said, "It rained awful yesterday, I was a-thinkin' there's no beer for us to-day. What did you do when you got home?"

Now, this was rather a startling question, and a limping waiter who appeared beyond the edge of the screen saved me from answering.

"Is he lame?" I asked.

"Aw," said my "friend" angrily, "he ain't nothing."

I was drying the dishes quickly.

"Don't work so hard," said my companion coaxingly; "don't hurry. How about that glass of beer this afternoon?"

"I must go to the dressmaker's," I answered, drying two dishes rapidly.

"What are you getting?"

"Oh, a fine new dress — to wear to Coney," I could not help adding, he looked so crestfallen. He beamed. I began to wipe vigorously. Only the thickness of the china saved it from destruction.

The dishes were getting low, and the job would soon be over. Some one brought another lot.

"Oh," said my friend, smiling at him gratefully, "that's good."

Harry's head appeared around the edge of the screen.

"Say, what's your name?" he asked. "Annie says it's Johnson. There was a customer down front thought he knew you, but it was another name. I'll show him to you to-morrow."

I went home, rejoicing in the name of Johnson, but it seemed best that there should not be any to-morrow. I wrote a note to Harry to say that I would not come back, and when the sun is shining high in the heavens, and I am peacefully oblivious of care, Harry will be rushing about distractedly, minus one waitress; Annie will be picking strawberries in silence; the boss will be rejoicing in my wages forfeited; and those eyes, those fervent, blue eyes, will be gazing just as fervently, perhaps, at Red Hair.

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NEW YORK, JUNE 14TH

Some one remarked to-day that I seem always to be looking for work — and I really believe that I have spent more time looking, than in actual service. This morning I went to only one house, but I waited two hours. With its branches, it is the desideratum of the waitress. There were thirteen of us in the line. I knew the second girl ahead of me. She worked once where I did.

"Well, have you lost your job?" I asked.

"Oh, no," said she, screwing around between her neighbors, "but they pay so much more here and treat you so much better. I'll stay here till ten, and if I don't get anything, I'll go back. I keep trying it." At ten she was still far from the top, and she went off regretfully.

It was very tiresome standing, and there were seats for only three. I leaned against the wall, my gaze wandering to the mural decorations on the ceiling, where Napoleonic

wreaths and flambeaux crowned an unrelated scene. They stirred the memory and imagination, if one had time to look so high. But who had time, in that busy scene below of feeding and being fed? My gaze fell, and I began to talk to the girl ahead of me.

"I used to work in the Eighth Street Store till six weeks ago," she said. "Then my husband took sick, and I had to take care of him. With both of us working, we made nice money. But we're up against it now," and she sighed.

"Sure, we all have it hard at times," said the next girl. "I only made five dollars a week the first year I came to New York. Every week I had forty cents left. I paid two dollars for a room, a dollar insurance, a dollar laundry, and sixty cents car-fare. I couldn't go out all winter; I didn't have any clothes. I couldn't afford to anyhow. And I used to sit in my room all alone there and think of all the girls in New York City that was just the same. I'd think as I didn't blame them for doing things they do. I couldn't have stood it more than one winter. Lucky I got a good place."

"You were there," said another girl, "when my sister died. She was the only one of my family living," she went on to the rest of us, "and we lived together. I worked up to three o'clock the afternoon of her funeral. Then one girl said she'd take my place for the last half hour. I just had time to rush out to my room and change my clothes to go out with her body to the cemetery."

"Wouldn't the manager let you off that day?" I asked dully.

"Yes, but I couldn't afford to lose the money," she said. "After that terrible rush at the waiting, I'll never forget how peaceful the cemetery was." Her face contracted. "It was one of the most beautiful days of my life."

The superintendent came up then from the back of the store and began to walk down the line. Conversation ceased. He surveyed us all with a businesslike, comprehensive glance. We were all his suppliants. Our fates were in his hands. He called one girl over to him and questioned her. She might wait, he said. Then he motioned to the next, and so on until my turn came. My heart was in my mouth. It was like examination day at school. Suppose I should not pass!

"Ever work here?" he asked, his keen eye raking me like a search-light.

"No," and I mentioned my last place.

"How long?"

"One week. I just got on the floor, but I want to work here."

"You may wait," he said, after a pause, and I retired.

He went on down the line, the girls moving up as in a box-office line. Some he told to wait, and some he told to go.

A waiter passed by. "Ain't it a shame, so many nice girls out of work?" He smiled at each of us and put one foot up into the window. One girl's back was turned, and her hands were behind her; he slapped them gently with a pancake turner. She wheeled about and smiled.

"Been here long?" she asked.

"Yep, and I expect to spend the rest of my life here." He climbed into the window. "My! It's the deuce to be poor. That's what it is," he commented, moving some plates. And he began to arrange a beautiful large heart of red strawberries pierced by a strawberry arrow. He moved around in the window to get a better view of it, being careful not to step on the saucers of berries, apples, and other dainties set out to attract the passing eye. The arrow seemed to be jointed, for it did not emerge in the direction from which one would have expected of a well-ordered arrow which had entered at the angle this one had.

"That's wrong," he said critically, with his head on one side, and redirected the point.

Twice, as we stood waiting, the telephone rang, and there was a call from another branch for girls. The first two girls were sent off, and the rest of us sat and listened for the telephone to ring again. I stood for three-quarters of an hour before I had a seat on the bench, and then I sat for an hour waiting. I left at eleven, and there were three girls still sitting and hoping on. All the others had dropped out.

NEW YORK, JUNE 29TH

Well, at last I am at Childs', the much desired, seemingly unattainable Childs'; that Childs' where it is the ambition of half the waitresses in New York to be, and from which it is the ambition of every restaurant manager in New York to get his girls. I have even had a manager tell me to go to Childs' and get training and then come back

to him and he would take me on. And now I am of the élite. Many a time have I applied at the various branches, only to be met with the dictum: "If you've never worked for Childs', you can't work for Childs'." It seemed so cruel thus to be punished because my previous education had been neglected. Katie Martin, who is working here now, told me to try this branch. She works in different places to talk unions. They took me on, but I soon found there was nothing new to learn — I know it all — I have mastered the trade. Of course, I try not to be conceited about it, but I am now an experienced waitress. I can go to work anywhere. The store is of the tile type, familiar to the quick-luncher. "Yes, it's nice to look at," said one of the girls when I remarked about it, "and it's easy to keep clean. But it's awful hard on your feet. You'd better wear rubber heels," she added.

The uniform here is again of a variety different from that of any other restaurant in which I have worked. If all girls changed places as frequently as I have done, it would take all their wages to pay for their uniforms. Here, the girls have to buy their own waists from the firm.

We wear embroidery collars and cuffs,— beading with black ribbon run through it. I chose a broad band for mine, and I had just finished my breakfast the first morning, when I observed that my neck was the point of attraction for two girls who were standing near me. They eyed the collar, and they eyed me, and then they talked. Finally one of them called over to me and said:

"Say, lend her your collar to-day, and you take hers."

"I've burnt my neck," said the other. "Your collar's higher and will cover the burn."

"Yes, let her have it" said the first girl. "She works down front where the men are. There are only women back here, and so it don't matter."

It is needless to say that I understood the force of the argument and proceeded to make the exchange.

I was delighted, when I went to the head-waitress, to have her say, "Pick strawberries." I hope the strawberry season will last as long as I am a waitress. Strawberries mean sitting down and interesting conversations, and then, in the end, they mean strawberry shortcake. Here we are allowed to eat what we like — beefsteak once a week, ice-cream twice, and strawberry shortcake every day!

There were three girls picking strawberries when I went over to the table in the corner. They made room for me and then went on talking.

A girl with an air of knowing her own mind was saying:

"Once, when I was working in another house, I wanted to go to the races, an' the manager wouldn't let me off, so I put on my things and started."

"'So that's the way yer goin',' sez he.

"'Yes,' sez I. 'That's the way I'm goin',' an' I looked him straight in the eye.

"'Will yer be back to-morrow?' sez he.

"'I don't know,' sez I. An' I didn't come back for two days."

"Did he take you back?" I asked.

"Sure! If a girl's smart enough to look out fer herself, she's smart enough fer a manager to keep."

"What are the wages here?" I asked, after a time.

"Five dollars for five hours; seven dollars and seventy cents for eight hours; ten dollars for twelve hours. It's the same in all the Childs' houses."

She spoke of the standard of Childs' as though it were the standard of the community. I began to have a feeling that I had to live up to Childs'.

"We used to get only four dollars and a half for five hours," she went on, surveying her strawberry-stained hands reminis ently. "But one day we saw a sign in the dressing-room saying the four-and-a-half girls would get five. All of us got raised, and there wasn't to be any more night work. Well, weren't we surprised?"

Every one about the table smiled as if remembering an especially large and savory plum pudding.

"An' there's Katie saying we ought to have a union," as Katie joined us.

"If you've got a guarantee that Mr. Childs will live forever, perhaps you don't need a union *here*," said Katie. "But you can't tell when conditions may change. I appreciate what he's doing just as much as anybody, but if he's done so much for us, what about the other girls that ain't so well off? We could do something for them if we'd all work together. There's thousands in New York as don't get paid enough to call it living."

"You'll get into trouble yet with your union talk," said Number 1, who had just come up. (Number 1 is the head-waitress.) Katie turned toward her and flourished the rags with which she had just washed the tables.

"Here, get to work and stop your talking," said Number 1 pleasantly, for we had finished the strawberries. We cleared the table, and the girl at whose station we were set it in order.

The head-waitress told me to go over and help Number 2. Number 2 looked entirely capable of doing without my help. From her red hair, flowing in an exuberant wave, to her ample foot, she expressed absolute self-sufficiency. I found her sitting on a window ledge. "Are we allowed to sit down here?" I asked.

She complacently folded one strong hand over the other. "Oh, yes, we can sit down whenever we're not busy."

I find that this privilege means about an hour a day less of being on one's feet. "Do all the Childs' places have the same rules?" I asked.

"That depends on the manager," she answered coolly. "I could work for this man all my life."

I have heard other girls make the same remark, and it seems to me that justice is as much appreciated by working-girls as by other classes of people I have known."

One day I was standing near her at the counter, waiting for a kitchen order, when I heard the chef say: "Nothing doing?"

He gave me my order, and I rushed off. But later I said to her, "What did he mean?"

"Mean!" she said; "he wants a tip."

"A tip," I said in some surprise.

"Yes," she said. "You'll soon find out about it when you get a good station. All the waitresses that makes tips has got to tip the chef, and it ain't only the chef, but it's all the other men that fills your orders."

"Why do you do it?" said I, with some lack of acuteness.

"If we didn't," she said, still fuming, "he'd give us a bad piece of meat or keep the order late, and then we wouldn't get the tip ourselves. And it ain't once a week that you've got to tip them, but it's every day for a girl that gets lots of tips herself," and she seemed to have argued herself into a degree of resignation.

Everything is very systematic here. The head-waitress took my name and address when I entered upon the work. This has never been done before. I had to sign a contract that I would work for nothing. No girl is paid while in training. The work here is done, too, with more attention to the details of cleanliness and nicety. Every night before we go home, oil-cloth is spread over the end of each table. All the bottles of vinegar, Worcestershire sauce, mustard, etc. are collected, the contents of each are emptied into a pitcher and strained through cheese-cloth, and the bottles are washed with a brush and soap, rinsed in clean water, dried, refilled, and taken back to the table. Mustard, catsup, and horse-radish are not put back into the bottles until morning.

The work is apportioned among the girls. The completeness of the system gives one a sense of satisfaction like the working of a giant combined harvester, which starts across a field of growing wheat and leaves in its wake the bags of grain ready for market. I was standing one day by the window, thinking how interesting it was to be part of a big machine and to watch its effectual working, when Number 2 went by with her hat and coat on. "Are you ill?" I asked, seeing that the clock pointed only to 3:25. Without stopping, she turned her unmoved gaze upon me, and I realized that I was asking questions again. Number 2 herself accepts life without questions. A pretty little blonde who came by answered for her. "Why, you can go, too, honey, if you're through," she said. "The girls are free as soon as the work's done." And she put her arm about me. We walked over to the counter together for our dinner.

"Draw one," I said proudly.

"Oh, you mustn't say that, girlie," she cautioned. "They don't allow slang here."

"Can't we even say 'three off,' or 'brown the wheats,' or 'fish off the iron'?" I cried despairingly. I could not relinquish my new acquisition, of which I had been as proud as if ordering a bath in Hungarian or giving a toast in Swedish.

"There seems to be a better class of girls here than in the other places where I have worked," I remarked, as we sat at the table.

"Sure," she said, buttering an English muffin. "They treat the girls best, and so they get the pick of the city."

I walked along with Katie this afternoon and told her I was going to give up the job.

"There's nothing new to learn — I feel so very experienced," I explained.

"Sure," she said, with a twinkle in her eye. "You're eligible to the union now."

"But, Katie —" I hesitated — "I do not stand for the way unions break their contracts."

"Unions don't stand for that, either," she said, "though it's sometimes done, and it's sometimes excusable. Those that talk loudest about unions breaking contracts are the worst themselves about breaking the laws."

"But don't you think the union keeps the efficient man down?"

"We can't all be generals," she flashed. "Where there's one that can get to the top, there's thousands must stay below, and I'm working for the thousands — and we can't choose who those thousands are, either. We've got to take them as we find them — sometimes they're rough, and sometimes they're dull, but it's our duty to get in and organize them and help them along."

Katie stood still on the corner to deliver herself of this speech. Her eyes flashed, and she tossed her head. Every one else dragged along one foot after the other, drooping in the hot, murky afternoon of a midsummer day in New York.

"I used to be prejudiced against unions, Katie," I said, "but, do you know ——"

I hesitated, and she looked at me a moment silently. Then she held out her hand, for we had come to the parting of our ways. "I knew you'd come round," she said.

I watched her mount the elevated steps, then turned and walked home quickly, hugging my apron and a new resolution — I want to be a walking delegate like Katie!

MY BASEBALL DÉBUT

BY

L. CONSTANS

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY ROLLIN GEORGE KIRBY

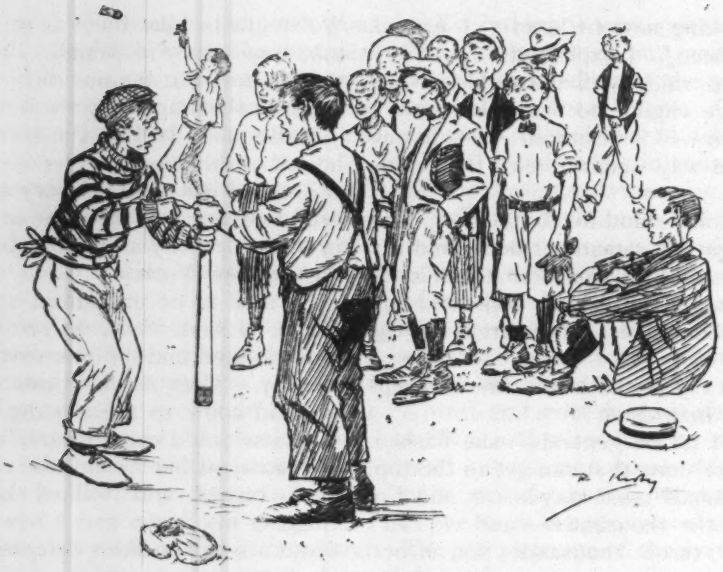
WHY it is that an urbanite who invades a rural district for the express purpose of obtaining rest immediately sets himself to the task of discovering excitement, I know not. Nor do I know why, to one under such circumstances of enforced enervation, the vivacity and buoyancy of youth appeal with so much power. I simply know that it was a conjunction of these two cogent forces that incited me, after several days of rustication in the little village of Trent, to follow the sound of boyish voices that reached me in loud altercation. Mounting the raised roadway, I came into full view of the seat of trouble,— a smooth, level stretch of ground, upon which a crowd of boys were noisily engaged in a game of baseball.

Their brag and bluster acted like a tonic on my quiet-sated nerves; and, subtly, as the moth to the flame, I was drawn toward this source of life effervescent.

As an entity, my position was unique. I was the only person not an active participant in the proceedings. But I was not long to hold this distinction.

During one of the many arguments that arose as regularly as a batter was declared "out," in which arguments the merits of the case were discussed with much vehemence between the batter and the other players, there came a small, insistent cry of: "Let's choose up sides! Choose up!" and the cry was picked up, echoed, and reëchoed lustily, as each boy scrambled for the possession of a bat.

Each insisted upon being one of the choosers, but might makes right in the child world, and the two largest boys, heedless of the angry glances and direful mutterings of the discontented rabble promptly arrogated that much-mooted privilege. "Tommy the



"Both claimed victory"

Twister," a sobriquet, I afterward learned, born from the ability of the gentleman to make a ball defy all the known laws of projection and trajection, was one of the two; the other, a lad named "Billy." Billy bore no titular honors, but subsequent events proved him worthy of the command he had assumed.

A bat, after a bloodless but fierce struggle, was wrested from one of the former aspirants for premiership, and this Tommy pitched to Billy, who cleverly caught it amidway. Above Billy's hand Tommy now clasped his, and above that came Billy's other hand, and so on they alternated as they climbed quickly toward the top. Both claimed victory, Tommy by right of grasp, and Billy by right of foul, the latter protesting loudly that his opponent's hand was a "foot" — to translate him literally — above the top of the bat.

"Where's a stone? Gimme a brick!" was the general demand, and I expected to see the two dictators slain forthwith, but in this I was unlearned. Justice was to be invoked, the principle thereof being that, if the stone pounded upon the top of the bat did not harm the upper hand, it was prima facie evidence that such hand was within fair bounds.

A dozen judges surrounded the belligerents, each with the official requisite of office, in the shape of a stone or a brick, in his hand; and each putting forth loud argument to convince that certain qualities of his stone or brick made it superior to all others for the purpose at issue.

The trial was a triumph for Tommy, but only a temporary one, for Billy immediately filed a second demurrer, claiming a miscarriage of justice; and in support of this claim he cleverly pointed out that the stone, being round, did not cover the entire top of the bat on a flat plane.

This esoteric argument was greeted with mingled cries of approval and disapproval from partizans in the crowd, but Billy was obdurate. With Rhadamanthine severity he demanded a knife, contending that if the blade, held flat on the top of the bat, should pass over the hand of the other, then the proof would be positive. Again "the Twister" was triumphant, and Billy now bowed to the result, though by divers remarks still insinuating unfairness,—that the knife-blade in all probability had not been held down flatly, and that his opponent had "scrunched."

"The Twister," however, paid small heed to these aspersions upon his honor, exercising immediately his right to first choice by picking out a scraggly-looking, red-haired nondescript, whom he familiarly designated as "Sorrel-top." Billy, evidently not intending to be overmatched by capillary characteristics, promptly chose "Towhead" Quigley, an appellative that pointed the bearer without need of further distinction. And so they chose, alternately, the last choice, which fell upon the smallest boy in the crowd, being reluctantly made by Tommy.

And now a serious obstacle to further procedure presented itself — there was no one to complete Billy's quota of base-ballists. This discovery led to a debate that was fast approaching a deadlock, when Billy hit upon a happy solution.

"Hey, mister! Want uh play?" he inquired, raising his hand in an upward wave to supplement the direction of his query.

Although my knowledge of the game was very rudimentary, the spirit of sport had been running riot in my veins from the moment I had seen the boys at play — I longed to rear and tear around as I saw them doing — so I nodded an assent.

The nod of Jove never created greater consternation. "Aw, git out — you're a man." "What d' yu take us fer — he's got whiskers!" and like protests were hurled at me and the reckless one who had taken the initiative.

How my "whiskers" — in the shape of a mustache only, by the way,— gave any indication as to my ability baseballically, was beyond my comprehension. However, "Sorrel-top" and "Towhead" had been the first chosen, so I sagely held silence. Hair probably had more to do with the matter than a layman might suspect. Billy, however, rose easily to the occasion — he would drop me as soon as some "other kid" came. This compromise being acceptable to the other side, friendly relations were again established.

The next preliminary was the tossing of a coin for position.

A careful inventory failing to locate the requisite coin among my seventeen fellow-players, Billy graciously condescended to use the quarter which I proffered. This event we won, and immediately chose "outs."

In the elation of this victory, Billy absent-mindedly confiscated my quarter; but, as the tenure of my position was very doubtful, and its continuance rested entirely with him, I discreetly overlooked the little incident.

"'Sorrel-top'"

In the placing of his men I, being an unknown quantity, was naturally a source of great perplexity to my captain; but a hasty consultation with a couple of self-constituted aides soon decided my position as second base, the information being volunteered that I was put there on account of my superior height, this minimizing the possibility of the catcher's "gittin' 'em over" the second baseman's head in "throwin' 'em down." As Billy designated my position by a wave of the hand, I was, fortunately, not forced to inquire as to its location, a procedure that would, I am certain, in the light of subsequently-acquired knowledge, have meant my instant release from service. I took my place where I had seen the boys stand while I was watching the former play, and the game started.

For five minutes everything ran smoothly, and I was enjoying to the fullest extent the exhilaration of my first game of baseball. With two out and a man only on first base, there was no question as to the advantage of our position, if the opinion of our leader, who was playing "first," could be relied upon.

"There's nothin' tu it!" he assured loudly. "Git 'em down to second now. Yu can't git 'em too high!" he admonished and coached the catcher, and then winked knowingly at me,— an act which I, not comprehending its full import, returned in kind. The next instant I was in a whirlwind of excitement.

As the ball shot from pitcher to catcher, there was a loud cry of, "Watch 'im there, mister!" from Billy, and then a confused mass of arms and legs flashed by me on the way to second base. The catcher, with arm drawn back, ball clutched tightly for a throw, stood nonplussed. For a moment there was a painful silence — the calm that precedes a storm — then mutterings of disapproval came from every quarter. Not loud, but ominous.

"What's the matter — yu nailed there?" inquired my superior, in disgust.

I stammered pitifully and tried to excuse my misplay, or rather non-play, by explaining that I had forgotten there was a "man" on first base, but the attempt, under the gaze of those scowling eyes, was a poor one; and I saw clearly that I had sowed the first seed of distrust in the heart of my doughty captain.

A "foul, out" relieved the situation somewhat, my mistake being partly condoned by the fact that the runner had not been able to score.

It was now our "ins," and what we were going to do was "a plenty," as Billy succinctly put it.

In the interim, while our catcher and pitcher batted, Billy patronizingly vouchsafed to me, for my future welfare, information as to the wonderful "in" and "out" curves of the terrible "Twister," as well as of the "up shoots" and "down drops" that he "worked" now and then for variety. All of which was evidently intended to allay any misgivings I might have entertained as to facing the terrible Tommy. But so fraught with fearful eyes and awful nods was the description, that it had quite the opposite effect; and by the time it came my turn to bat, the former frowsy-headed little lad had assumed proportions monstrous.

Fearfully I advanced to the plate as the cry of, "It's the man's bat," smote upon my ears. Our catcher and short-stop had made outs — the pitcher and Billy were on base, the former on third, and the latter on first.

"Line 'er out, old man!" was Billy's enthusiastic injunction; but his ardor quickly cooled as I struck wildly at the first two balls pitched.

"Git a board!" he now advised sarcastically, while the man on third suggested a "shovel" as probably more effective; but the advice came too late, as I had already used the bat in a futile attempt to hit the third pitch.

The jeers this unfortunate event elicited from my companions discouraged me so visibly, that even the unresponsive heart of my captain was touched by pity, for he tried hard to smile — the attempt could scarcely have been considered a success — as we took our positions, and offered as consolation a cheery — "That's all right, old man,— yu ain't got yer eye yit."

The next few innings, however, left little time for brooding, as they were full of action; two things of great import to me happening:— one, a hit for two bases which I made, calling forth many encomiums from the lips of my astute manager and raising me to the highest pinnacle I attained in my brief baseball career; the other — truth demands that I chronicle it — dragging me from that great eminence and terminating in my being publicly disgraced.

"Tommy the Twister" had reached first. I, determined not to repeat my former mistake, waited close to my base, in order to be there when the runner arrived. I had not

"'What d' yu take us fer — he's got whiskers!'"

long to wait. Almost immediately Tommy and the ball were coming toward me from different angles, at about the same rate of speed. Soon it became a serious question in my mind as to which would arrive first. On came "the Twister" as if endowed with wings, while the ball seemed to pause and hover in mid-air between the catcher and myself.

Dear reader, you must imagine, I cannot describe, the perplexities of that awful moment. What eye could judge, what mind decide, the outcome of such a race?

Add to these perplexities the fear that at the crucial moment you might not properly perform your duty, and to all superadd a deep consciousness of being on trial before eight cold-blooded critics who would measure your performance without due regard to mitigating circumstances, and you may realize faintly, in proportion as the contemplative is ever less vivid than the active mood, the terrible strain under which I labored. Is it to be wondered at that under such circumstances my nerves trembled, twisted, and utterly collapsed; and that in the excitement I put out my foot, instead of my hand, to catch the ball? I think not! No! No one but a man blinded by a passion for victory could think otherwise. Unfortunately, my superior was such a man.

As the ball caromed off my ankle, far out into the field, he, regardless of the suffering I exhibited by hopping wildly about on one foot while I clasped the other tightly between my hands, strode out before me in a fury. A run had been scored; that was sufficient. To him victory was everything; the loss of a limb, or a life, nothing.

"Cut out dat minyuet!" he ordered. I complied.

"What uh yu take dis fer?" he now demanded, referring to my recent exploit. "A football game?"

I tried to plead my case, but he would have none of it. "Hey, Spider!" he cut in abruptly, addressing himself to the lad on third base, "play second an' let de old man play third — they won't so many git 'round tu him there."

Ye gods! the cruelty of this last cut! As if, already, the punishment did not far outweigh the crime!

But if the conduct of my superior was heartless, that of my associates was doubly so. Without a care as to how deeply this degradation would sink into a high-strung, sensitive soul such as mine, they hooted and scoffed unrestrainedly as I limped to my new position.

But time in its flight works wonderful changes, and when, next inning, I again faced "the Twister," all former animosities, in the face of a common foe, were forgotten; and my brother players were shouting loud encouragements to me.

The game now stood twelve to fifteen against us.

"Watch 'er!" admonished Billy, who was perched on first base. "Don't let 'im fool

"'What's the matter—yu nailed there?' inquired my superior, in disgust"

you with a drop, old man!" Billy had familiarly dubbed me "the old man." "Yah! Yah! Watch out — watch out!"

This supplementary outburst was brought forth by the unsportsmanlike conduct of "the Twister" in delivering the ball while I was attending the remarks of my superior. I swung desperately, but too late. However, I evened up on the next pitch by striking too soon; but Billy, with the eyes of a ball player only, naturally saw none of the beauties of this mathematical equation. To him the only problem was, how to get me to first base. A quick summing up evidently convinced him there was but one way.

"Let him hit yu!" he finally decided.

My blood rose at the heartless suggestion. As if censure and reproof were not enough to bear! My teeth clenched in rebellion. Never! I — the next moment I was bending and twisting into every conceivable shape in a frenzied effort to dodge the oncoming

messenger of retribution. My mental insurrection was bringing quick rebuke. Finally, in a last paroxysm of hope, I threw myself flat upon my face. But why wrestle with fate? Better for me had I met the inevitable calmly, standing. The ball then would probably have struck me on the foot. As it was, it crashed into my ribs, and with a force that made me writhe in agony.

However, when I struggled dizzily to my feet, I was the recipient of hearty congratulations from my team-mates, who deemed the incident a most rare bit of good luck for me.

But the other side denounced the affair unqualifiedly. "He jumped right intu it!" "He tried tu git hit!" they charged hotly, and "the Twister" unhesitatingly stamped the occurrence as "the baby act."

As soon as I could breathe without bending double and pounding myself on the back, the reason for all this clamor was made clear to me. For having been hit by the pitcher, or rather by the ball he had pitched, I was privileged to go to first base.

This I should have considered a small recompense, indeed, for my sufferings, had it not been that there I learned the true cause of the catastrophe. Fate had nothing to do with it. "The Twister's" remark to the first baseman explained it all upon purely natural grounds. I had simply "run into" one of his "in shoots."

As the inning ended with the score eighteen to fifteen in our favor, we were highly jubilant; but our joy was momentary, as soon again our opponents were forging slowly to the front.

It was at this critical juncture of the game, when all might be won or lost on a single play, that the ball was hit swiftly past me, and the batter started on a wild circle of the bases, followed by cries of "foul ball" from our side and counter cries of "fair ball" from the other side. I remained neutral, the situation being too intricate for my comprehension.

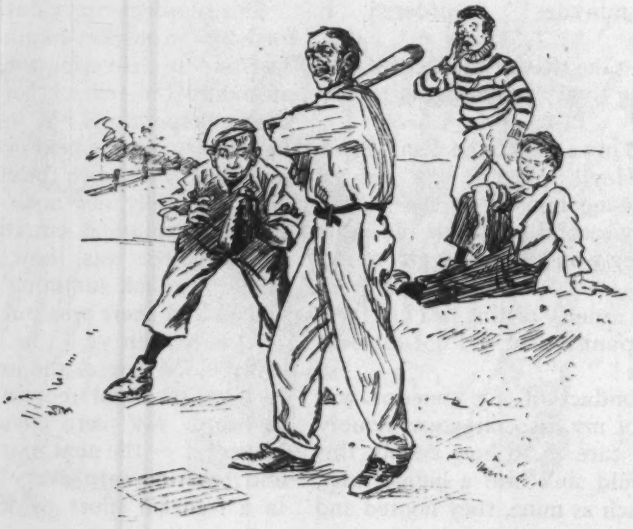
As usual, Tommy, Billy, and the umpire gravitated to the center of the diamond for the customary bout of polemics. The display this time, however, was particularly lurid, fists being shaken more vigorously and threats of bodily harm indulged in more frequently than theretofore. I was congratulating myself upon not being involved in this especially bitter controversy, when the umpire, probably driven to accepting discretion as the better part of valor, decided to inaugurate a court of inquiry.

"We'll leave it to the old man — he saw it!" I heard him declare; and the next moment the mighty triumvirate were headed my way.

The move sent a shiver of apprehension through me, as my ignorance of the fine points of the game made it impossible for me to show any partiality for my captain.

A casuist may hold that none should have been shown, but such a one never served under a leader like Billy. For my part I was, and shall continue to be, ready to lie,

"'Line 'er out, old man!'"



"a hit for two bases which I made"

cheat, or steal, if by so doing I can escape the caustic rebukes of such a man.

"Where'd that ball go?" demanded the terrible "Twister" gloweringly, and then, without waiting for me, supplying the answer himself. "It hit right there!" he asserted, indicating, with a savage kick, a spot several feet inside the base-line.

"Aw haw — you're crazy!" stoutly retorted our champion. "It didn't either!"

This prelude gave me a vague idea of the situation in general, although the particular point at issue was still obscure. However, it was plain "the Twister" wished to make it appear that the ball had gone far inside the base-line. With this realization came confidence, and with confidence came the noble impulse to help my captain establish his claim.

"No, it didn't go there!" I boldly asserted against "the Twister," pointing to the spot he had indicated.

"There, I told you so!" interrupted Billy triumphantly — "An' the old man wouldn't lie about it," he added, giving me a radiant smile of approbation.

If "the Twister" believed my veracity above reproach, his looks certainly belied his belief. However, I cared little as to that. The sweet of approval from my superior tasted far better than anything the enemy might offer, so I determined upon a coup d'état that I felt sure would carry me in peace, and may be in glory, through the remainder of the game.

"No!" I reiterated, while Billy smiled approvingly, as one who sees his position doubly fortified. "It didn't go there. It hit right here!"

My first inclination had been to make the mark far beyond the base-line, but a nature subtly cunning had taught me that to lend the color of truth to a statement one should appear somewhat conservative, so I indicated a point midway between "the Twister's" mark and the base-line.

A mighty shout rent the air, but — horrible! — it came from Tommy and his followers. I turned to Billy anxiously. The sight froze me. There he stood, motionless, speechless,— spellbound with wrath; and I prayed that he might ever remain so, but he didn't. With a sputter that clearly indicated the fire raging within, he recovered his voice, and then and there he pronounced an anathema upon me that, had it been potent, would have consumed me on the spot. Thanks to the divine grace, however, that makes a man's power weaker than his will, beyond a slight curling of the hair and a parched throat, the blast left me unharmed.

Wherein I had erred, I knew not, nor was I able at the moment to ascertain, for immediately all social relations between myself and my comrades were severed. Later I learned that to have upheld our contention I should have marked the ball as having gone entirely outside the base-line. Good intentions went for naught. I had failed in the deed and was condemned forthwith, thanks to the narrow wisdom of youth.

From now on until the end of the game my relations were those of a pariah — neither noticing nor being noticed. Not until Dame Fortune had actually bestowed the game upon us by a score of twenty-eight to twenty-three did my fellow-players relent and take me again into their good graces. No doubt, the fact that I could no longer jeopardize their chance of winning had much to do with this.

But withal, outside of a few what Billy designated "yellow" plays — and his glance in my direction spoke eloquently — the game, according to his estimate, was a good one. The low score and its closeness attested to that.

On our way back to town Billy grew somewhat remorseful, and he assured me that if I could "ketch" and "hit" good, and could "run" a little faster, I would be all right. All of which raised my spirits a great deal, particularly as he invited me back to play again. "Come down agin," he said cordially. "You kin play with the other side next time."

This magnanimity I repaid by purchasing, from a passing countryman, a couple of watermelons, which I begged them to accept with my compliments; and thus having cemented the ties of reconciliation, I bade them good-by, the total of my worth, in their estimation, being fully summed up in a terse expression of Billy's that, unintentionally, was wafted to my ears as I departed: "The old man's all right," said he, "but he can't play ball."

"'Come down agin,' he said cordially. 'You kin play with the other side next time'"

EDITORIAL

CHICAGO AND GALVESTON

A VITAL QUESTION OF CIVILIZATION

HOW DESTRUCTIVE FORCES GAIN CONTROL OF A CONVENTIONAL CITY ORGANIZATION — PRESIDENT ELIOT OF HARVARD ON THE "PURE BUSINESS" OF MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.

THE first article in this magazine is a study of the trade of dissipation in Chicago — its amazing revenues, its power, and the simple and unavoidable steps through which it moves to atrophy government and break down our civilization. Conditions similar in principle — though not, of course, identical in every detail of arrangement — exist in all great American cities. Generally the forces concerned work in the dark. Occasionally — as in Minneapolis and San Francisco — they appear at the surface in some violent and scandalous outbreak which startles the continent. Then they are forgotten. But they never cease their operation.

It must never be forgotten, in the discussion of bad politics, that its motives and impulses are purely financial. It is a matter of business; and this fact furnishes the one clear clue which leads throughout its many and complicated transactions. Now, there are obviously just two ways of making illegitimate money out of a city: by robbery — either direct, or indirect, through criminal conspiracy in the sale of franchises; or by trading in the profitable right to break the law.

Mr. Turner makes no attempt whatever in his article on Chicago to treat either the robbery of the city by corrupt officials, or the operations of the evil financial interests engaged in stealing franchises. He turns his entire attention to the older, greater, and more dangerous interests which lie at the foundation of the ugly structure of bad politics. These interests of dissipation keep alive continually the working organization — a matter which no other interest could afford to undertake. The organization furnishes exactly the kind of officials who rob cities; it furnishes exactly the kind of accomplices that the franchise stealer must have inside of the city government, to carry out his plans of robbery.

Together, all these interests form one great association of the exploiters of communities. There are bankers and lawyers and great corporation managers in this, as well as gamblers and brothel keepers and thieves. Many of the members of the more respectable class probably never admit to themselves the position in which they really are. But the impelling motive of all is the same,— the desire to make an illegitimate profit at the expense of the people. And the alliances and methods necessary to secure their aim bind all together in one body of people, who may be called the sellers of civilization.

Why has this great business of confederation been continuously successful in American cities? Because it has been able to organize in their political machinery a perfectly businesslike and direct way of obtaining its ends. It has reached straight through ward and city politics to its object. The people, in the meanwhile, working indirectly through a complex and irresponsible governmental machine, have been unable to make their will effective. They have had a less immediate control of their own government than their exploiters.

In the October number of McClure's, Mr. Turner told the story of Galveston, Texas, a city which had framed a form of government, through which the will of the people could be directly expressed. This month, in his story of Chicago, he gives a picture of the old form of government,— the organization by wards,— grown to an evil maturity. The contrast points out graphically the greatest political question before the country to-day: Shall city government be simplified, clarified, made at once intelligible and responsible to the people; or shall it be left in a form which gives the exploiters of the public a more direct hold upon its functions than the public themselves? This question — as Mr. Turner's article shows — strikes deeper than the mere administration

of a city's financial affairs. It concerns the very existence of our civilization.

Any portrayal of the individual tragedies resulting from the conditions in Chicago would obviously be impossible within the limits of a magazine's space. That they exist by tens of thousands will be recognized at once by every reader of Mr. Turner's story. The huge machine for the consumption of young flesh — for the conversion of boys into vagrants and thieves, and girls into prostitutes — grinds on continually; and each person fed into it has an individual story of horror and disgust. But the entire effort in this article has been to produce a clear and simple statement of fact and to let this statement make its own arraignment.

It is interesting in this connection to chronicle the further growth in favor of the Galveston idea throughout the United States. The Texas cities — at the time of the writing of this — are pushing their bills for commission government through their legislature. In the Kansas and Wisconsin legislatures measures have been introduced providing for the government of cities of a certain size by commissions like that of Galveston; and a large number of individual cities throughout the country are considering charters for themselves along the line of the Galveston idea. Memphis, which for twenty-five years prospered under a form of commission government, but which lost it two years ago through political influence, has a bill in the Tennessee legislature to adopt the Galveston plan, with every chance of passing. The people of Memphis expressed their preference for a return to commission government last fall by a majority of three to one.

Public discussions of this form of government are going on through the entire country — especial interest being shown in the cities of New England. No more illuminating treatment of the subject of city government has been given in this country than that of President Charles Eliot of Harvard University, when he spoke in approval of the Galveston idea, before a meeting of the Economic Club of Boston, held to discuss that subject last January. Sections of this remarkable speech follow:

I am sure that if you have not read it you will be interested in reading in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE an article by Mr. Turner on "City Government by Commission in Galveston." He suggested the preparation of that article himself, and wrote it. I feel personally indebted to him and to the magazine for giving me an excellent picture of that very remarkable experiment in municipal government. . . . We have an advantage in New England. We have seen and known for centuries an almost perfect form of municipal government, — the town government. Cannot we get back to that with modifications? I should prefer to call what we seek "government by selectmen." That is exactly what we want. How many selectmen are there in a good Massachusetts town to-day? Three. Now, the city is larger than the town; we might ask for seven selectmen to govern, if you please, the City of Boston. . . .

Municipal government is pure business and nothing else — absolutely nothing else. To the performance of business functions in an intelligent and honest manner, the notion of representation by districts of population has no application, no sensible application. Therefore, the whole structure of our municipal governments in two representative chambers, the Senate and the House of Representatives, is entirely false in theory. It always has been, and its dead failure is the result of the fact that it had no sound theoretical basis. There is no representation of that sort needed, and the ward basis or the basis of the geographical lines of these thirty municipalities within ten miles of our State House, such bases as those have no intelligent foundation, even from the point of view of representation. We imagine a citizen of a Boston ward having some particular interest in the condition of the street in front of his house, and he needs to have a representative to urge those interests; but, gentlemen, the interest of that citizen in the condition of the street in front of his house is as nothing compared to his interest in all the highways of the entire Metropolitan district, his means of getting about, himself, and his means of getting his freight about the entire body of roads or area of roads, highways, bridges, etc., in that district swept by the ten-mile radius from the State House. Even if his interest is to be represented, it is really an interest in the whole thing, not in a little bit of it.

Now, how are we going to get business men of capacity and honesty to transact this pure business of a city? We have got to have but few of them, to begin with, so that they can be held responsible, just as we have got now a school commission of five in the City of Boston, and we know what kind of work they are doing, and we know who is responsible for it. We have got to have men who know enough to put all the business of the city in the hands of experts. That is the very first sign of intelligence in a business man, nowadays, that he puts all his executive work into the hands of experts, and we shall never get good results in our cities until that principle absolutely prevails in the conduct of all city business. . . .

I think we see a brighter day dawning. We have got down very low in regard to our municipal governments, and we have got dark days here now, but we can see a light breaking, and one of the lights broke in Galveston. . . . What it needs, that the light may grow and get to full noon, is that the people, the great body of the people, should be convinced that municipal government means nothing but good, intelligent conduct of business.